HACK/SLASH
image
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COVER A

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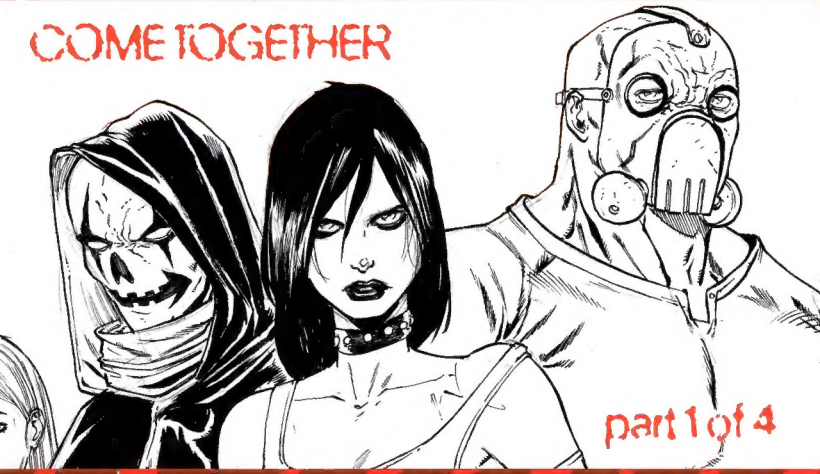
HACK/SLASH™

COME TOGETHER



WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

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COVERS BY TIM SEELEY & CARLOS BADILLA
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HACK/SLASH CHARACTER GUIDE

TEXT BY JEFF BOHN

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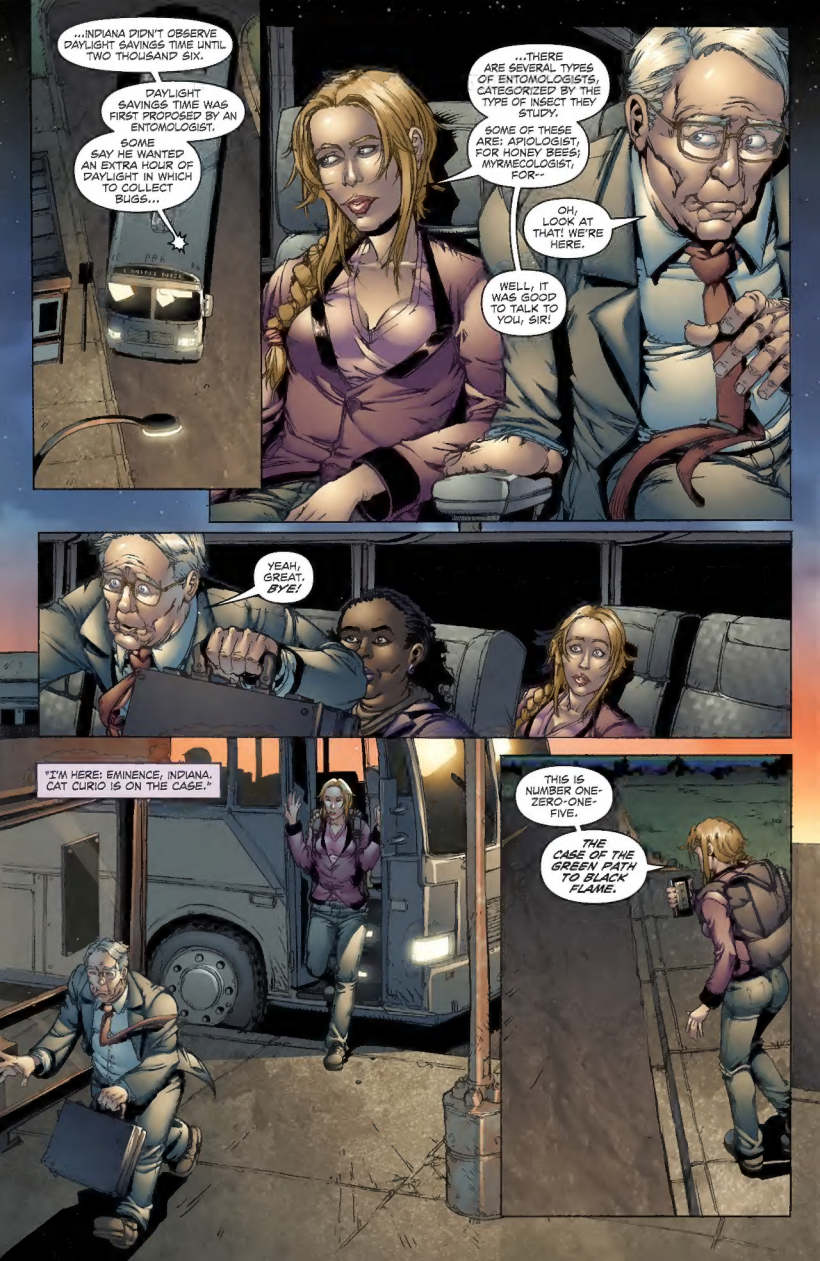
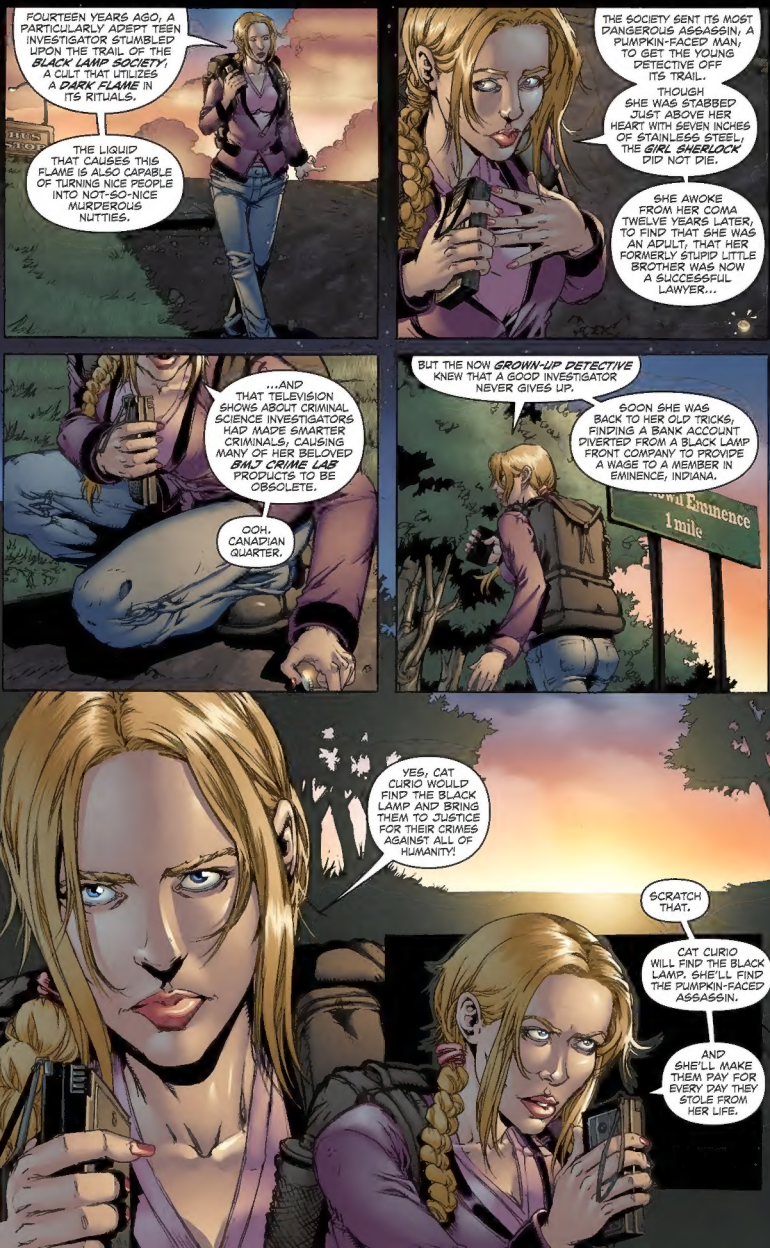
"LOVER'S LANE."
GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.
FIVE DAYS AGO.
CAN'T SAY I REMEMBER MUCH OF WHAT I LEARNED FROM BOOKS IN HIGH SCHOOL...
BEACH CLOSED
...BUT I DID RETAIN KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEST SPOTS FOR ROMANCIN'.
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, SCARLETT. YOU ALWAYS KNOW THE PERFECT THING TO SAY.
"THAT'S SWEET, RICK. I JUST WISH YOU COULDA SEEN IT BEFORE THE SPILL."
"IT DOESN'T MATTER. AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER, IT'S PERFECT."
MMM.
TUNK
HM?
OH GOD.
KHK.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
HACK/SLASH, INC. THIS IS CHRIS KRANK.
WHAT KIND OF KILLER CAN WE STOMP FOR YOU TODAY?
HIGHWAY 10.
OUTSIDE OF MOBILE, ALABAMA.
YOU DO NOT NEED TO SAY THAT. YOU KNOW IT IS ME.
SORRY, VLAD, GOT TO DO IT. COMPANY POLICY. WHAT'S UP?
I THINK IT IS TIME FOR... "MAN-TALK."
MAN-TALK IT IS.
POOCH! MAN-TALK!
Humble Pooch is in position and ready to share his penis-knowledge.
I AM CONCERNED ABOUT CASSANDRA.
SHE HAS BEEN ACTING...ON EDGE.
WAIT. THIS IS CASSIE. ISN'T SHE ALWAYS ON EDGE?
IT'S CALLED A "WHORE'S BATH." YOU SHOULD TRY IT SOME TIME.
"EVEN MORE SO LATELY."

WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR SLASHERS NONSTOP FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS.
NO BREAKS, NO STOPS TO MAKE MONEY.
NO HOTELS OR SHOWERS. AND NO TALKING.
WE HUNT.
WELL, I'LL GO WITH MAN-TALK'S FIRST SOLUTION TO ALL ISSUES AND SAY, SHE'S ON THE RAG.
POOCH?
Strange and foreign Pooch, who knows so little of the human heart, believes that Mistress Hack has given up after her final encounter with her lover, Ms. Georgia.
She cares about nothing, she lives only to kill the slashers she hates so.
Oh poor, hated Cassandra Hack.
ACTUALLY, THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT TO ME.
ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN MAN-TALK OUT FOR YOU, VLAD?
NO, I--
VLAD!
I MUST GO.
LET'S MOVE.
IF WE'RE LUCKY, I CAN HAVE MY BAT IN SOME SLASHER BRAINS BEFORE SUNRISE.


...INDIANA DIDN'T OBSERVE DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME UNTIL TWO THOUSAND SIX.
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME WAS FIRST PROPOSED BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST.
SOME SAY HE WANTED AN EXTRA HOUR OF DAYLIGHT IN WHICH TO COLLECT BUGS...
...THERE ARE SEVERAL TYPES OF ENTOMOLOGISTS, CATEGORIZED BY THE TYPE OF INSECT THEY STUDY.
SOME OF THESE ARE: APIOLOGIST, FOR HONEY BEES; MYRMECOLOGIST, FOR--
OH, LOOK AT THAT! WE'RE HERE.
WELL, IT WAS GOOD TO TALK TO YOU, SIR!
YEAH, GREAT. BYE!
"I'M HERE: EMINENCE, INDIANA. CAT CURIO IS ON THE CASE."
THIS IS NUMBER ONE-ZERO-ONE-FIVE.
THE CASE OF THE GREEN PATH TO BLACK FLAME.


FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, A PARTICULARLY ADEPT TEEN INVESTIGATOR STUMBLED UPON THE TRAIL OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY, A CULT THAT UTILIZES A DARK FLAME IN ITS RITUALS.
THE LIQUID THAT CAUSES THIS FLAME IS ALSO CAPABLE OF TURNING NICE PEOPLE INTO NOT-SO-NICE MURDEROUS NUTTIES.
THE SOCIETY SENT ITS MOST DANGEROUS ASSASSIN, A PUMPKIN-FACED MAN, TO GET THE YOUNG DETECTIVE OFF ITS TRAIL.
THOUGH SHE WAS STABBED JUST ABOVE HER HEART WITH SEVEN INCHES OF STAINLESS STEEL, THE GIRL SHERLOCK DID NOT DIE.
SHE AWOKE FROM HER COMA TWELVE YEARS LATER, TO FIND THAT SHE WAS AN ADULT, THAT HER FORMERLY STUPID LITTLE BROTHER WAS NOW A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER...
...AND THAT TELEVISION SHOWS ABOUT CRIMINAL SCIENCE INVESTIGATORS HAD MADE SMARTER CRIMINALS, CAUSING MANY OF HER BELOVED SALT CRIME LAB PRODUCTS TO BE OBSOLETE.
OOH, CANADIAN QUARTER.
BUT THE NOW GROWN-UP DETECTIVE KNEW THAT A GOOD INVESTIGATOR NEVER GIVES UP.
SOON SHE WAS BACK TO HER OLD TRICKS, FINDING A BANK ACCOUNT DIVERTED FROM A BLACK LAMP FRONT COMPANY TO PROVIDE A WAGE TO A MEMBER IN EMINENCE, INDIANA.
Eminence
1 mile
YES, CAT CURIO WOULD FIND THE BLACK LAMP AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST ALL OF HUMANITY!
SCRATCH THAT.
CAT CURIO WILL FIND THE BLACK LAMP. SHE'LL FIND THE PUMPKIN-FACED ASSASSIN.
AND SHE'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR EVERY DAY THEY STOLE FROM HER LIFE.

SHE'LL KILL THEM ALL, COVER THEM IN THEIR OWN BLACK OIL, AND BURN THEM TO ASHES.
SO SWEARS CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.
OH, PUPPY!
WAIT--
OH GOSH.
YOU MANIAC COP!
POOR THING. YOU BARELY HAD A CHANCE.
MRRF.
WHA--?!
AHH!
MRRF!
...CASE ONE-OH-ONE-FIVE TEMPORARILY INTERRUPTED.
OPEN NUMBER ONE-OH-ONE-SIX: THE CASE OF THE NOT-QUITE-DEAD ROADKILL...

"LOVER'S LANE."
GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.
NOW.
THE ROAD IS CLOSED. WE SHOULD WALK, YES?
NOPE. WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH.
WE NEED THE CAR FOR THIS.
AH. HRRM. I SEE WHERE THIS GOES.
TWO PEOPLE DISAPPEARED FROM THIS MAKE-OUT SPOT EARLIER THIS WEEK.
THEIR CAR WAS LEFT BEHIND.
AND IF THIS IS YOUR AVERAGE MAKE-OUT POINT SLASHER, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST A PARKED CAR WITH FOGGED-UP WINDOWS.
I AM THE FOGGER?
NO. YOU'RE GOING TO STAND WATCH IN THE WOODS OVER THERE.
WE NEED SOMEONE TO MAKE SOME GOOD SEX SOUNDS.
HURR...I CAN MAKE GOOD SOUNDS.
WE WANT THIS TO SOUND LIKE TEENS ARE FUCKING IN HERE.
NO OFFENSE, BUT IF YOU DO IT, IT'S GOING TO SOUND MORE LIKE SOMEONE'S CHOKING A BEAR.

HRM. CASSANDRA... SINCE THINGS WENT SO BAD WITH GEORGIA, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN THE SAME.
OH JESUS.
SINCE THEN, YOU ONLY WANT TO BE ON THE HUNT.
SINCE THEN, YOU ONLY SPEAK TO ME AS A PARTNER. AND... URR...
...HRM
C'MON, BIG GUY, SPIT IT OUT.
IN ALL THE TIME WE HAVE BEEN TOGETHER, YOU HAVE ALWAYS FOUND SOMEONE TO GO TO WHEN YOU ARE HURT.
MOSTLY
IT WAS ME. SOMETIMES OTHERS. I THINK YOU HURT NOW, BUT YOU GO TO NO ONE.
YOU DO NOT LAUGH. YOU DO NOT TALK.
YOU HUNT
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE COMING TO ME, UPSET, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TRACKING DOWN PSYCHOS TO CRACK A SMILE?
VLAD, WE HAVE A JOB TO DO. AND RIGHT NOW, I'M TOO BUSY DOING IT TO ARGUE.
SO HERE-- LET ME EASE YOUR WORRIES.
THERE!
A SMILE!
COOL, HUH?
NOW, IF YOU'D KINDLY SCOOT INTO THE TREES OVER THERE, I GOTTA GET READY.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BE IN THE PROPER MOOD IF THIS IS GOING TO SOUND AUTHENTIC.
HURR.

YEAH, RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF THE CRUISER.
POLICE
IF I HADN'T BEEN IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D HAVE PICKED HIM UP AND BROUGHT HIM BACK FOR YOUR VETERINARIAN GIRLFRIEND TO CHECK OUT.
POLICE
YEAH. I'M BUSY NOW, BUT LET'S GET TOGETHER LATER TONIGHT FOR A BEER AND SOME POOL.
OKAY. YEAH. LATER, KRANK.
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK F_AME THAT LEADS US AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I SIT BEFORE YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE BLACK LAMP.

PEARL "MAGGIE" REILLY--SISTER.
WE WISH TO HONOR YOU THIS EVENING FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LAMP.
I DO ONLY WHAT MY FAITH ASKS OF ME. I PROTECT THE PALADINS, THEY WHO PREPARE THE WORLD, WITH MY LIFE.
I OBSERVE CASSANDRA HACK AND HER FOLLOWERS, JUST AS YOU HAVE DIRECTED.
OUR DAY WILL COME IN YOUR LIFETIME, SISTER.
THE BLACK FLAME WILL BURN ACROSS THE NATION AND ALL WILL KNOW THE WAY OF AKAKIOS.
THE BLACK LAMP IS GOING TO RELEASE A TOXIN.
THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA.
PFUNNT
MAY THE DARK FLAME LIGHT YOUR DAYS, SISTER.
Y--YES. AND YOURS AS WELL, BROTHER.

OH YEAH, YEAH, BABY. RIGHT THERE.
OOOH.
visitor outside.
MMM, YEAH. YOU'RE SO GOOD.
HURRR.
OOOH, BABY. BABY. BABY.
KHX HK.
HNK.

HNNNK!
HUNF!
CASSANDRA! NO MORE SEXY NOISE!
THERE IS MORE THAN ONE!
GODDAMN!
THEY'RE FAST AS SHIT!
HNK
KKK HNK.
LOOK WHERE IT TOUCHED THE CAR!
ACID.

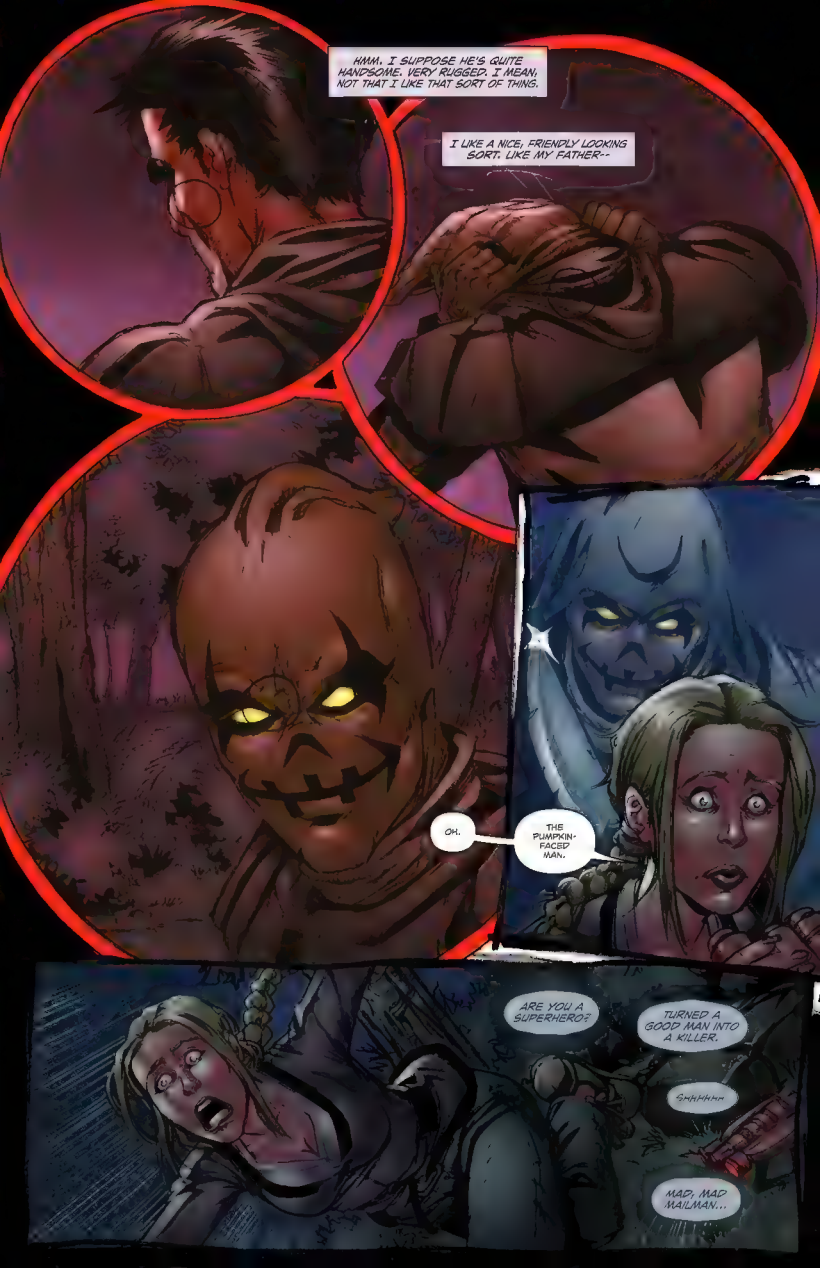
EMINENCE.
YEAH, AVA. NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT.
THANK YOU, LISA.
BUT I THINK YOU'RE BEING TOO KIND.
I WAS ENGINEERED TO BE A PERFECT MALE COMPANION.
APPARENTLY SEWING SKILLS WEREN'T INCLUDED IN THE PACKAGE.
ARE YOU AND SAM STILL THINKING ABOUT LEAVING TOMORROW?
THAT'S THE PLAN. WE HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE--
NOT TO MENTION THAT WE'VE SURELY OVERSTAYED OUR WELCOME BY NOW.
WHAT? NO, NOT AT ALL. SERIOUSLY, WE APPRECIATE THE TWO OF YOU KEEPING AN EYE ON US AFTER THE BREAK-IN.
I MEAN, WHO WOULDN'T FEEL SAFE WITH SAMHAIN AROUND?
HE'S A SCARY--
AAGH!
THANK YOU, LISA.

GHAH... JESUS.
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU.
YEAH, YEAH...UM, NO PROBLEM.
I THINK I'D LIKE TO TAKE A WALK.
I COULD USE SOME FRESH AIR.
I'LL HOLD DOWN THE FORT, LOVE.
I WON'T BE LONG.
UM. DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR MASK OFF?
AH. OF COURSE.
YOU COMING OUT FOR A BEER, SAM?
NO. JUST GOING FOR A WALK UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.
WELL, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CATCH A BEER WITH MAGGIE AND ME.
MAGGIE AGAIN?
SEE YA LATER, BABY!
YES... LATER... BABY.

ACID. DO YOU THINK WHAT I THINK?
IT CROSSED MY MIND.
BUT THE ACID ANGEL IS DEAD.
SLASHERS DON'T COME BACK FROM THE KIND OF DAMAGE DONE TO THAT BITCH.
HURRM
SAND IS FULL OF OIL. HARD TO TELL, BUT SEEMS LIKE TRAIL FINALLY ENDS...
VLAD!
HUNH! BEHIND YOU!
OH NO YOU DON'T, PARTY MONSTER.

URRR.
HKKK
YOU OKAY?
YES. YOU?
YEAH. THE CLUB KID'S HEAD WAS REALLY SOFT, LIKE IT WAS ALREADY HALF-EATEN BY THE ACID.
THAT WAS FUCKING AWESOME.
THE FEMALE ONE. SHE RAN, YES?
YEAH. I'M GUESSING IF OUR VICTIMS ARE STILL ALIVE...
"...THEY'RE GETTING A FREE STAY AT THAT HOTEL."

EMINENCE.
SURE, MOST OF MY OLD TOOLS MAY BE OBSOLETE. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT ONE THING NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE?
THE BMJ CRIME LAB ALL-IN-ONE NIGHT-NOCULAR. FIRE ENGINE RED. PRODUCT NUMBER ONE-FOUR-THREE-THREE.
THAT DEAD PUPPY MAY HAVE GIVEN ME THE SLIP, BUT I'LL HAVE HIM IN MY SIGHTS IN NO TIME.
THIS REMINDS ME OF THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING DACHSHUND. WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE WIENER THAT WAS--
HEY, NOW. WHAT'S THIS GUY DOING OUT HERE?


HMM. I SUPPOSE HE'S QUITE HANDSOME. VERY RUGGED. I MEAN. NOT THAT I LIKE THAT SORT OF THING.
I LIKE A NICE, FRIENDLY LOOKING SORT. LIKE MY FATHER--
OH.
THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.
ARE YOU A SUPERHERO?
TURNED A GOOD MAN INTO A KILLER.
SHHHHHH
MAD, MAD MAILMAN...

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE SEARCHERS GOT THIS FAR FROM THE MAKE-OUT SPOT.
IF THEY HAD, SOMEBODY WOULD'VE NOTICED THAT THE LOCK WAS MELTED OFF.
THERE
THAT'S THE GIRL FROM THE NEWSPAPER.
THE ONE WHO DISAPPEARED WITH HER BOYFRIEND FROM LOVER'S LANE.
UGH
OH MAN.
THAT'S THE MOST MESSED UP THING I'VE SEEN IN AT LEAST A WEEK.
UNNGH.
HK. HELLLP.
THE FUUUCK?

HGK. GK. HELLP.
HELL--K.
THE KIDNAPPED MAN.
JESUS. SOMEONE'S TURNING HIM INTO ONE OF THOSE ACID FREAK THINGS.
YOU WANT TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY, OR SHOULD I?
WAIT! PERHAPS WE CAN TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR.
YEAH, I GUESS. POOR BASTARD.
DON'T FEEL BAD FOR HIM, CASSIE...

NO SMOKING
HE GOT EXACTLY WHAT HE DESERVED.
AND SO WILL YOU.

THIS IS CAT CURIO RECORDING. I'VE ENCOUNTERED A LOT OF EVIL, BAD PEOPLE.
THE LUNCHBOX LURPIN. THE DING DONG DITCH DEMON. THE HAUNTED HALL MONITOR.
BUT SEEING HIM-- THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN! THAT WAS WORSE THAN ANY--
WHOOF!
OH... THE POOR THING MUST HAVE DRAGGED ITSELF HERE TO DIE.
I HAVE TO SAY, ALL OF THIS IS QUITE UNSETTLING. JUST SEEING HIM AGAIN...
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S A MYSTERY. BUT I THINK...
I THINK THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT...
...AFRAID.
TO BE CONTINUED!

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CROSSROADS
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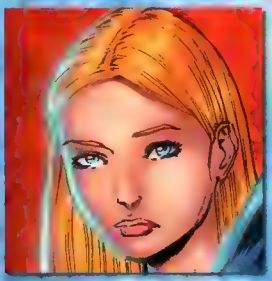

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FOR A SMALL TIME, I THINK I AM SEEING THINGS.
ACID ANGEL. SHE IS A SLASHER CASSANDRA AND I FOUGHT, A SEXY GIRL WHO CAN MELT METAL AND FLESH WITH A BAD TOUCH.
BUT SHE WAS KILLED BY ANOTHER SLASHER.
AND THEN BLOWN UP.*
*SEE HACK/SLASH SLICE HARD
SLASHERS ARE KNOWN FOR COMING BACK FROM DEAD, YES?
BUT USUALLY NOT FROM SO MUCH DAMAGE...
AND NOT LOOKING SO...GOOD. HURR.

AH, MS. HACK. I GET REVENGE ON THAT TREACHEROUS BASTARD RICK AND I GET YOU AS A BONU--
KRAK
WHAT, YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU FINISH YOUR MONOLOGUE, YOU DUMB SLUT?
CASSANDRA AND I HAVE FOUGHT MANY KILLERS AND MONSTERS. DEMONS. EVEN A TEDDY BEAR.
DUMB SLUT?
WHY, CASSIE, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M A NICE GIRL.
MOST SLASHERS ARE NOT WOMEN SO BEAUTIFUL. WITH SUCH AMAZING, HURR...TATTOOS.
UNNGGGHH!!
OR MAYBE NOT. NICE GIRLS DON'T SPIT.
OOOOH, I SEE YOU BROUGHT YOUR BIG FRIEND.
AND, AS I DID LAST TIME I MET THE ACID ANGEL, I PAUSE BEFORE ACTING. JUST ONE LITTLE BEGONE...

AND THAT, HURR, IS ENOUGH.
HOW ARE YOU, VLAD?
I BET I LOOK A MESS.
THAT DAMN ACID, MAKING THIS LITTLE BIKINI EVEN SMALLER.
I BET YOU'VE NOTICED THAT ABOUT ME.
HOW I MAKE IT HARD...
...TO MOVE, THAT IS.
THAT'S NOT ALL. WATCH THIS.
CASSIE!
I'M JUST AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND THIS SLASHER MAN IS ATTACKING ME!
SLAAAASHER?!
WHU YOU,.. WHU YOU DOOOOIN'E IMMMA KILL YOOOO.
WOK
THIS ACID I MAKE...
...TURNS OUT IT'S GOOD FOR MORE THAN JUST EATING MY BEACHWEAR.

PROVIDENCE, INDIANA.
OKAY, CAT. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.
ANIMALS COMING OUT OF THE DIRT. THAT'S CERTAINLY... ODD.
"THERE'S A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING, EXCEPT JESUS."
THAT'S WHAT MY MOM ALWAYS SAID.
BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE EVEN A JUNIOR DETECTIVE TO ASCERTAIN THAT WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A WHOLE BUNCH OF DEAD FOREST CRITTERS RISING FROM THE GRAVE.
NOT THAT FOREST CRITTERS PIG GRAVES, NECESSARILY.
THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE FIND OF THE CENTURY, POSSIBLY EVEN GREATER THAN THE DICTIONARY DUO'S CAREER-MAKING CASE:
THE GHOSTLY GHOSTWRITER WRITES AT MIDNIGHT.
AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?
I LOST MY CAMERA RUNNING FROM... FROM--
...FROM THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.
MRROWRRAH!!

MOVE, GIRL.
THE BEAST IS MINE!
MRRAGH!
GHUH!
HNGH.
I'M GOING TO LET YOU KEEP THAT.
BUT I'M GOING TO INSIST THAT YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED WHEN YOU CHEW.
SHUNK
COME! THAT MAY NOT HOLD HIM OFF FOR LONG.
Y-YOUR ARM.
IT WILL HEAL.

AND YOUR KNIFE. YOU LOST IT.
IT'S WITH THE REST OF MY ARM, CHILD. YES.
OH. I STILL HAVE MINE...
SHUCK
BMJ UTILITY KNIFE. PINK.
FOR THE RECORD, I'D LIKE TO CONFIRM MY EARLIER HYPOTHESIS:
I AM, IN FACT, JAW-DROPPINGLY, PANTS-POOPINGLY AFRAID.

OH BABY. MMM.
YEAH... LIKE THAT. OHH.
MM. YEAH. TAKE IT, BITCH.
I AM SEEING THINGS THIS TIME, FOR SURE.
GOD, I HATE IT WHEN THE GUY TALKS.
SHUT UP AND JUST FUCK, MAN.
"TAKE IT, BITCH."
YEAH, BUDDY. YOU'RE THE ONE IN CONTROL HERE.
HUNGH.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT THAT I NEED TO GET ALL HOT AND BOTHERED IN ORDER TO RECHARGE AND MAKE SOME MORE JUICE, I WOULDN'T WATCH THIS CRAPPY ON-DEMAND HOTEL PORN.
I CAN'T GET WORKED UP WITH ALL THIS MALE DOMINATION.
IT'S ALL JUST AN ACT ANYWAY. AN ATTEMPT TO HIDE SOMETHING WE ALL KNOW.
WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, WOMEN ARE IN CONTROL.
I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU AND CASSIE, RIGHT?
YOU FOLLOW HER AROUND LIKE THE LITTLE PUSSY-WHIPPED DOG YOU ARE, AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO FUCK YOUR MUTANT ASS.
ARE YOU READY TO BE MY BITCH, BIG BOY?

GET.
AWAY!
HUNF!
KRRSH
YOU LIKE THA--
RAW NERVE, HUH?
HAHA.
OH, RICK...?
REMEMBER ALL THAT PAIN YOU CAUSED ME, BACK WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER?
AND ALL THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED YOU THE PAST FEW DAYS?
SHARE WITH VLAD, PLEASE.
THWOK
MMM.
NOW THAT'S HOT.

EMINENCE.
WELL, THAT WAS A HOLLOW VICTORY.
WHAT?
JUST SAYIN', I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU ..ESS ENTHUSED TO SHOOT POOL.
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH, FINE, CHRIS. JUST KIND OF OUT OF IT.
RIGHT.
WELL, LET ME WALK YOU TO YOUR CAR, MAGS.
YOU, UH...
YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?
NO. IT'S NOTHING--

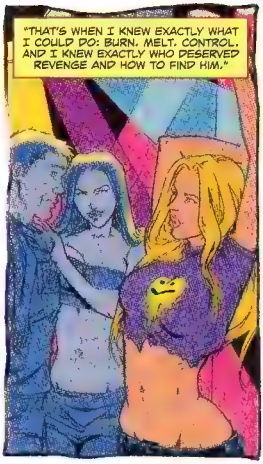
AHUNH.
OH GOD.
MAGGIE?
OH JEEZ. C'MERE.
I NEED TO GET AWAY. FROM THIS LIFE.
FROM THEM.
I'LL GET AWAY. AND YOU CAN COME--
MMMM.
CRRRSH
GHAH!
WHAT THE--?

WHO'S THERE? THIS IS SHERIFF MAGGIE REILLY AND I AM ARMED!
THANK YOU, JESUS!
OHMYGOSH, YOU HAVE TO HELP!
THERE'S A MAN, AND HE KILLED ME ONCE, AND HE HAS A MASK, AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A SUPERHERO LIKE SHE-RA, BUT HE'S NOT, AND THERE WERE ZOMBIE SQUIRRELS--
CALM DOWN, MA'AM.
WAIT. DID YOU SAY ZOMBIE SQUIRRELS?
OH MY GOSH.
THEY WERE COMING OUT OF THE GROUND.
DEER AND BIRDS AND ALL KINDS OF DEAD PETS.
DEAD PETS?
OH NO, LISA.

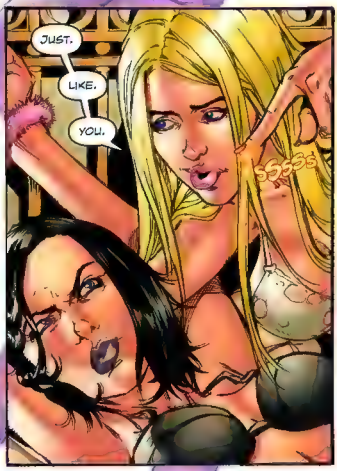
THAT'S ENOUGH. I CAN'T CONTROL HIS BRAIN IF IT'S BROKEN.
I THINK MELTING HIS FACE WILL ACTUALLY BE AN IMPROVEMENT.
HUNH...
...HUH...
...HOW?
HOW'D YOU COME BACK... AGAIN, I MEAN?
I NEED TO KNOW.
SUCH A ONE-TRACK MIND YOU HAVE, CASSIE. IT'S KIND OF CUTE.
I THINK YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT LITTLE SLAVE.
I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I DIED SO CLEARLY.
THE PAIN. THE ANGER AT BEING BETRAYED BY SOMEONE I LOVED.

I REMEMBER COMING BACK. TOO. SO CONFUSED AND ANGRY. EVERY BIT OF LIQUID IN MY BODY BOILING AND BURNING.
I KNEW SOMEONE DESERVED TO DIE BUT WASN'T SURE WHO.
UNH.

"THE SECOND TIME, THOUGH, ALL I REMEMBER ARE THE FLAMES. THOSE BEAUTIFUL BLACK FLAMES. LIGHTING MY WAY BACK...


"THAT'S WHEN I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I COULD DO: BURN. MELT. CONTROL. AND I KNEW EXACTLY WHO DESERVED REVENGE AND HOW TO FIND HIM."

I WAS RICK'S ONCE. I DID EVERYTHING FOR HIM. AND HE GOT TO LIVE WHEN I DIED. HE GOT TO START OVER. HE EVEN FOUND A NEW GIRL. NOW I OWN HIM, BODY AND SOUL. HE DOES EVERYTHING FOR ME.
ONE-TRACK MIND.


JUST.
LIKE.
YOU.
SSSS

STORY TIME IS OVER.
TIME TO MELT FOR ME.

YES.
HUH?!
TIME TO MELT!!
HEY, HONEY, DON'T GO THINKING I FORGOT YOUR MELTED ASS.
YOU OKAY OVER THERE, VLAD?
KRAK
YES.
THOUGH I HAVE BEEN HIT IN THE FACE TOO MANY TIMES TODAY. HURRR...
ESPECIALLY BY YOU.
OH MAN. I'M SO SORRY.
I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER SAY THIS, BUT I WAS TRIPPING BALLS.
HNNH!!

C'MON, VLAD!
GIVE IN TO ME!
NO.
SRTOO
TRADE ONE MISTRESS FOR ANOTHER.
NO!
KRRRRSH
I AM NO ONE'S BITCH.

EMINENCE.
BOTH SAM AND CHRIS HAVE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME.
YEAH. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GIVE CHRIS A CALL.
MAGGIE TENDS TO KEEP HIM OUT A LITTLE LATER THAN I LIKE.
THIS OTHER WOMAN-- SHE WORRIES YOU, DOESN'T SHE?
MAGGIE? NO. I MEAN, SHE AND CHRIS ARE FRIENDS, AND THAT'S FINE.
I KNOW CHRIS WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW HE'S NOT UNFAITHFUL.
I WAS BRED TO PLEASE MEN. THE BEST WAY TO PLEASE THEM IS TO UNDERSTAND THEM.
I HAVE FOUND THAT, WHETHER IT IS PHYSICALLY OR EMOTIONALLY, ALL MEN ARE UNFAITHFUL.
HEY, WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO COME IN HERE AND ANALYZE MY RELATIONSHIP?
YOU'RE NOT AN EXPERT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A WHO--
WHOA. OH MY GOSH. I'M SORRY.
HORMONES, Y'KNOW?
I...I WILL GO LOOK FOR SAMHAIN.

AND... LIGHTS OUT!
SPLUK
WHAT'S HIS DEAL?
IS HE DONE?
HE HELPED US.
HKK.
GHK.
*THE ANGEL CONTROLLED HIS MIND, MAKING HIM ATTACK ME...
BUT HE BROKE FREE FOR ONE SMALL SECOND. HRMMM. LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE KEY.
LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE US.
P-PLEASE. KIII-KILL ME
YES
KRK

SAM?
SAM? WHERE ARE YOU?
OH, SAM.
I KNOW WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO SAY.
SHE WAS GOING TO SAY I WASN'T AN EXPERT, JUST BECAUSE...
...BECAUSE I WAS A WHORE.
THAT'S WHAT SHE THI--
AHHHH!
PLOOSH

SHIT.
I'VE GOT SOME BURNED GRASS AND A BIT OF WHATEVER THE HELL SHE HAS FOR BLOOD, BUT THAT'S IT.
YOU PICKING UP A TRAIL?
NO.
WHAT SHE SAID--ABOUT HOW SHE CAME BACK. SHE MENTIONED THE BLACK FLAME. SO MAYBE THIS ALL TIES IN WITH THOSE FUCKERS IN THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
DO YOU THINK THIS MEANS MORE OF THE SLASHERS WE'VE ALREADY KILLED WILL COME BACK?
UHH... V_LAD?
I AM NOT YOUR BITCH!
WHOA-HO THERE, HANDSOME.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
THE WAY YOU HAVE TREATED ME!
I DO NOT LIKE IT!

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.
BUT NEVER DO YOU TALK TO ME. YOU IGNORE ME.
YOU FOCUS ON HUNT AND WORK AND EVERYTHING BUT VLAD.
I SHOULD NOT HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW YOU FEEL FROM MAN-TALK WITH POOCH--
MAN-TA_K?
YOU SHOULD BE TELLING ME.
I DO NOT FOLLOW YOU BECAUSE YOUR PUSSY WHIPS ME!
I AM NOT YOUR SLAVE, OR YOUR BODYGUARD, OR YOUR DOG.
I AM YOUR PARTNER.
I AM YOUR FRIEND!
AND WHEN I THINK YOU ARE FEELING BAD, I DO NOT WANT A FAKE SMILE AND A BRUSH OFF.
YES?!
OH JEEZ, VLAD, SORRY. JUST A SEC.
BEEP BEEP
IT'S CHRIS.

CHRIS, WHAT'S MAKE IT SHORT.
I HOPE YOU GUYS AREN'T FAR AWAY.
SOMETHING BIG IS GOING DOWN HERE. SOMETHING BAD.
"WE FOUND A GIRL WHO SWORE SHE'D BEEN CHASED BY UNDEAD ANIMALS..."
...AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN, SOMEHOW...
OH SHIT, VLAD. ANOTHER ONE.
"...BOBBY BRUNSWICK IS BACK."
TO BE CONTINUED!

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CESSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE BUCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

CROSSROADS
part 3 of 4

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HACK/SLASH CHARACTER GUIDE

TEXT BY JEFF BOHN

CASSIE HACK WAS ALWAYS AN OUTCAST, BUT WHEN HER MOTHER TURNED INTO A SLASHER SHE FOUND A PURPOSE. AFTER DEFEATING HER MOTHER, THE LUNCH LADY, CASSIE BEGAN TRAVELING THE WORLD WITH VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING OTHER SLASHERS.

AS AN INFANT, **VLAD** WAS RESCUED FROM A GARBAGE CAN AND RAISED BY A BUTCHER. VLAD OFTEN WEARS A GAS MASK TO AID HIS BREATHING AND HIDE HIS DISFIGUREMENT. HIS ODD, HULKING APPEARANCE OFTEN CAUSES HIM TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A SLASHER, AS CASSIE HACK DID UPON THEIR FIRST MEETING. THE TWO SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED FORCES, AND VLAD HAS BEEN BY CASSIE'S SIDE EVER SINCE.

AS A YOUNG GIRL, **CAT CURIO** IMAGINED SHE WAS A JUNIOR DETECTIVE. ONE OF HER INVESTIGATIONS LED HER TO DISCOVER THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY. STABBED BY SAMHAIN, CAT SLIPPED INTO A COMA FOR THIRTEEN YEARS. CAT RECENTLY AWOKE FROM HER COMA AND IS SEARCHING FOR HER ATTACKER.

SAMHAIN IS A MASKED MAN HAUNTED BY PAST DEEDS DONE IN SERVICE TO THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY. HE IS PROFICIENT WITH KNIVES AND SEEMS TO REGENERATE FROM ANY WOUND. HE IS CURRENTLY TRYING TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY, BUT HIS TRUE ORIGIN REMAINS UNKNOWN. HE TRAVELS WITH HIS COMPANION, A GENETICALLY MODIFIED FORMER SEX SLAVE NAMED AVA.

HACK/SLASH CHARACTER GUIDE

TEXT BY JEFF BOHN

AFTER HIS BEST FRIEND WAS KILLED BY A SLASHER, **CHRIS KRANK** DECIDED TO HELP CASSIE AND VLAD IN THEIR QUEST BY SEARCHING THE INTERNET FOR INFORMATION ON SLASHERS AND OTHER STRANGENESS. CHRIS HAS "SHACKED UP" WITH LISA ELSTEN, AND THE COUPLE IS CURRENTLY EXPECTING A CHILD.

THE TOWN VETERINARIAN IN EMINENCE, INDIANA, **LISA ELSTEN** SURVIVED AN ENCOUNTER WITH HER FORMER ASSISTANT-TURNED-SLASHER, BOBBY BRUNSWICK. LISA PROVIDES A HOME BASE FOR HACK/SLASH, INC.'S OPERATIONS AND IS CURRENTLY PREGNANT WITH CHRIS KRANK'S CHILD.

A LOWBEAST FROM THE NEF DIMENSION, **POOCH** WAS SENT TO EARTH TO ELIMINATE CASSIE HACK. POOCH BETRAYED THE NEFLORDS AND NOW CONSIDERS LISA AND CHRIS HIS MASTERS.

MAGGIE REILLY IS THE NEW SHERIFF IN EMINENCE, HAVING RECENTLY TRANSFERRED FROM INDIANAPOLIS. SHE HAS FORMED A BOND WITH CHRIS, BUT HIDES A SECRET ABOUT SAMHAIN AND THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
C'MON, LISA! PICK UP!
GODDAMN IT. SHE'S NOT PICKING UP.
MAGGIE, FLOOR IT.
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE...
"...BUT WE NEED TO JUST CALM DOWN AND RELAX.
"LISA IS FINE. THIS IS THE REAL WORLD.
"ONCE SOMETHING IS DEAD, IT STAYS DEAD."

IT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW, BUT TRUST ME: IF THIS CHICK SAYS SHE SAW UNDEAD PETS...
...WE HAVE A VERY GOOD REASON TO BE FILLING OUR PANTS.
UM. NO ONE'S ASKED, BUT "THIS CHICK" IS CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.
OH. UHH... RIGHT.
I'M CHRIS, AND THIS IS MAGGIE... UHH...INTREPID SHER.FF.
OH NO.
MAGGIE!
OHMYGOSH! BAMB!
SH...

SCREEECH
POLICE
OH FUCK. EVERYONE OKAY?
UHUNF!
I DON'T THINK THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
KAMIKAZE BAMBI'S!!

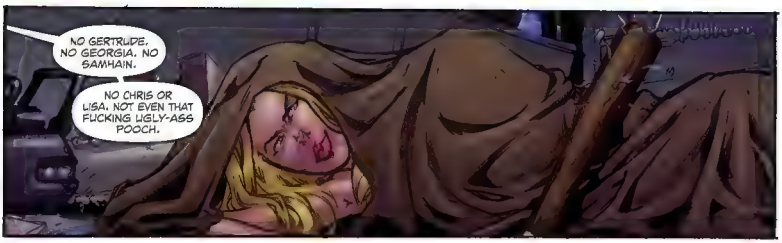
GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.
WE'RE TWELVE FUCKING HOURS FROM EMINENCE.
THERE'S NO WAY WE'LL GET THERE IN TIME.
WE CAN ONLY DRIVE AND HOPE.
HOW CAN THIS BE? THEY'RE BREAKING THE FUCKING RULES!
ANGEL WAS THE BIG D DEAD.
BOBBY, TOO. I BLEW HIS HEAD OFF.
HURRM. THE RULES HAVE CHANGED.
ALL RIGHT, FINE. WE'RE GOING TO TALK THIS OUT.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH I HAVE TO DRIVE HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WORRIED THAT OUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO END UP AS LITTLE PIECES IN SOME WALKING DEAD PET'S SHIT.
DON'T PUT ME THROUGH THE OL' "PISSED-OFF-VLAD-ONLY-GRUNTS-AT-ME" SCENARIO FOR TWELVE FUCKING HOURS ON TOP OF THAT.

HURR. I HAVE SAID WHAT I HAD TO BE SAYING.
I KNOW. AND, LOOK... YOU'RE *RIGHT* OKAY?

I *DO* TAKE YOU FOR GRANTED. I KEEP LOOKING OUTSIDE OF THE *TWO OF US* FOR SOLUTIONS TO MY PROBLEMS.
AND WHAT HAPPENS? I DRAG INNOCENT PEOPLE INTO OUR WORLD. INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO GET HURT OR DIE, JUST BECAUSE I THOUGHT I DESERVED A FRIEND OR SOME LOVE OR A FUCKING LAY.
GEORGIA ALMOST GOT KILLED BECAUSE OF ME. AND NOW THEY ATTACK LISA--A PREGNANT WOMAN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

VLAD, YOU'RE NOT, NOR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN, MY *BITCH*, OR MY BODYGUARD, OR WHATEVER ELSE ANGEL SAID.
YOU'RE MY PARTNER. YOU'RE MY FRIEND. MY BEST FRIEND.
MY *ONLY* FUCKING FRIEND.

AND THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO START TREATING EVERYONE ELSE AS WHAT THEY REALLY ARE: *VICTIMS*.
WOULD-BE CORPSES WHO WE'VE KEPT ALIVE ANOTHER DAY.
WE DON'T GET INVOLVED. WE DON'T LET THEM JOIN US. WE DON'T GET CLOSE.


NO GERTRUDE. NO GEORGIA. NO SAMHAIN.
NO CHRIS OR LISA. NOT EVEN THAT FUCKING UGLY-ASS POOCH.

WE'RE GOING TO EMINENCE, AND WE'RE GOING TO HELP. AFTER THAT, WE WALK AWAY.
WE LEAVE THEM TO LIVE HAPPY, COZY LIVES, FREE OF MURDERERS AND ZOMBIE-BUNNIES AND EVIL PARTY GIRLS.
FROM THIS POINT ON--
IT IS JUST YOU AND ME, BITCH.

EMINENCE.
POLICE
DID--DID WE SMUSH ALL OF THEM?
SNNRT SNNRK
NUUURRR!
I FEEL KIND OF BAD, SQUASHING ANIMALS LIKE THAT.
CRNCH
HUNNH!
SNURK
BOOOM

FUCK YOU, BUCKY.
POL
THE CAR'S DONE FOR.
THERE ARE EXTRA WEAPONS IN THE TRUNK!
GRAB WHATEVER YOU CAN CARRY!
BLOOM
DEER SEASON CAME EARLY.
HERE, TAKE THIS;
OH, I DON'T USE GUNS. IN FACT, MOST DETECTIVES DON'T.
WELL, EXCEPT FOR HOWITZER BROWN, WHO USED TO GO BY THE NAME OF ENCYCLOPEDIA, BUT--
THIS *ISN'T* A GOOD TIME TO ARGUE. YOU NEED A WEAPON.
B.M.J. UTILITY KNIFE.
PINK.

WE NEED TO SPLIT UP!
YOU AND BLONDIE GO THROUGH THE WOODS PAST THE CREEK.
GET TO LISA!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
GET GOING!
BOOOM
I'LL HOLD OFF THE DEER LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SCRAM.
THEN I'LL HEAD DOWNTOWN TO WARN EVERYONE.
JESUS, MAGGIE, I CAN'T LET YOU GO ALONE.
YES, YOU CAN. THIS TOWN IS MY RESPONSIBILITY.
I DON'T NEED YOU...

"...BUT LISA DOES."
MMM. EVERYONE'S OUT.
POOCH IS IN THE KENNEL, SO HE CAN'T WATCH US--
OOH!
I'LL TAKE THAT KICK AS A SIGN YOU APPRECIATE SOME ALONE TIME AS MUCH AS I DO.
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, BABY.
CREEEK
OR NOT.
IS THAT YOU, AVA?
IT'S AVA.
I'M...HEY, LOOK; ABOUT WHAT I SAID EARLIER...

I HOPE YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
IT'S JUST BEEN A STRESSFUL COUPLE OF WEEKS, WHAT WITH THE BABY AND THE BREAK-IN.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M REALLY SORRY.
FWEET.
IT'S AVA. IT'S AVA.
OH GOD.
BOBBY.
LEEEZA.
IT IS TOO LATE FOR SORRRRRRE...

DOES THIS KIND OF THING HAPPEN OFTEN AROUND HERE?
BECAUSE I THINK THIS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE BLACK LAMP AND THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT--?
WAIT. IS THAT... AVA?
AHH! GET OFF!
ZOMBIE FISH.
SERIOUSLY.
I'VE GOT YOU, AVA! IT'S CHRIS!
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY.
TURTLE!
SHUNK

BETTER THAN A GUN, RIGHT?
WHAT? UH, SURE.
LOOK, WE SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS. SHE'S COLD. PROBABLY IN SHOCK.
WE NEED TO GET HER TO LISA-- LOOK?
OH NO.
FUCK!! THERE'S A FISH IN MY GODDAMN PANTS!
GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT!!
HERE, JUST HOLD STILL.
AH, THERE IT IS.
OH, WAIT. NO...
THERE IT IS!
HMM.
I CAN SEE HOW HE THOUGHT YOU HAD A WORM IN THERE.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU AGAIN?!

THIS IS SHERIFF REILLY.
THERE ARE A NUMBER OF FERAL ANIMALS ON THE LOOSE.
STAY IN YOUR HOMES! PLEASE! STAY IN YOUR HOMES!!
OH MY GOD. IT'S HAPPENING.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. IT'S ACTUALLY HAPPENING.
SISTER REILLY. THIS IS AN UNSCHEDULED CALL. AND YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR REQUIRED VESTMENTS.
I KNOW, I KNOW. I'M SORRY. BUT IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT.
FORRY BRUNSWICK RETURNED.
A PALADIN HAS ASCENDED?!
WONDERFUL. IT IS AS THE PROPHECIES OF AKAKIOS FORETOLD.
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, BROTHER?
WE WILL COMMUNE PROPERLY IN THE MORNING, AS WE WELCOME THE DAWN OF OUR NEW DAY.

GRANDPA, THIS BEAR LOOKS SICK.
YES, HONEY. NOW JUST BE QUIET AND HOLD ON TO GRANDPA.
I WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU.
HE'LL HURT NO ONE
SHLICKT
ARE YOU OKAY?
I THINK SO.
I--I REMEMBER THAT BEAR.
BACK A COUPLE YEARS AGO, A CIRCUS WENT THROUGH TOWN. BUNCH OF THEIR ANIMALS GOT LOOSE.
THAT BEAR WAS THE STAR ACT. HAD TO PUT HIM AND SOME OF THE OTHERS DOWN.
THAT EXPLAINS THE LION I ENCOUNTERED.
WEIRDEST THING. SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE ALL HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ELSTEN PLACE.
LIKE THEY ALL NEED A CHECK UP OR SOMETHIN'.
LISA.

OH GOD. I WAS RIGHT.
OH NO.
THEY'RE HERE FOR LISA.
VET
YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A VETERINARIAN? VERY RESPECTABLE PROFESSION.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
HMM. I FACED A SITUATION NOT UNLIKE THIS ONCE. IT WAS NUMBER FIVE-SIXTY-SEVEN: THE CASE OF THE CAT THIEF CAT LADY. YOU SEE, MRS. CASIMIR WAS BOTH A CAT LADY, IN THAT SHE HAD VERY MANY CATS; AND--
NO TIME!
DO YOU HAVE A FUCKING IDEA OR NOT?!
YES. LET'S GO.
BUT I JUST HAVE TO SAY, YOU'RE REALLY IMPATIENT. YOU'D MAKE A TERRIBLE DETECTIVE--
SHUT UP!!

THAT'S IT.
IT'S OVER NOW.
EVERYONE WHO COULD STAND IN OUR WAY IS DEAD, OR SOON WILL BE.
CASSIE HACK WILL RETURN TO FIND HER FRIENDS GONE. THEN SHE'LL FALL, TOO.
JUST LIKE LISA ELSTEN... AND CHRIS KRANK.
AND I WON'T HAVE TO PRETEND ANYMORE.
NO MORE PLAYING SHERIFF. NO MORE PLAYING FRIEND. NO QUESTIONS OR DOUBTS.
NO FUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK LIKE A STUPID GIRL, UNSURE OF WHAT SHE WANTS.
THE LIGHT OF THE BLACK LAMP SHALL ILLUMINATE MY WAY.

I REMEMBER, LEEZA.
I REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID. IT'S ALL CLEARER NOW.
THOUGHTS COME BETTER. MEMORIES ARE SHARPER.
YOU CHOSE KYLE OVER ME.
SAVED HIM EVEN THOUGH HE WAS MEAN TO ME.
KILLED ME.
DOWN THERE, IN THE DIRRRT WHERE YOU BURIED ME, I WEPT.
ALL I'D EVER DONE WAS TO BE LOYAL TO YOU. ALL I'D EVER FELT WAS LOVE.
IT WAS SO UNFAIR.
I COULD HEAR THE ANIMALS. IT WAS UNFAIR TO THE ONES YOU PUT DOWN, TOO.
HUMANS LIVED AND THE ANIMALS DIED, AND ALL THEY'D DONE WAS TO BE LOYAL. ALL THEY'D FELT WAS LOVE.
THE LONGER I WAS IN THAT DIRT, THE MORE VOICES I HEARRRD.
NOT JUST THE PETS. ALL THE ANIMALS.
THE ONES THAT HAD BEEN PUT DOWN: THE POISONED, THE HUNTED, THE ROADKILL.
WE DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE LIFE.
WE DON'T WANT YOU TO GIVE LIFE.
WE WANT TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU GAVE US...

WE WANT TO GIVE YOU DEATH
I HEARD ANOTHER VOICE OUT IN THE FIELD: KYLE'S.
KYLE WAS BURRRIED THERE TOO. HE CALLED TO ME.
ASKED ME TO BRING HIM BACK.
HE CRIED FOR ME, LIKE I CRIED TO HIM TO FREE ME FROM THE GAS CHAMBER.
AND LIKE HE DID TO ME, I IGNORED HIM. I LAUGHED.
SCRRTCH
UNH?
HuNNH HUNH... FUH!
WHO? WHO IS THERRRRRE?
CASSIE HACK?!
KRRSH
NOT CASSIE HACK.

SOMETHING MUCH WORSE.

Y'KNOW WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW WHY THE HELL I'M FOLLOWING YOU.
YOU'RE CLEARLY DELUSION--
AHHH!?
ZOMBIE DOG!
REALLY UGLY ZOMBIE DOG!
HOLD IT! IT'S JUST POOCH.
HE'S ONE OF OURS.
Oh, Master Chris! Pooch is so glad to see you! Something smells wrong. Oh so wrong. Like death and urine.
WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE?
Mistress Lisa wished to take a bath and was concerned I would try to sniff her anus. Sometimes Pooch cannot resist. Humble Pooch must know what you ate for dinner.
HE TALKS.
I LOVE HIM.

What is wrong with Miss Ava? She smells of the stream.
Oh, the dreadful stream, which almost killed poor, loathsome Pooch.
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY A SWARM OF UNDEAD ANIMALS. AVA'S HURT ALREADY.
AND THE ONLY PLAN WE HAVE IS BOUNCING AROUND THE HEAD OF THIS NUTTY BLONDE--
Master! There is a thing on your face!
I must get it! Get it! Oh how poor Pooch can't get it!
WORKS LIKE A CHARM.
IF WE'RE GOING TO GET PAST THE ANIMALS, WE'RE GONG TO NEED A DISTRACTION.
OR BETTER YET, A WHOLE BUNCH OF DISTRACTIONS.

HIGHWAY 20.
OUTSIDE OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.
HURR. CASSANDRA, LOOK.
THE INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM. YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO.
JESUS RIDES DINOSAURS, YES?
DESIGN
HURR. NOT A GOOD TIME. YES, I KNOW.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TOO.
HUH?
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE DETOUR?
TO BE CONTINUED!

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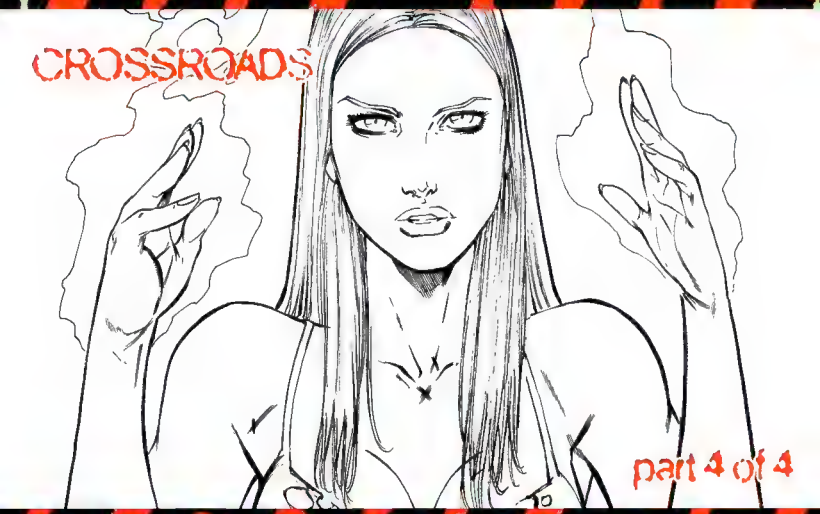
*#CK
OFF
SEXY, BEAUTIFUL, DEADLY
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
KILLER

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE BUCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™


CROSSROADS
part 4 of 4

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HACK/SLASH CHARACTER GUIDE

TEXT BY JEFF BOHN

CASSIE HACK WAS ALWAYS AN OUTCAST, BUT WHEN HER MOTHER TURNED INTO A SLASHER SHE FOUND A PURPOSE. AFTER DEFEATING HER MOTHER, THE LUNCH LADY, CASSIE BEGAN TRAVELING THE WORLD WITH VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING OTHER SLASHERS.

AS AN INFANT, **VLAD** WAS RESCUED FROM A GARBAGE CAN AND RAISED BY A BUTCHER. VLAD OFTEN WEARS A GAS MASK TO AID HIS BREATHING AND HIDE HIS DISFIGUREMENT. HIS ODD, HULKING APPEARANCE OFTEN CAUSES HIM TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A SLASHER, AS CASSIE HACK DID UPON THEIR FIRST MEETING. THE TWO SUBSEQUENTLY JOINED FORCES, AND VLAD HAS BEEN BY CASSIE'S SIDE EVER SINCE.

AS A YOUNG GIRL, **CAT CURIO** IMAGINED SHE WAS A JUNIOR DETECTIVE. ONE OF HER INVESTIGATIONS LED HER TO DISCOVER THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY. STABBED BY SAMHAIN, CAT SLIPPED INTO A COMA FOR THIRTEEN YEARS. CAT RECENTLY AWOKE FROM HER COMA AND IS SEARCHING FOR HER ATTACKER.

SAMHAIN IS A MASKED MAN HAUNTED BY PAST DEEDS DONE IN SERVICE TO THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY. HE IS PROFICIENT WITH KNIVES AND SEEMS TO REGENERATE FROM ANY WOUND. HE IS CURRENTLY TRYING TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY, BUT HIS TRUE ORIGIN REMAINS UNKNOWN. HE TRAVELS WITH HIS COMPANION, A GENETICALLY MODIFIED FORMER SEX SLAVE NAMED AVA.

HACK/SLASH CHARACTER GUIDE

TEXT BY JEFF BOHN

After his best friend was killed by a slasher, **Chris Krank** decided to help Cassie and Vlad in their quest by searching the Internet for information on slashers and other strangeness. Chris has "shacked up" with Lisa Elsten, and the couple is currently expecting a child.

The town veterinarian in Eminence, Indiana, **Lisa Elsten** survived an encounter with her former assistant-turned-slasher, Bobby Brunswick. Lisa provides a home base for Hack/Slash, Inc.'s operations and is currently pregnant with Chris Krank's child.

A lowbeast from the Nef dimension, **Pooch** was sent to Earth to eliminate Cassie Hack. Pooch betrayed the Neflords and now considers Lisa and Chris his masters.

Maggie Reilly is the new sheriff in Eminence, having recently transferred from Indianapolis. She has formed a bond with Chris, but hides a secret about Samhain and the Black Lamp Society.

HIGHWAY 20.
OUTSIDE OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.
YOU'RE MY KINDA CHICK, CASSIE.
VLAD! SNAP OUT OF IT!
YOU TURN EVERYTHING INTO A PARTY.
NUHHGK.
HRRN. I'LL CRASH US.
I'LL KILL US ALL IF IT MEANS YOUR SMUG BITCH FACE BURNS AGAIN.
CASSIE, BABY, I DON'T THINK I CAN DIE ANYMORE.
INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM
1000 FT
BESIDES, YOU WON'T LET YOURSELF DIE.
YOU STILL THINK YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

HRRRANGH! VLAD?!
WOOF!
I CAN'T DRIVE AND FIGHT ANGEL AT THE SAME TIME!
SO,
SNAP.
THE FUCK.
OUT OF IT!!
BREASSSSSTS--
WUH?!
HOW 'BOUT A DEADDOOR?
SLAM
SCREEETCH

Ahhh.
POOOM
GAH!
GODDAMN IT. SHE MIGHT BE RIGHT.
SHE WON'T FUCKING DIE.
NOOOH..
VLAD! ARE YOU WITH ME?
HUHP ERR, YES, YES... BREASTS.
UH, VLAD... PRETEND THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

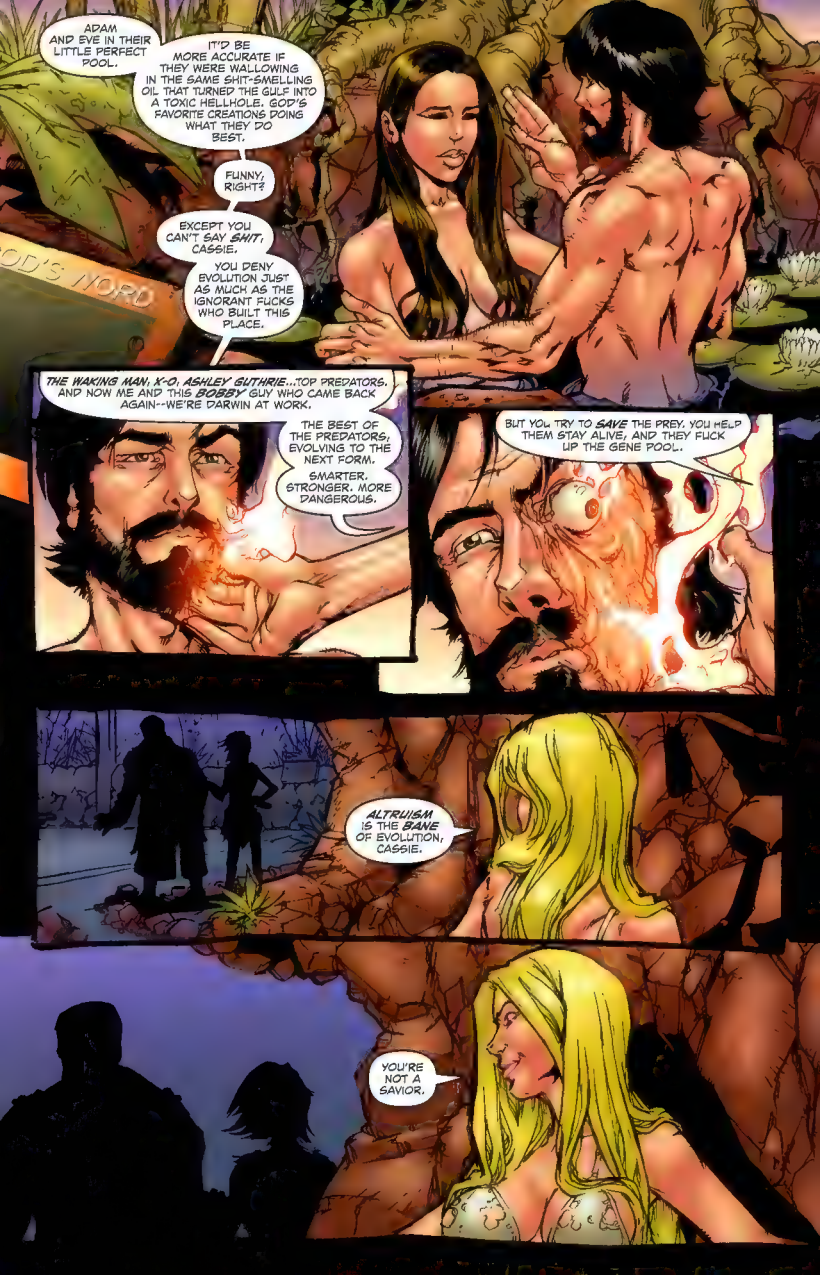
EMINENCE, INDIANA.
THAP
CHOOM
IT'S WORKING!
MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE AND I WI..L KEEP THEM BUSY!
CAT, THAT'S ONLY ONE DOWN; WITH A SHITLOAD TO GO.

BOOM
AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WAYS TO KILL THESE THINGS QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY "PETA!"
ARE YOU A XOLOITZCUINTLE--YOU KNOW, A MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG? YOU SORT OF LOOK LIKE ONE...
...AND HOW DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK? WE TAUGHT OUR RETRIEVER TO SPEAK, BUT SHE NEVER SAID REAL WORDS.
I ALWAYS WANTED HER TO TALK, THOUGH. ANIMALS SEEM LIKE MUCH BETTER LISTENERS THAN PEOPLE...
whiine
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS, AVA?
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE KENNEL.
I KNOW YOU'D DO ANYTHING FOR LISA.
BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS ALONE...

"...I JUST HOPE LISA'S ALL RIGHT IN THERE."
YOU ARRRE STANDING IN THE WAY OF JUSTICE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE: ONE OF THE BLACK LAMP'S PALADINS.
A PREPARER.
THE LAMP USES YOUR SPITE TO SPREAD FEAR, BUT THEY CARE LITTLE FOR YOUR "JUSTICE."
TO THEM YOU'RE JUST A TOOL. A BAD MEMORY...
...ONE THAT DOESN'T KNOW IT'S FORGOTTEN.
RRRAAARGGH!!

THE HOME OF SHERIFF MAGGIE REILLY.
AAAAAGH!
SQUAWW!
SQQQWARK!
NOOO!
JESUS.
DIDN'T THINK. JUST REACTED. WENT STRAIGHT FOR MY GUN. FOR MY BADGE.
BUT I'M NOT THE SHERIFF.
I'M A PLANT. A SECRET AGENT. A LIAR. I'M SOMEONE WHO'D SHOOT AN UNARMED GIRL IN THE FACE BECAUSE SHE WAS A THREAT TO MY CAUSE...
AND I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM.
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.
WOW. I DID NOT KNOW THAT.
APPARENTLY, HUMANS LIVED SIDE BY SIDE WITH T-REXES.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT?
Before man's fall, animals were vegetarians. In a "very good" creation no animal would die, so there were no carnivores. All the beasts of the earth, as just the "beasts of the field" that God brought to Adam to name, ate only plants. And we know that dinosaurs lived vegetables and pineapples.
IT SAYS HERE THAT DINOSAURS USED THEIR TEETH TO CRACK THE SHELLS OF COCONUTS AND THE RINDS OF FRUIT.
YOU KNOW, BECAUSE THE GARDEN OF EDEN WAS A PEACEFUL PLACE WHERE MAN AND DINOSAUR LIVED IN HARMONY, AS GOD DECREED.
ALL THAT BULLSHIT, JUST TO DENY EVOLUTION.
PRETTY FUNNY, RIGHT?
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, HACK. I CAN HEAR YOU.
BESIDES, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PRETEND TO CARE ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, YOU'D NEVER MISS THE CHANCE TO FINISH ME OFF.
YOU CARE FAR MORE ABOUT THE HUNT THAN YOU DO ABOUT ANY PERSON.


ADAM AND EVE IN THEIR LITTLE PERFECT POOL.
IT'D BE MORE ACCURATE IF THEY WERE WALLOWING IN THE SAME SHIT-SMELLING OIL THAT TURNED THE GULF INTO A TOXIC HELLHOLE. GOD'S FAVORITE CREATIONS DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST.
FUNNY, RIGHT?
EXCEPT YOU CAN'T SAY SHIT, CASSIE.
YOU DENY EVOLUTION JUST AS MUCH AS THE IGNORANT FUCKS WHO BUILT THIS PLACE.
GOD'S WORD
THE WAKING MAN. X-O. ASHLEY GUTHRIE...TOP PREDATORS. AND NOW ME AND THIS BOBBY GUY WHO CAME BACK AGAIN--WE'RE DARWIN AT WORK.
THE BEST OF THE PREDATORS, EVOLVING TO THE NEXT FORM.
SMARTER. STRONGER. MORE DANGEROUS.
BUT YOU TRY TO SAVE THE PREY. YOU HELP THEM STAY ALIVE, AND THEY FUCK UP THE GENE POOL.
ALTRUISM IS THE BANE OF EVOLUTION, CASSIE.
YOU'RE NOT A SAVIOR.

SSSSS
YOU'RE A FUCKING DINOSAUR.
SSSSS
PRETTY CLEVER--
OH.
WORTH THE ADMISSION!

KA-BOOM
DESIRE
CHRIS IS NOT ANSWERING HIS PHONE...
...OR LISA. I WILL TRY AVA NEXT.
THIS IS COMPLETELY FUBAR. WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE THING GOING FOR US...
"...SAMHAIN IS THERE."
WHY WON'T YOU DIE?

NO ONE LIVES THROUGH ALL THAT.
NO ONE ALIVE.
HUNGH!
SPLUTCH
BUT CAN YOU LIVE...WITHOUT YOUR HEARRRT?
NO. YOUR EYE. I--I KNOW YOU.
WHO ARRRRE YOU?
I... DON'T... KNOW.
KRAK
WE'RE HERE TO CHEW ASS AND KICK BUBBLE GUM--
OH SHIT!
SAM!!
THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. GO DIE ELSEWHERRRRE.

AH!! IT'S SO SQUEEZY!
OWW!
HNNGH. AVA.
YOU CARE ABOUT HERRR?
YOU'LL TELL ME HOW I KNOW YOU...
NO.
KRAK
...OR I'LL DO TERRIBLE THINGS TO HER SOFT BODY.
UNGH!
NOT THAT SOFT.

HUUNHHH
RRAAAGH!
NO!
SHUNK
MAGGIE!!
SLISH
OH NO.
GAS TANK

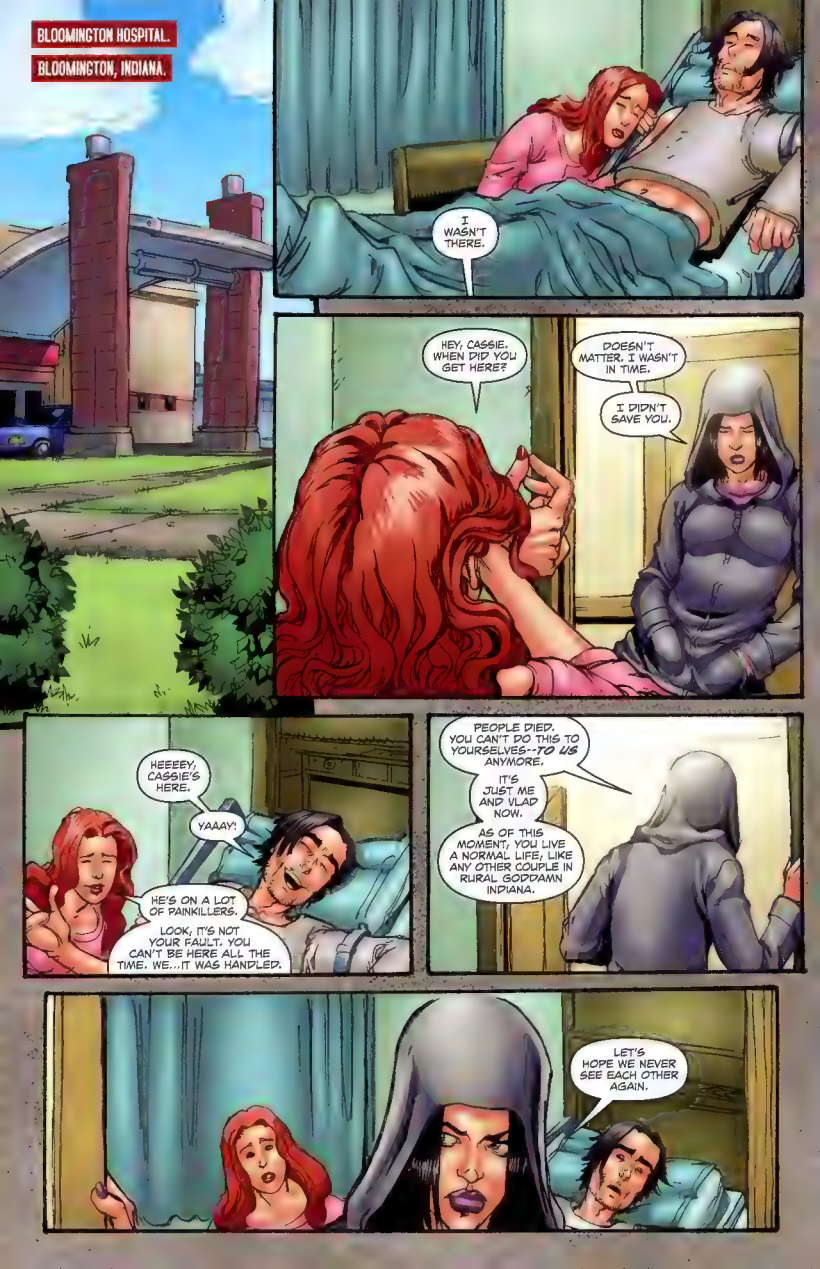
YOU SON OF A BITCH!
SHE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
T--TAKE MY BAG. THE OIL...USE IT. B--BURN HIM... I'LL KILL HIM.
SAMHAIN. I MEAN. SAMHAIN.
HE'S GO.NG TO KILL...SO MANY...
HE'S AK-- AK--AKAKOS. THE... FOUNDER OF THE BLACK LAMP <GC--SS
GOD.
LISA'S NEW MAN. YOU'RE JUST LIKE KYLE.
STUPID AND SELF-CENTERRED
SLAM
AGK!

MY FRRRIENDS! KILL THEM. EAT THEM. TEAR THEM ALL APART!!
WE DO KNOW EACH OTHER. WHAT YOU SAW WAS FAMILIARITY. YOU SAW WHAT WE SHARE
WE WANT SOMETHING: REVENGE JUSTICE.
AND WE KEEP GOING, KILLING EACH NEW ENEMY, THINKING THAT WILL EASE THE RAGE.
DEATH CAN'T EVEN STOP US.
NO. I KNOW YOU.
YOU... YOU'RE *MY FATHER.*
YOU'RE.. MY *GOD*

FWOOSH
AAAGH!!
LIVE BY THE FLAME.
DIE BY THE FLAME
NO!
NO!!
NOOOOOOO!!
OH, BOBBY.
LISA--?
OH, CHRIS! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. THE BABY--
SHHH. IT'S OKAY.
YOU'RE OKAY. THE BABY IS OKAY.
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
AHUNH... UHHN.

The dead ones are dead again!
IT'S THE WEIRDEST THING! THEY ALL JUST STARTED FALLING OVER AS THAT FLAMING GUY RAN BY, LIKE--
OH...IT'S YOU.
WE DIDN'T GET TO MEET EARLIER, YOUNG LADY.
YOU KILLED ME.
SAM, YOU... YOU NEED TO LEAVE.
WHAT?
HE'S THE ONE.
TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE-- GONE.
GIIIIT. The dark-eyed man should never have been welcome here.
Pooch hates him so.
SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.
LEAVE NOW OR I'LL LIGHT THIS OIL AND BURN YOU, JUST LIKE I DID THAT OTHER... THING.
I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DO IT.

AVA, YOU KNOW ME.
I LOVE YOU. I WOULD NEVER HURT YOU.
ANY OF YOU.
BOBBY CALLED YOU HIS FATHER. HIS GOD.
AND, MAGGIE. SHE... IT ALL MAKES SENSE.
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
WHAT DID SHE SAY?!
OH, NO... I...
I'M SORRY.


BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL.
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.
I WASN'T THERE.
HEY, CASSIE. WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?
DOESN'T MATTER. I WASN'T IN TIME.
I DIDN'T SAVE YOU.
HEEEEY, CASSIE'S HERE.
YAAAY!
HE'S ON A LOT OF PAINKILLERS.
LOOK, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU CAN'T BE HERE ALL THE TIME. WE...IT WAS HANDLED.
PEOPLE DIED. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO YOURSELVES--TO US ANYMORE.
IT'S JUST ME AND VLAD NOW.
AS OF THIS MOMENT, YOU LIVE A NORMAL LIFE, LIKE ANY OTHER COUPLE IN RURAL GODDAMN INDIANA.
LET'S HOPE WE NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

GOD DAMN IT.
BIZARRE ANIMALS SLAUGHTER...
SHERIFF WAS KILLED...
AT LEAST ONE VICTIM BURNED TO DEATH...
Fetch News is here. Master Chris says they are full of right wings. Very strange bird, thinks humble Pooch. Flies only in circles.
Oh, how I would like to be on the television box.
POOCH, COME AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.
Is Mistress Ava well?
The dark-eyed man is gone. She should be happy.

I DO NOT THINK IT WORKS THAT WAY, YES?
WHERE IS THE OTHER BLOND GIRL--CAT?
Most talkative Cat Curio is playing on the computer. Oh, how she tires Pooch's small and fragile ears.
Are you and much-beloved Cassie truly leaving Pooch and his masters forever?
YES. OURS IS A WORLD OF DEATH AND DANGER.
THOSE WHO KNOW US END UP HURT.
OR WORSE.
Pooch will miss formerly most-hated Cassie Hack.
Pooch will miss Man-Talk.
YES. I, TOO, WILL MISS MAN-TALK.
CLOSING CASES NUMBER ONE-OH-ONE-FIVE AND ONE-OH-ONE-SIX.
IN THE PROCESS OF ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS THAT GENERATED THESE CASES, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY AND REVENGE UPON THE MAN KNOWN AS SAMHAIN SEEM FARTHER AWAY THAN EVER.
BUT AN *INTREPID DETECTIVE* KNOWS THAT CLOSING ONE DOOR ONLY OPENS ANOTHER.
CAT CURIO IS ON THE TRAIL.
HACK/SLASH JR.

Hack/Slash
THE RETURN OF
FANTOMAH
MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE
ISSUE 65
$3.50
COVER A

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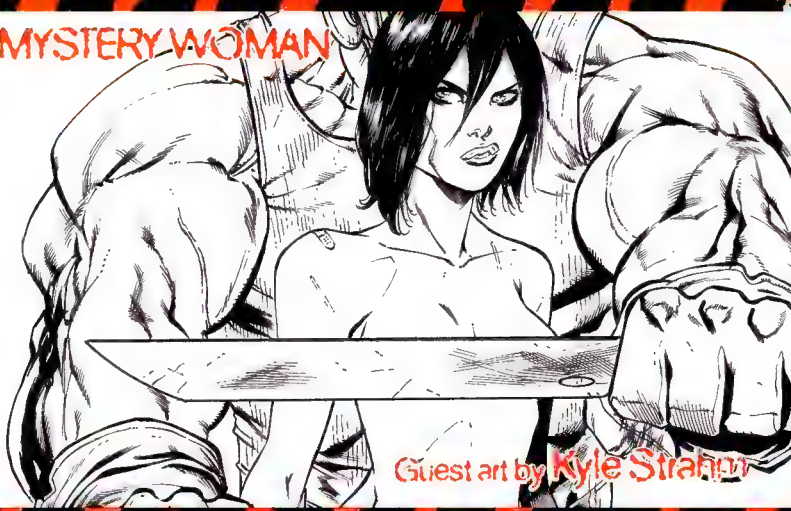
CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE BUTCHER LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MOM'S FORMER PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY CAN FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH

MYSTERY WOMAN



WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY KYLE STRAHM

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EDITED BY JAMES LOWDER

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FANTOMAH
MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE
FANTOMAH, THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN THAT EVER LIVED, DEVOTES HER SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO PROTECTING THE JUNGLE--AND THE JUNGLE-BORN!
AH, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, TWO MADMEN PLOT!
SO, IT IS AGREED, ARCOT
YES, LOMAX! WE ARE INDEED KINDRED SPIRITS!
I DESPISE THE TREES! THEY HIDE THE ANIMALS I SO DESIRE TO GET MY BLOODY REVENGE UPON!
AND I WISH TO MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD A BEAUTIFUL SANDY DESERT LIKE MY NATIVE EGYPT!
WITH YOUR MARINE BIOLOGY SKILLS....
AND YOUR DARK EGYPTIAN SORCERY....
WE HAVE CREATED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON AGAINST THE TREES!
PAUL BLUDGEON AND BABE THE BLUE AXE!!
NO TREE SHALL REMAIN STANDING!
THE VILLAINS LAUGH AT THEIR OWN EVIL INGENUITY!

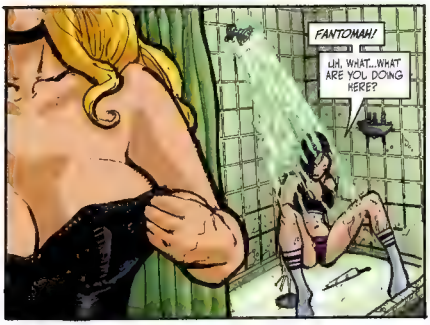
BEAUTIFUL AND STRANGE FANTOMAH IS NEVER FAR FROM HER BELOVED JUNGLE.
AGH! THE TREES! I FEEL THEIR PAIN!
WHAT MANNER OF METAL BEAST DARES ENTER FANTOMAH'S DOMAIN?!
FANTOMAH USES HER TELE-X-VISION TO PENETRATE PAUL BLUDGEON'S SHELL!
I WILL SHOW THEM HOW IT FEELS TO BE A TREE IN MAN'S WORLD.
IT IS NO BEAST AT ALL, BUT THE FIENDS ZOMAX AND ARCO--TOGETHER!

WHAT? WHERE ARE WE?
WE WERE JUST IN THE ROBOT, AND NOW WE ARE ON THE GROUND!
NO! WE ARE BECOMING TREES!
THIS CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF ONE PERSON!
FANTOMAH!
NOW YOU SHALL FEEL THE SECRET POWER OF THE JUNGLE.
FIRST, YOU SHALL BE HARVESTED BY YOUR OWN MACHINE!
NEXT, YOU WILL BE GROUND AND PULPED!
AND THEN YOU SHALL BE TURNED INTO PAPER FOR MAN'S USE, JUST LIKE SO MANY OTHER TREES BEFORE YOU!!

BUT YOU SHALL BE A VERY SPECIFIC KIND OF PAPER
OH NO.
NOOOOO.!!!!
AND I SWA... SEE THAT THE FOREST *REPLENISHES* ALL THAT YOU HAVE DESTROYED.
THIS JUNGLE AND ALL JUNGLE-BORN, FROM THE SMALLEST SHREW TO THE LARGEST TREE, ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF *FANTOMAH, MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE.*
AND I SHALL *NEVER* ABANDON MY POST.
IN THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT: FANTOMAH IN THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF THE CRIME CABAL!

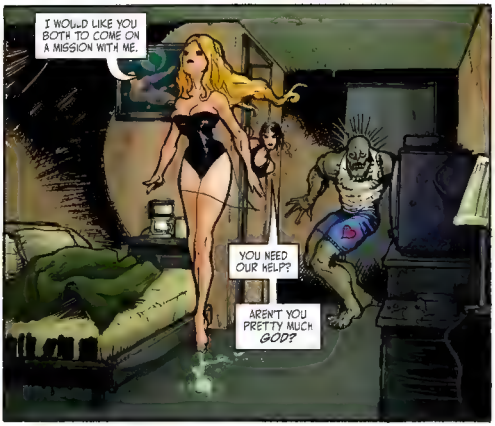
AMAZON RAINFOREST, VENEZUELA.
ONE MONTH AGO.
AAAAIIIEEEEGHH!!

AKRON, OHIO.
NOW.
SLIDE RIGHT IN!
RAAAAAHHH!
CASSANDRA HACK.
YOU FINALLY AWAKEN.
AAAH!


FANTOMAH!
UH, WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I NEEDED TO WASH AWAY THE STINK OF THIS FORSAKEN CITY, THIS COUNTRY. BUT THE WATER HERE SMELLS OF CHEMICALS AND RUST.

I SENSE THAT YOUR PARTNER VLAD IS WAITING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.
HE FEARS ME, AS MEN DO.
YEAH, WELL, UH, WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU.


I WOULD LIKE YOU BOTH TO COME ON A MISSION WITH ME.
YOU NEED OUR HELP?
AREN'T YOU PRETTY MUCH GOD?

SILLY CHILD. I DON'T NEED YOU.
I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE FOR RETRIBUTION.

I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO DESTROY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
UH, LITTLE HELP HERE?
VET
THERE WE GO. BETTER?
YEAH.
WONDERFUL.
Master Chris! Humble Pooch hopes you are feeling better. yes he does.
I BASICALLY JUST TOOK A SHOWER WITH A WOMAN ENGINEERED TO LOOK LIKE THE HOTTEST, MOST GUILT-INDUCING BARELY LEGAL MODEL EVER AND I DIDN'T EVEN ENJOY IT.
THAT'S HOW MUCH BETTER I'M FEELING.
HEY, CAT. GOING OUT FOR THE DAY?
NOPE. I'M LEAVING.
ALL THE HUBBUB HAS DIED DOWN, AND I THINK I'VE BURDENED YOU FINE FOLKS FOR LONG ENOUGH.
BESIDES, I'M SURE MY MOTHER MISSES ME. WE DO NEEDLEPOINT TOGETHER. MOSTLY KITTIES.
MY MOTHER IS COLORBLIND SO ALL HER KITTENS LOOK CALICO IF I DON'T HELP HER PICK OUT THE THREAD AND YARN.

IT WAS GREAT GETTING TO KNOW YOU AND TO FIGHT UNLIVING ANIMALS WITH YOU.
SAY GOOD-BYE TO MS. ELSTEN AND MS. AVA.
AND I HOPE MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE KNOWS I LOVE HIM.

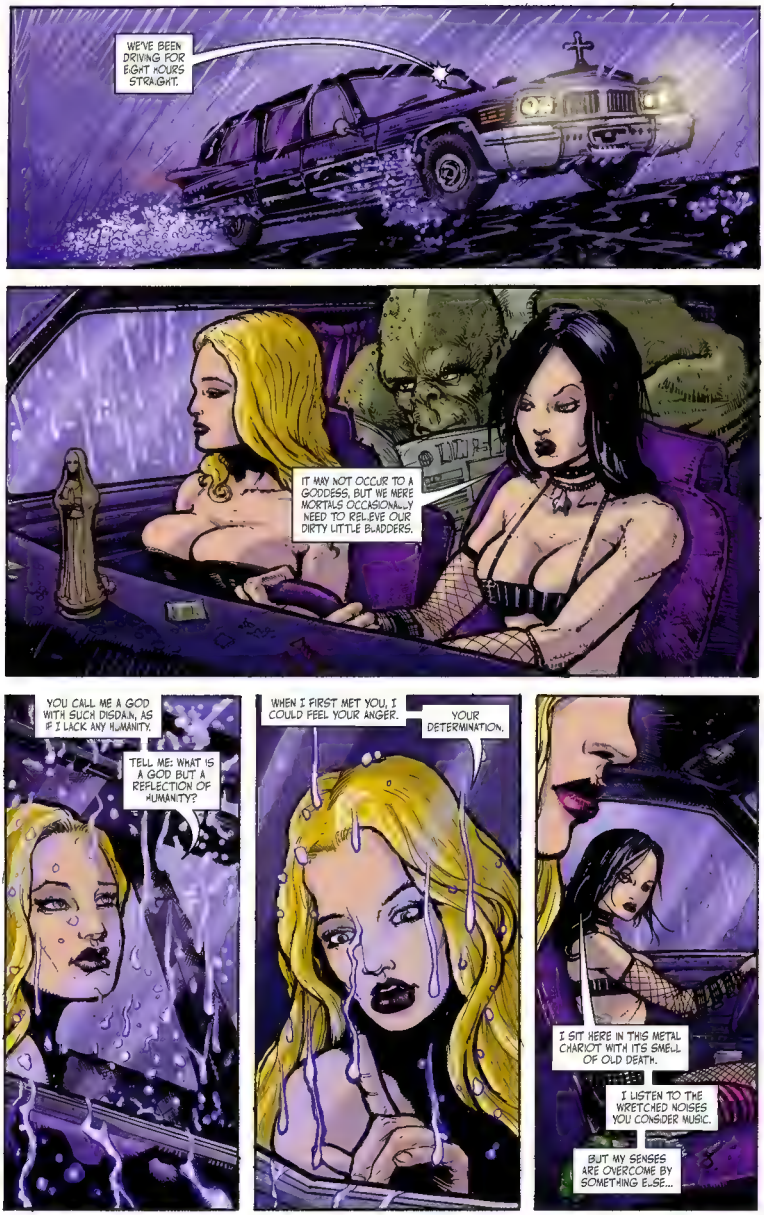
YOU REMEMBER WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT, BUDDY?
Yes, yes. Most humble Pooch remembers.
Mistress Carlo will most likely get herself into the most dangerous of troubles.

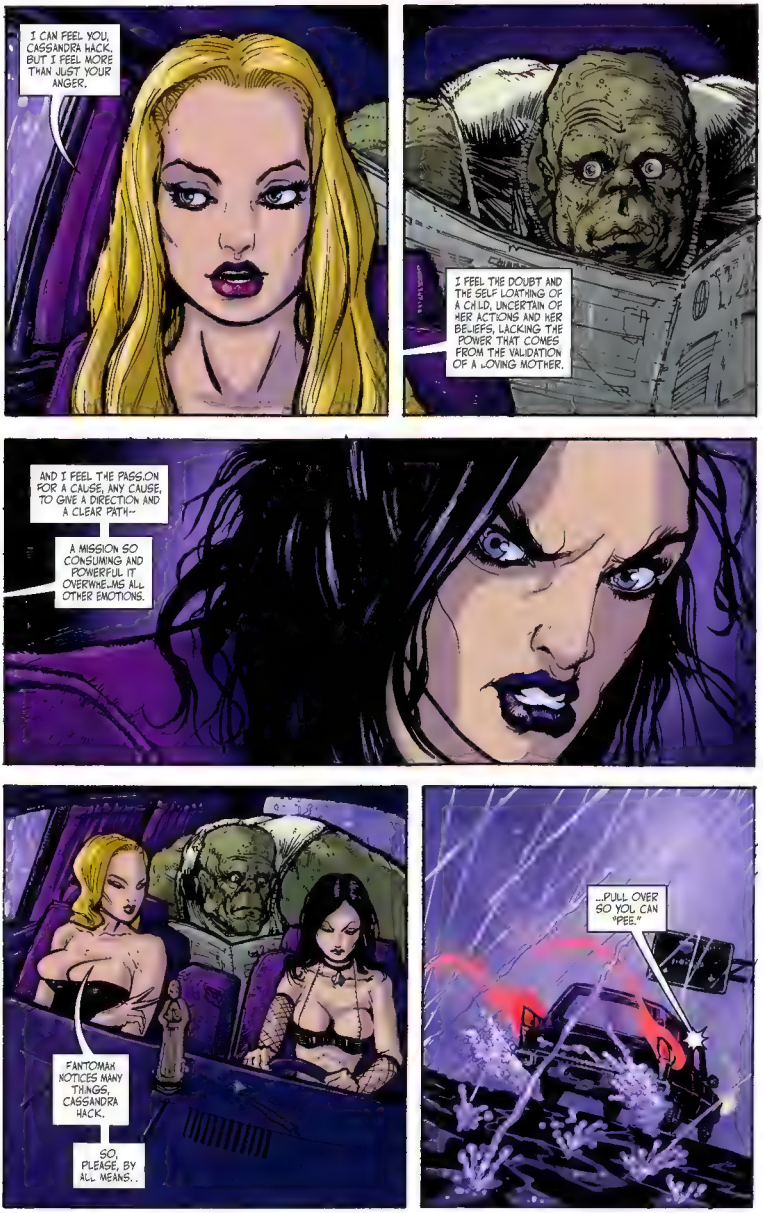
Loyal and kind, but ever-so-sly Pooch must follow her and keep his small black eyes upon her.

Pooch knows he is a burden and in ever-so-much debt to his beloved masters, but he knows in his lowbeast heart you will be happier without--
POOCH

PLEASE, POOCH.
SHUT UP...

:SNIFF:
AND GIVE ME A BIG GODDAMN HUG, YOU ASSHOLE.


WE'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR EIGHT HOURS STRAIGHT.
IT MAY NOT OCCUR TO A GODDESS, BUT WE MERE MORTALS OCCASIONALLY NEED TO RELIEVE OUR DIRTY LITTLE BLADDERS.
YOU CALL ME A GOD WITH SUCH DISDAIN, AS IF I LACK ANY HUMANITY.
TELL ME: WHAT IS A GOD BUT A REFLECTION OF HUMANITY?
WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, I COULD FEEL YOUR ANGER.
YOUR DETERMINATION.
I SIT HERE IN THIS METAL CHARIOT WITH ITS SMELL OF OLD DEATH.
I LISTEN TO THE WRETCHED NOISES YOU CONSIDER MUSIC.
BUT MY SENSES ARE OVERCOME BY SOMETHING ELSE...


I CAN FEEL YOU, CASSANDRA HACK. BUT I FEEL MORE THAN JUST YOUR ANGER.
I FEEL THE DOUBT AND THE SELF LOATHING OF A CHILD, UNCERTAIN OF HER ACTIONS AND HER BELIEFS, LACKING THE POWER THAT COMES FROM THE VALIDATION OF A LOVING MOTHER.
AND I FEEL THE PASSION FOR A CAUSE, ANY CAUSE, TO GIVE A DIRECTION AND A CLEAR PATH--
A MISSION SO CONSUMING AND POWERFUL IT OVERWHELMS ALL OTHER EMOTIONS.
FANTOMAH NOTICES MANY THINGS, CASSANDRA HACK.
SO, PLEASE, BY ALL MEANS..
...PULL OVER SO YOU CAN "PEE."

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT
LATER.
THIS S THE HEADQUARTERS OF A SLASHER-WORSHIPPING MURDER CULT?
LOOKS LIKE A DOUCHEY COUNTRY CLUB.
LIKE MOST EVIL IN YOUR SICK COUNTRY, THIS ONE HIDES BEHIND AN UNASSUMING FAÇADE. WE MUST STRIKE WHILE THEY S..UMBER.
WE CANNOT ATTACK JUST BECAUSE SHE SAYS--
SILENCE, DEGENERATE! YOU, WHO HAVE SEEN FANTOMAH CAST VILLAINS INTO SPACE, DARE QUESTION ME?!
YOU CALL VLAD ANOTHER NAME AND I'M NOT TAKING ONE MORE STEP WITH YOU, SCARY SMURFETTE.
YOU ARE SMALL-MINDED AND FEEBLE-WITTED.
I AM SORRY, I FORGET THIS SO EASILY.
IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT I SAY.
...PERHAPS YOU WILL BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE.

I'D KNOW THAT CREEPY BLACK GLOW ANYWHERE.
COME ON, VLAD. LET'S SNUFF SOME LAMPS.
AND LET NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY.
VLAD, I--I AM...YOU CANNOT HELP THAT YOU ARE A DEGENERATE--
RRRRRGH
HEADS UP!
RRRNNNGHHRR!

FANTOMAH!
NO...

...DO NOT--
SKUNK

THEY ARE MAKING SLASHER DOGS?
STILL CUTER THAN POOCH.
I AM SORRY, MY FRIEND.

HMM. FANTOMAH MAKES MY POOR-KICKING SKILLS OBSOLETE, YES?
YEAD, FANTOMAH MAKES THE HUMAN RACE OBSOLETE.
WHO
ARE.
YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU.
DOING
HERE?
SLASHER!
KILL YOU.
KILL YOU!!
YOU CANNOT KILL...
...WHAT YOU CANNOT SEE.
GOOD ONE-LINER THERE, GODDESS.
AHHHK!
SHINK

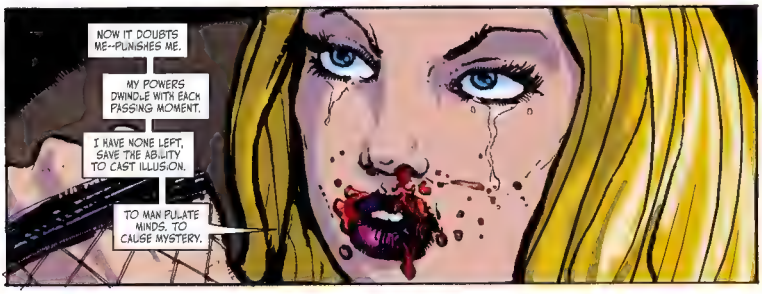
AIIEEEEEE!!
HUH.
THEY USUALLY DON'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT.
HRRRRM.
HE GOES TO PROTECT HIS MISTRESS.
THE MIND BEHIND THE BLACK LAMP.
THE CREATOR OF ALL SLASHERS.
THE DESTROYER OF YOUR LIFE.
CASSANDRA! THE BLACK FLAMES!
IT'S NOT HOT. IT'S ALL FOR SHOW.
COME
NO.
CLOSER!!

NO, MY SLAVE. DO NOT BAR HER PATH.
COME, CASSANDRA. FORGET THAT BLOATED WHORE--THE LUNCH LADY.
JOIN YOUR TRUE MOTHER.
YOU, FUCKING BITCH.
CASSANDRA, WAIT--
SIGH
NO... EVEN MY MYSTERY POWERS LEAVE ME.
PLEASE, MY HUSBAND IS BLEEDING. HE NEEDS A HOSPITAL.
WHAT--
--THE FUCK!?

OH GOD.
PLEASE. YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER YOU WANT..
...JUST DON'T KILL US. WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE CHILDREN, AND I'M PREGNANT.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
NO. VLAD. DO NOT..
...YOU KNOW WHAT POWER I POSSESS.
YOU FEAR ME--
WHAT DID YOU DO?!
KRAK
ENLIGHTEN ME, O GODDESS, OR I'LL LET VLAD CONTINUE HIS PARTICULAR FORM OF WORSHIP.
HUNH.

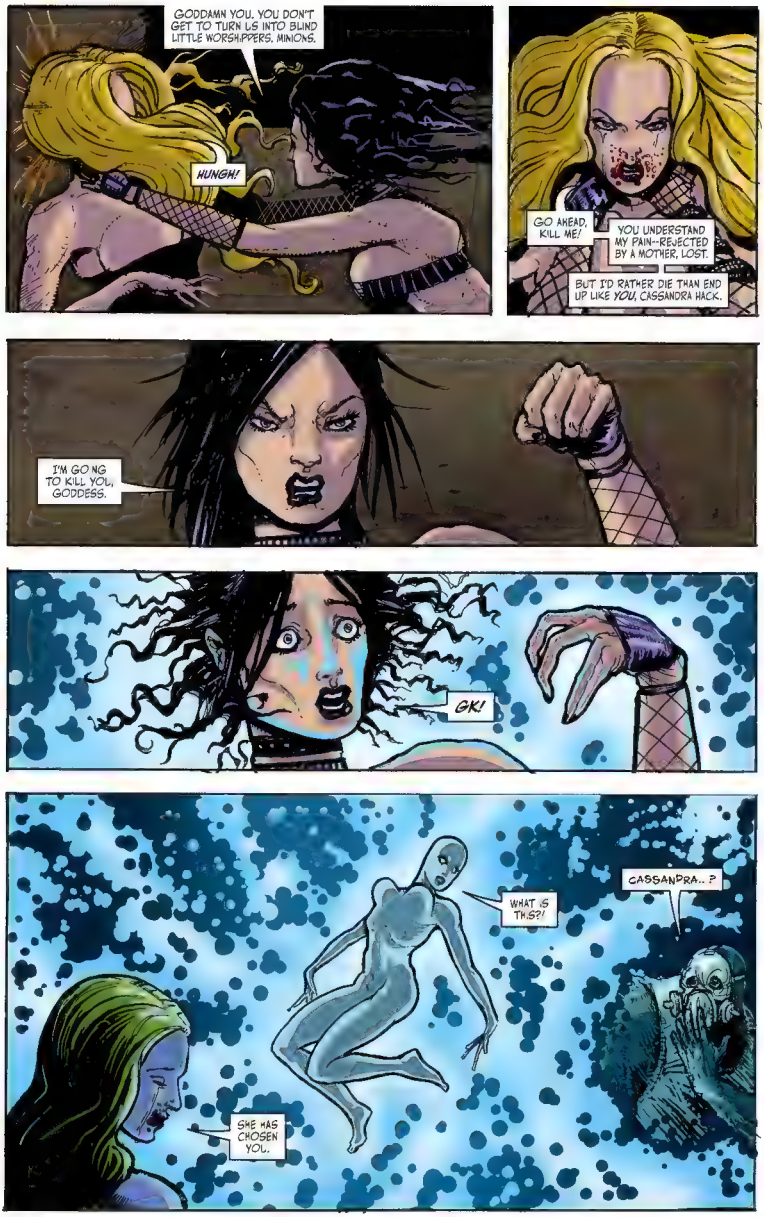
UNGH. MY POWERS.
THE JUNGLE CHOSE ME TO PROTECT IT.
MADE ME A GODDESS.

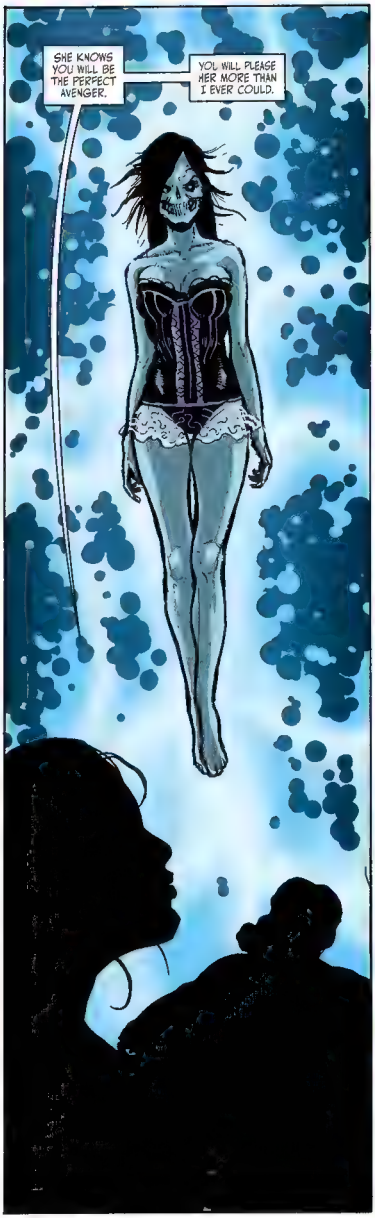
BUT I DISAPPEARED FOR SIXTY YEARS, A PRISONER OF THE CRIME CABAL.
IN MY ABSENCE THE JUNGLE WAS TORN APART. BURNED.
DEVOURED BY HUMANITY.
HARVESTED AND PAVED OVER.
I FAILED IT.

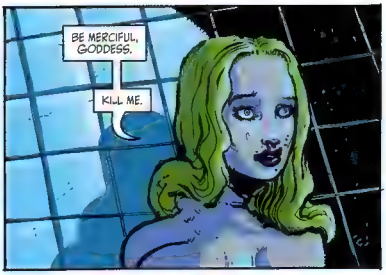

NOW IT DOUBTS ME--PUNISHES ME.
MY POWERS DWINDLE WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.
I HAVE NONE LEFT, SAVE THE ABILITY TO CAST ILLUSION.
TO MANIPULATE MINDS. TO CAUSE MYSTERY.

SO YOU USED US. FOOLED US INTO THINKING WE WERE ATTACKING BAD GUYS.
WHO IS THAT OVER THERE?
WHO DID WE ALMOST KILL FOR YOU?

KATHERINE WEBER.
C.E.O. OF ARCOMAX INTERNATIONAL. HER COMPANY IS DESTROYING MY JUNGLE.
SHE IS EVERY BIT AS EVIL AS THE SLASHERS YOU HUNT, EVERY BIT AS CRUEL AS THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY

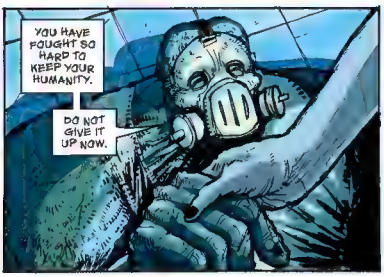

GODDAMN YOU. YOU DON'T GET TO TURN US INTO BLIND LITTLE WORSHIPPERS, MINIONS.
HUNGH!
GO AHEAD, KILL ME!
YOU UNDERSTAND MY PAIN--REJECTED BY A MOTHER, LOST.
BUT I'D RATHER DIE THAN END UP LIKE YOU, CASSANDRA HACK.
I'M GO NG TO KILL YOU, GODDESS.
GK!
WHAT IS THIS?!
CASSANDRA.. ?
SHE HAS CHOSEN YOU.


SHE KNOWS YOU WILL BE THE PERFECT AVENGER.
YOU WILL PLEASE HER MORE THAN I EVER COULD.


BE MERCIFUL, GODDESS.
KILL ME.

THEN KILL THE SLASHERS.
THE BLACK LAMP.
ALL THE CITIES OF MAN.
DESTROY THEM ALL.

CASSANDRA, NO.


YOU HAVE FOUGHT SO HARD TO KEEP YOUR HUMANITY.
DO NOT GIVE IT UP NOW.

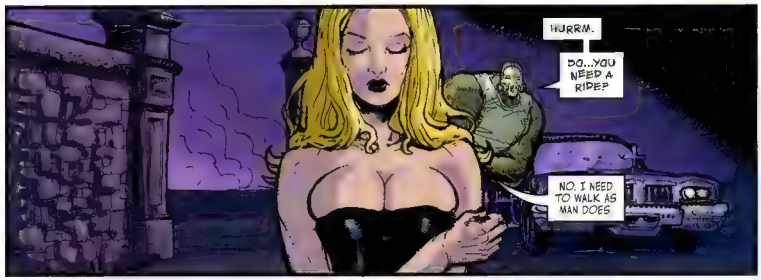
NOOOOOOO!!
SHRRRK
HUNH. DAMN IT
GOODAMN IT
GO TO HER. SHE WILL BE IN SHOCK.
TAKE HER AWAY.
WHAT--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE WILL SEND AN AMBULANCE. I AM SORRY.
YES, MY MISSION IS OVER. YOU ARE SAFE.
THE JUNGLE WILL CHOOSE ANEW. THERE WILL BE SOME OTHER FANTOMAH.
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU?
I WILL LEAVE.
I AM NOTHING NOW-- AN ABANDONED CHILD.
LIKE YOU.
LIKE CASSANDRA HACK.

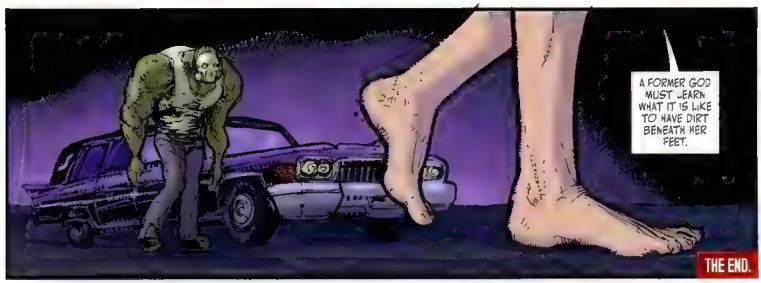
THAT IS ALL?
AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE DONE. YOU DESERVE--
PUNISHMENT?
I HAVE NOTHING.
NO MISSION SO CONSUMING AND POWERFUL IT OVERWHELMS ALL OTHER EMOTIONS.
THAT IS PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.

ULAD!
YES?

WHEN I HAD MY POWERS, I SENSED SOMETHING .N YOJ.
YOJ HAVE A DISEASE. IT WILL KILL YOU.
PERHAPS SOON.

PERHAPS IF CASSIE HAD KEPT THE POWER, SHE COULD HAVE CURED YOU.


HURRM.
DO...YOU NEED A RIDE?
NO. I NEED TO WALK AS MAN DOES.


A FORMER GOD MUST LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO HAVE DIRT BENEATH HER FEET.
THE END.

HACK/SLASH
ISSUE 6
$3.50
COVER A
Image
HOME
PHOTOS
VIDEOS
GOT TIPS?
- We get the news that no one should care about, but does!
-The Cast of "Douche Beach"
Really? Was someone actually watching
this peice of crap show? Because if you
are you are maybe you
something better
your time, like
doing heroin!
-Art Projekt
ashioneista and superfab diva is still
having legal issues over the use of
skinned fish as a dress for the
Grammy's The smell still linger
in the large room with no letting
up. "I don't know what you all
are talking about? I wasn't wearing
a fish dress?", says the stinky
ongwriter. Other isues of sme
have been plauging
Art Projekt for a while
ever since she began
eatment at the
KISSIT
Waters!
laus Cernal
anyone buy a
DWL 11

CUSSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE BENCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORS BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERS BY CRANK!

COVER BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A DANIEL LEISTER & RACHELLE ROSENBERG COVER B NATE BELLEGARDE

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TOO IDIOTIC TO BE SCHIZOPHRENIC, THAT'S WHAT JUNG SAID.
DOESN'T MATTER TO ME. I JUST WANT YOU IN BED..
I LOVE YOU, ART PROJEKT!
DADA DADA IS ABOUT NOTHING. NOW JUST GIVE ME HEAD.
THANK YOU, NEWARK!!
LIVE YOUR ART!
LIVE YOUR... ART PROJEKT!
WHOOOOOOOO!
MARRY ME, ART PROJEKT!
ENCOOOOOORE!

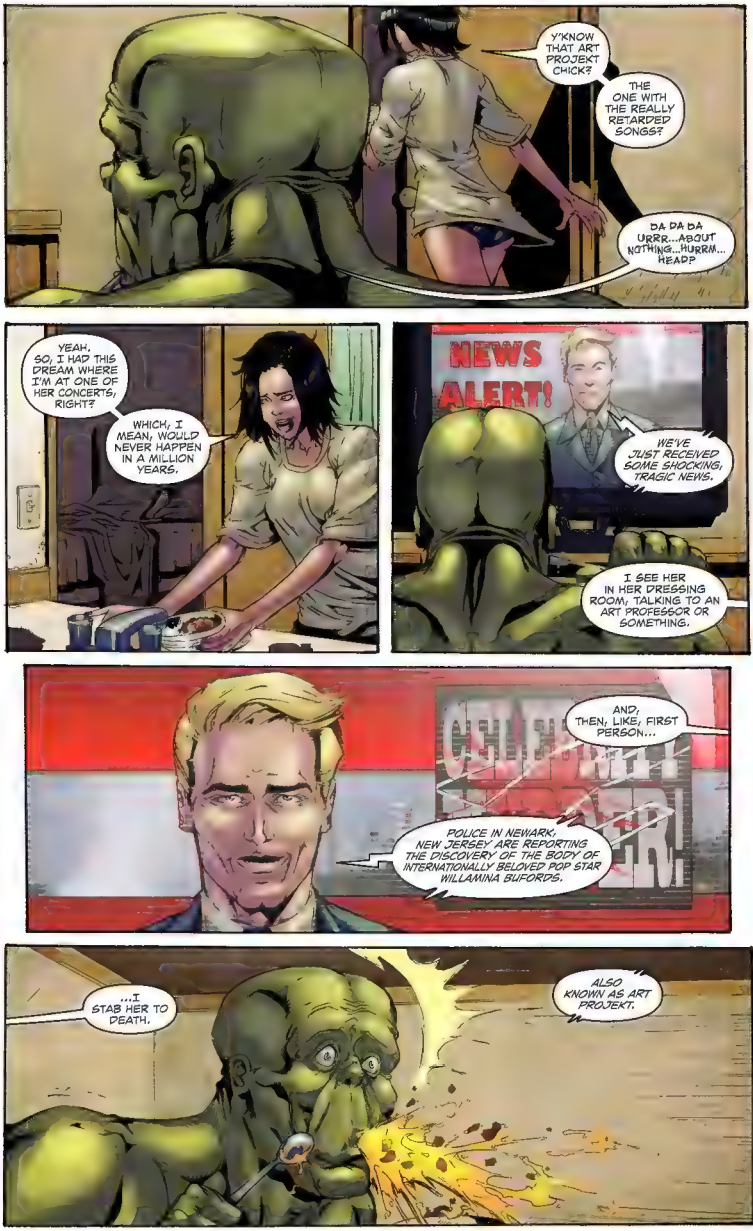
MODERATELY GOOD SHOW, CREW. PERHAPS ONE DAY WE WILL TRANSCEND ART--LIKE JEFF KOONS.
AND GLORIA ESTEFAN.
ART PROJEKT! PROFESSOR SHANES FOR YOU!
HHHHNNN.
PROFESSOR! HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST SINGLE?
ART PROJEKT
YES, I BELIEVE THAT WILL COVER THE TWO CREDITS YOU NEED IN ART HISTORY.
I ADMIT I WAS HESITANT TO ACCEPT "BECOMING A WORLD-FAMOUS POP STAR" AS PART OF YOUR HONORS SEMINAR PROJECT, BUT YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF MARVELOUSLY.
USING YOUR SCULPTURE 101 PIECES AS OUTFITS IS DELIGHTFULLY AVANT-GARDE.
I CAME UP WITH THE TITLE FOR MY THESIS: "FAME IS THE ONLY TRUE CURRENCY. EVERYTHING ELSE IS POO POO." MIGHT ALSO BE THE TITLE OF A NEW SONG.
BRILLIANT. WELL, I'LL LET YOU GET BACK TO IT.
I'M SURE IT'S NOT EASY TO COME UP WITH SUCH INGENIOUS MATERIAL. GOOD NIGHT, MS. PROJEKT.
BYE-BYE, PROFESSOR.
ART PROJEKT
HHHHNNN

EVERYTHING ELSE IS POO POO POO POO.
YEAH, THAT'S GOOD.
POO POO POO--
HHHHNNN.
HUH?
HHHHNNN.
OH GOD.
NO! PLEASE!!
AIIIEEGH!!
AIIIEEGH!!
SHUNK SHUNK
AIIIEEGH!!

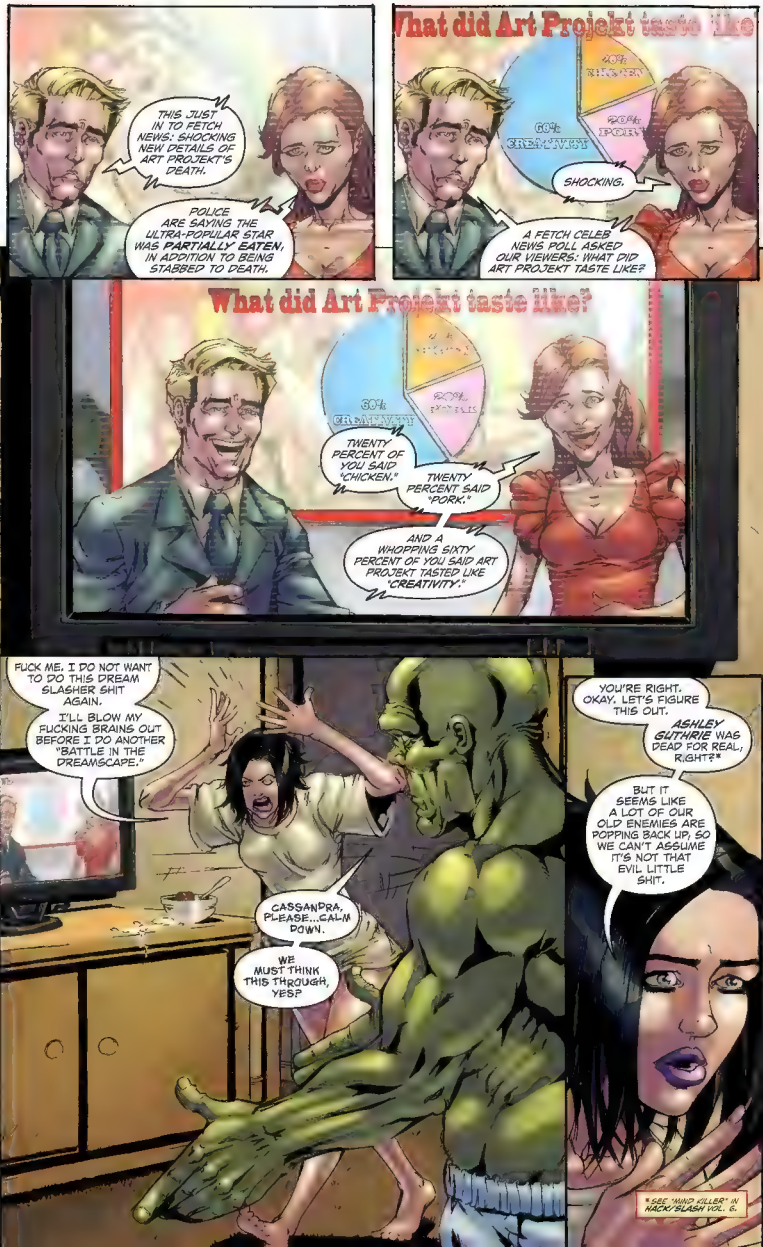
GHUH!!
...A FETCH CELEB NEWS EXCLUSIVE:
STAMFORD SLEEP INN.
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.
NUUH.
GODDAMN.
MYSTERIOUS TEEN HEARTTHROB KENDALL SCHIPP, WHO SHOT FROM NOWHERE TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS IN RECENT WEEKS, HAS ASKED HIS FOLLOWERS TO CHILL OUT AFTER HE WAS REPLACED AS HEADLINING ACT...
...IN THE FETCH "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" BENEFIT CONCERT.
YOU ARE FEELING BETTER?
YOU HAVE SLEPT FOR TWO DAYS.
YEAH.
YOU NEVER REALIZE HOW MUCH IT'S GOING TO WIPE YOU OUT TO TURN INTO A GODDESS FOR A FEW SECONDS, Y'KNOW?*
JESUS, ARE YOU STILL WATCHING THIS CRAP? I HATE THIS "CELEBRITY" NEWS BULLSHIT.
*SEE HACK/SLASH #5

I LIKE IT. ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE WITH STUPID, SMALL PROBLEMS. NO THINKING.
SCHIPP'S "WORSCHIPPERS" HAVE TAKEN TO THE INTERNET...
...ANGRILY REWRITING THE WIKI PAGE FOR HEADLINER ANNA POUPERHEUS, WHO WILL DEBUT HER FIRST SINGLE AT THE BENEFIT.

YEAH, WELL, IT'S STARTING TO GET INTO MY HEAD.
WAIT, WE DON'T HAVE MILK. DID YOU USE WATER?
MEXICAN PINEAPPLE SODA, YES?
YOU TRULY ARE A MONSTER.

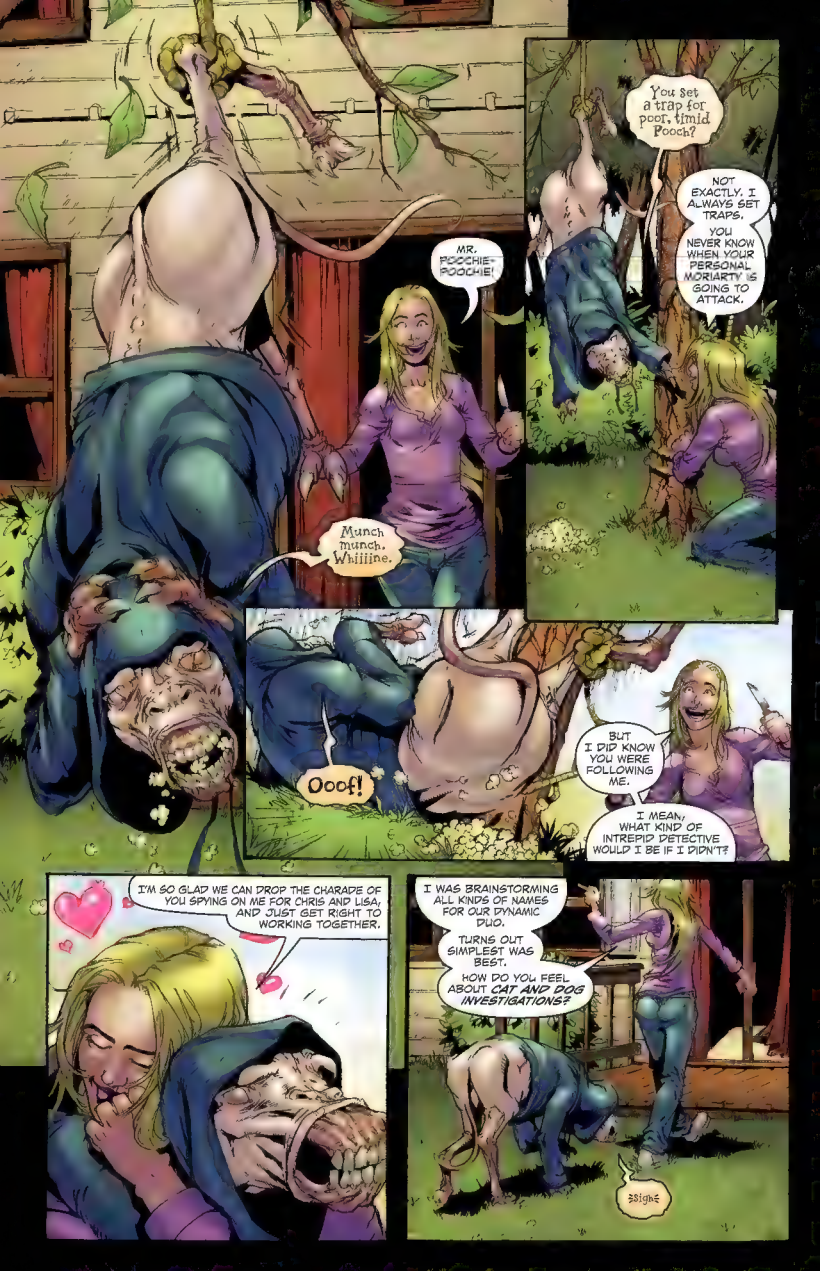

Y'KNOW THAT ART PROJEKT CHICK?
THE ONE WITH THE REALLY RETARDED SONGS?
DA DA DA URRR...ABOUT NOTHING...HURRM... HEAP?
YEAH. SO, I HAD THIS DREAM WHERE I'M AT ONE OF HER CONCERTS, RIGHT?
WHICH, I MEAN, WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IN A MILLION YEARS.
NEWS ALERT!
WE'VE JUST RECEIVED SOME SHOCKING, TRAGIC NEWS.
I SEE HER IN HER DRESSING ROOM, TALKING TO AN ART PROFESSOR OR SOMETHING.
AND, THEN, LIKE, FIRST PERSON...
POLICE IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY ARE REPORTING THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF INTERNATIONALLY BELOVED POP STAR WILLAMINA BUFORDS.
...I STAB HER TO DEATH.
ALSO KNOWN AS ART PROJEKT.

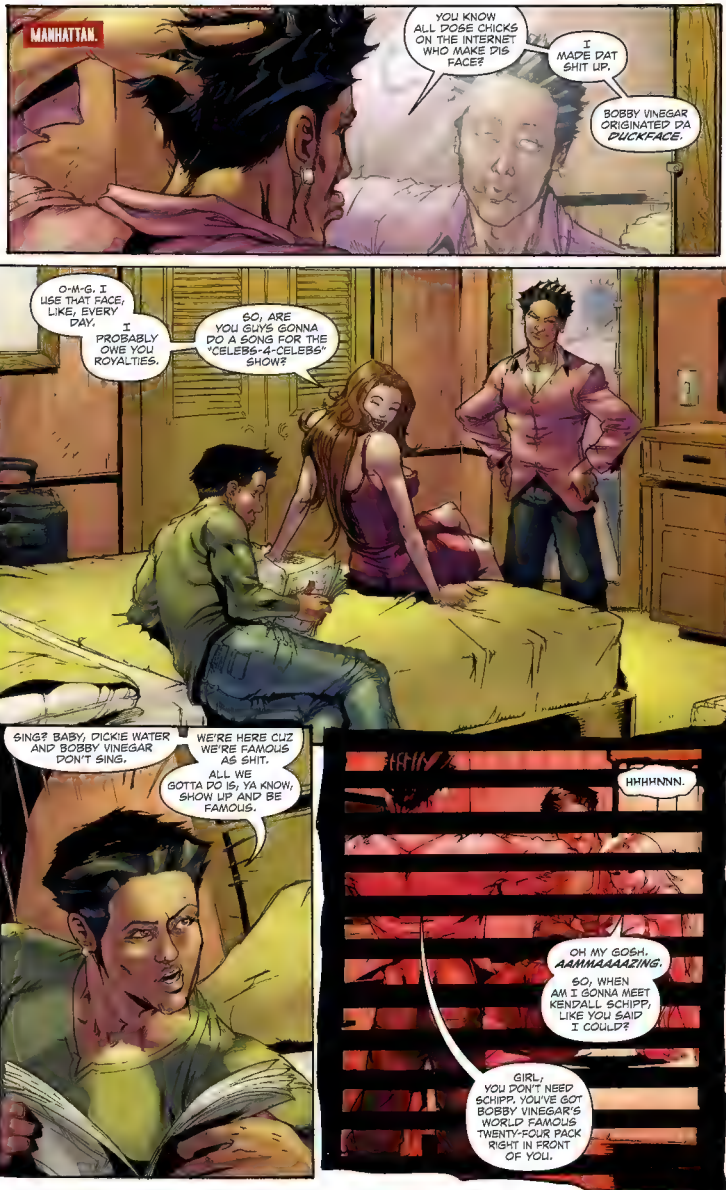
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.
CURIO'S
WHO WILL SAVE ME...FROM THIS RADIOACTIVE MONSTROSITY?
MUNCH CRUNCH
RAAAAAH!
AIIIEEE!!
WHOEVER IS EATING SO LOUD, I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD QUIET DOWN!
I'M DOING IMPORTANT RESEARCH!
Humble and Stealthy Pooch. Almost did he ruin his important spy mission!
Why must Mistress Cat Curio spend so much time in places littered with delicious floor corn?!


THIS JUST IN TO FETCH NEWS: SHOCKING NEW DETAILS OF ART PROJEKT'S DEATH.
POLICE ARE SAYING THE ULTRA-POPULAR STAR WAS PARTIALLY EATEN, IN ADDITION TO BEING STABBED TO DEATH.
What did Art Projekt taste like
20% CHICKEN
60% CREATIVITY
20% PORK
SHOCKING.
A FETCH CELEB NEWS POLL ASKED OUR VIEWERS: WHAT DID ART PROJEKT TASTE LIKE?
What did Art Projekt taste like?
20% CHICKEN
60% CREATIVITY
20% PORK
TWENTY PERCENT OF YOU SAID "CHICKEN."
TWENTY PERCENT SAID "PORK."
AND A WHOPPING SIXTY PERCENT OF YOU SAID ART PROJEKT TASTED LIKE "CREATIVITY."
FUCK ME. I DO NOT WANT TO DO THIS DREAM SLASHER SHIT AGAIN.
I'LL BLOW MY FUCKING BRAINS OUT BEFORE I DO ANOTHER "BATTLE IN THE DREAMSCAPE."
CASSANDRA, PLEASE...CALM DOWN.
WE MUST THINK THIS THROUGH, YES?
YOU'RE RIGHT. OKAY. LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT.
ASHLEY SUTHRIE WAS DEAD FOR REAL, RIGHT?*
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF OUR OLD ENEMIES ARE POPPING BACK UP, SO WE CAN'T ASSUME IT'S NOT THAT EVIL LITTLE SHIT.
* SEE "MIND KILLER" IN HACK/SLASH VOL. 6.

BUT KILLING SOME CRAP POP STAR ISN'T REALLY ASHLEY'S M.O.
IT'S ACTUALLY A LITTLE BIT MORE LIKE SIX SIXX'S.
WHO IS ALSO DEAD-- AGAIN.
WHOEVER IT WAS THAT WANTED ME TO SEE THE MURDER DID IT TO GET MY ATTENTION.
GET IN MY HEAD BY-- WELL, GETTING INTO MY HEAD.
WHOEVER IT WAS WANTS ME TO COME TO THEM.
AND THAT IS WHERE?
THE FETCH "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" BENEFIT CONCERT TO RAISE MONEY FOR CELEBRITY VICTIMS OF SEX AND DRUG ADDICTION WILL NOW BE DEDICATED TO ART PROJEKT.
CELEB
OPENING ACT ANNA ROUPERHELIS SAYS SHE WILL COVER ART PROJEKT'S HIT "DA DA" TONIGHT AT THE BENEFIT'S OPENING AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
"CASSIE AND VLAD TAKE MANHATTAN"?

COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.
IT'S GOING VERY WELL, DADDY.
MAKE SURE YOU TELL MOM HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOU FUNDING THIS TRIP OF MINE.
I'M SO GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR ME TO FIND MYSELF AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS IN A COMA.
The Special Book About Important Stuff
NO, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY ASK FOR MORE MONEY.
BUT, IF YOU MUST, ANOTHER FEW THOUSAND SHOULD DO IT.
SHWUMP
I LOVE YOU TOO, DADDY. TELL MOM I LOVE HER.
AND TELL RONALD I AM NOT AT ALL JEALOUS HE WAS MADE PARTNER.
YES. LOVE YOU TOO.
MUNCH
MUNCH
MUNCH


MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE!
Munch munch. Whiiiine.
You set a trap for poor, timid Pooch?
NOT EXACTLY. I ALWAYS SET TRAPS.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOUR PERSONAL MORIARTY IS GOING TO ATTACK.
Ooof!
BUT I DID KNOW YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME.
I MEAN, WHAT KIND OF INTREPID DETECTIVE WOULD I BE IF I DIDN'T?
I'M SO GLAD WE CAN DROP THE CHARADE OF YOU SPYING ON ME FOR CHRIS AND LISA, AND JUST GET RIGHT TO WORKING TOGETHER.
I WAS BRAINSTORMING ALL KINDS OF NAMES FOR OUR DYNAMIC DUO.
TURNS OUT SIMPLEST WAS BEST.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CAT AND DOG INVESTIGATIONS?
SSIGHS


MANHATTAN.
YOU KNOW ALL DOSE CHICKS ON THE INTERNET WHO MAKE DIS FACE?
I MADE DAT SHIT UP.
BOBBY VINEGAR ORIGINATED DA DUCKFACE.
O-M-G. I USE THAT FACE, LIKE, EVERY DAY.
I PROBABLY OWE YOU ROYALTIES.
SO, ARE YOU GUYS GONNA DO A SONG FOR THE "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" SHOW?
SING? BABY, DICKIE WATER AND BOBBY VINEGAR DON'T SING.
WE'RE HERE CUZ WE'RE FAMOUS AS SHIT.
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS, YA KNOW, SHOW UP AND BE FAMOUS.
HHHHNNN.
OH MY GOSH. AAMMAAAZING.
SO, WHEN AM I GONNA MEET KENDALL SCHIPP, LIKE YOU SAID I COULD?
GIRL, YOU DON'T NEED SCHIPP, YOU'VE GOT BOBBY VINEGAR'S WORLD FAMOUS TWENTY-FOUR PACK RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

LIKE, OH WELL.
CAN WE AT LEAST WATCH KENDALL'S VIDEOS WHILE WE FUCK?
I'M SUCH A "WORSCHIPPER."
YEAH, GIRL. YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX VINEGAR AND WATER!
AW YEAH. I'M SO FUCKIN' TAN.
HHHHNNN.
YEAH, GIRL. YOU WANT ME AN' DICKIE TO RUB OUR ABS TOGETHER FOR YOU?
AIN'T DAT HOT?
GUH!
SHUNK

WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET.
AAIIGGH!!
WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD YOU? INNA STREET.
SHUNK
JUST KILL THE GIRL, MAN.
SHE'S NOBODY.
YOU'RE NOBODY--
EEEIGH!
SHUNK
OH NO.
NO NO NO.
YOU GOT MY HEART, WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.
YES

HNNH.
"DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET."
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET.

UNGH!
ANOTHER DREAM?
GODDAMN. I HATE COUGH MEDICINE KNOCKOUT SLEEP.
FUCK. YES, ANOTHER ONE.
THOSE GREASY ASSHOLES FROM THAT SHITTY MTV THING.
I THINK... I THINK THE KILLER TRIED TO SHOW ME WHO WAS NEXT, TOO.
HOW CLOSE ARE WE?
I DO NOT KNOW. SO MUCH HONKING.
SO MUCH HONKING AND NO MOVING!
SHIT. I THINK THE KILLER IS NEAR.
OH FUCK. I CAN FEEL HIM.

CASSANDRA!
SORRY, VLAD. GOTTA GO NOW!
CALL ME WHEN YOU PARK THE CAR!
HURRM.
UNH...WHAT HOTEL?
WHERE--?
The Ritzy Ritz Pl
Hotel
FUH... HERE.

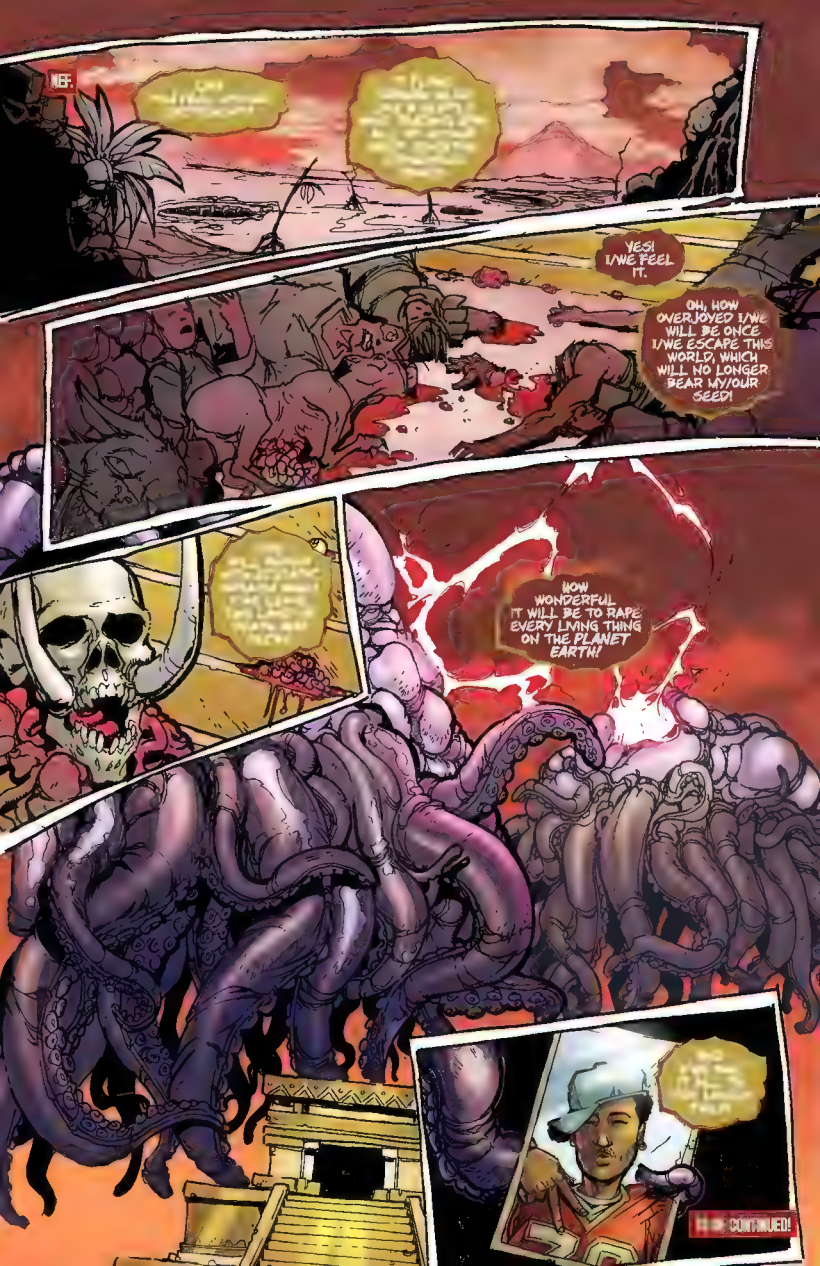
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU, DREAM-BOY?!
OH CHRIST. ANOTHER "WORSCHIPPER."
MA'AM, YOU CAN'T JUST GO IN. WE DON'T ALLOW FANS OR PAPARAZZI--
STAIRS
DON'T INSULT ME.
GHUH!
YOU'RE CLOSE, BUT WHERE?
MA'AM! DO NOT MAKE ME TASER YOU!

I'M HERE!
KRAK
...SUPPORT FLOODING IN FROM FANS OF ART PROJEKT.
OH SHIT.
POOR BASTARDS.
DONALD TRUMP SAYS HE WILL PAY TO HAVE THE POP STAR STUFFED BY A MASTER TAXIDERMIST, TO FOREVER PRESERVE HER IMAGE.
HE SAID IF HE ATE THEM HE WOULD GET SOME OF THEIR POWER.
SO HE ATE...PARTS OF THEM.
CRAZED FAN ALERT! GET BACK INTO YOUR ROOM, MR. SCHIPP!!
SCHIPP...

SCHIPP!
THERE SHE IS!
CHILL, BABY. KENDALL SCHIPP HAS TIME FOR ALL OF HIS FANS.
SHUT UP.
SOMEONE... SOMETHING IS TRYING TO KILL YOU!
PROJEKT WAS FIRST, AND THEN THE DOUCHE GUYS.
CRAZY BITCH!
GUHK!
I'M NOT CRAZY...
CRUNCH
AND I DON'T EVEN FUCKING LIKE YOUR SHIT MUSIC, SCHIPP!

BUT YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO--
--MEEP!
UNGH!
OH JEEZ. OH JEEZ.
THANKS, BROTHER. I OWE YOU ONE.
OH GOSH. IF MY DAUGHTER KNEW--
WELL, I'M JUST GLAD NO ONE ELSE GOT...
...HURT.

DOWN HERE IN THE CITY WHERE WE WALK.
TAKE A BIT OF RAP, ADD A LITTLE ROCK.
WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET.
WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD YOU? INNA STREET.
YOU GOT MY HEART; WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET.
BEEEEP


NEF.
YES! I/WE FEEL IT.
OH, HOW OVERJOYED I/WE WILL BE ONCE I/WE ESCAPE THIS WORLD, WHICH WILL NO LONGER BEAR MY/OUR SEED!
HOW WONDERFUL IT WILL BE TO RAPE EVERY LIVING THING ON THE PLANET EARTH!
CONTINUED!

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7
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COVER A

I WOKE BACK IN THE LAND SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE CRIMSON LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY CAN FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH

FAME MONSTER Part 2

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORED BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERED BY CRANK!

EDITED BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A DANIEL LEISTER & RACHELLE ROSENBERG COVER B EMILY STONE

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I CANNOT EXPRESS IN WORDS THE SADNESS I FEEL AT THE DEATH OF MY GOOD FRIENDS; THE CAST OF DOUCHE BEACH.
:SNIFF:
ALSO, ART PROJEKT, WHOSE SONG I WILL BE COVERING TONIGHT.
PRETTY GOOD, RIGHT?
OH MY GOSH, ANNA. ARE YOU REALLY SAD?
YOU IDIOT. IT'S A PREPARED STATEMENT.
HER EYES ARE RUNNING FROM ALL THE DIFFERENT PERFUMES SHE'S CONTRACTED TO WEAR.
CHRIST, IT'S GETTING TO ME, TOO.
YOU WOULDN'T CRY AT YOUR OWN FUNERAL.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, I STILL SAY WE SHOULD LEAVE.
I THINK RANDY QUAID WAS RIGHT: THERE'S A CELEBKILLER OUT THERE!
DON'T WORRY, AMELIA.
IF SOME PSYCHO IS HUNTING CELEBS, YOU'RE SAFE.
NICE ONE, AGATHA.
CELEBKILLER OR NOT, WE HAVE TO GET OUT IN FRONT OF THIS.
THE ONLY THING THAT SELLS BETTER THAN SEX IS DEATH.
AND LORD KNOWS YOU'VE TRIED THE SEX ANGLE ALREADY.

THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT ME.
THIS IS ABOUT US--ALL THREE POUPERHEUS SISTERS.
THE WHOLE WORLD IS GOING TO BE WATCHING.
AMELIA, YOU'LL DO A DJ SET BEFORE I SING.
AND AGATHA, YOU JUST BE HOT.
YAY! I'M A DJ!
PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE BRAVE.
THEY'RE GOING TO SAY THAT WE'RE MORE THAN JUST SOCIALITES.
MORE THAN JUST FACES THEY KNOW FROM A REALITY SHOW OR A SEX TAPE.
GRANDPA POUPERHEUS ESCAPED BERLIN AND WENT TO BRAZIL SO THAT ONE DAY HIS GRANDCHILDREN COULD, LIKE, RULE THE WORLD.
HIGH FIVE, SISTERS!
HHHNNN
EXCUSE ME, MS. POUPERHEUS?
THE EXTRA SECURITY YOU ORDERED IS HERE.
THEY'RE READY TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR PRESS CONFERENCE.
SECURITY
WOW.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE AMAZING BEFORE...

...BUT AFTER I HEARD YOU WERE STANDING YOUR GROUND FOR NEEDY CELEBS WITH SEX ADDICTIONS IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THESE MURDERS?
IT'LL BE AN HONOR TO GUARD YOU.
HMHNN. NOT NOW
BUT SOOOOON.
SOOOON.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP
SUNGH!
VLAD.
YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?
I GOT TASED. AGAIN.
I FEEL LIKE DEEP-FRIED DICK.
KENDALL SCHIPP IS NOT DEAD?

HE SHOULD BE FINE.
I WARNED HIM BEFORE THEY ZAPPED ME, BUT I'M UNDER PRETTY HEAVY GUARD HERE.
I CAN'T CHECK ON HIM JUST YET.
WHILE I WAS OUT, I SAW THE KILLER AGAIN.
HE'S AFTER THAT POUPER-CHICK NOW.
HRRM. SHE IS THE OPENING ACT FOR THE CONCERT.
CASSANDRA...
...I THINK I AM BEING FOLLOWED.
I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS AND FIND YOU SOON.
SHIT. SO MUCH FOR ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE AND THEIR SMALL, STUPID PROBLEMS, HUH?
YES. BE CAREFUL, CASSANDRA.

THUT KUCH RA!
GOR.
STRANGE MEN. THE WAY THEY WALK. THEIR VOICES.
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.
GURROTH. VLAD.
HEHEH
BUT IT IS LIKELY NOT NICE, YES?
KHOOM!

HUNNNH!
THE HELL?!
WHUMP
HUUNGH.
MY MACHETE. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN INSIDE MY COAT, I WOULD BE VERY DEAD.
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS THEY WANT.
CAR PARK
BUT THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE: ASSASSINS SENT TO KILL ME IN A CITY.

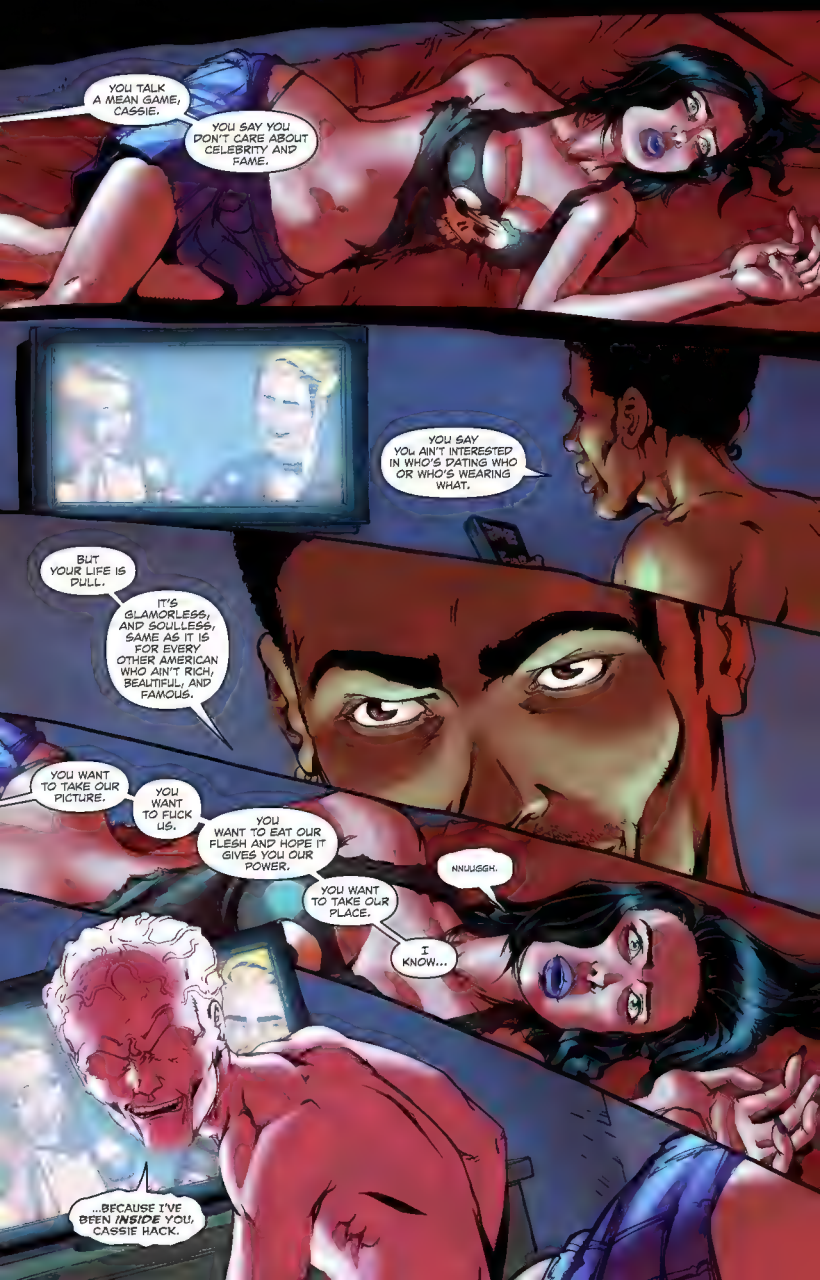
I SPENT MY YOUTH IN CHICAGO, RUNNING THROUGH ALLEYS.
UNDERNEATH THE CITY.
ABOVE IT.
NEVER SEEN.
I AM VLAD.
THE MEAT MAN.
YOGRTHA! TOCARA MOK!
PREKT
THE GHOST OF THE CITY.
ANY CITY.

BYTE-1
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROMP
INNA STREET.
MEH-08

THIS IS GONNA BE SOME SERIOUS ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ SHIT GETTING OUT OF HERE.
MISS?
REAL GLAD TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT.
SORRY ABOUT THE MIX-UP EARLIER.
MR. SCHIPP WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR TRYING TO WARN HIM.
OH, UH, NO PROBLEM.
I'M... WELL, SORRY ABOUT YOUR NUTS.
HEY, I GET PAID TO GET KICKED IN THE CROTCH.
SO I CAN LEAVE?
WELL, SEE, MR. SCHIPP HAS CERTAIN "DAILY REQUIREMENTS," AND SINCE YOU DID HIM A SOLID...
...MR. SCHIPP FIGURED IT'D BE APPROPRIATE TO THANK YOU IN A WAY THAT'D MAKE YOU THE ENVY OF EVERY WOMAN IN THE WORLD.
YO, GIRL.

COME, "WORSCHIPPER." RECEIVE THE GIFT!
OH BOY.
I'LL BE BACK TO ESCORT HER OUT IN ABOUT--WHAT, TEN MINUTES?
S'ALL SHE'LL NEED, BRO.
I'M SO GLAD I GOT SAVED BY A HOT CHICK. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO PERSONALLY REWARD A FATTIE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT'S, UH, NOT NECESSARY. I JUST NEED TO GET MOVING.
YOU GOTTA GET MOVING ALL R.GHT.
MOVIN' UP AND DOWN.
LOOK, YOU'RE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR ME, KEN.
SHIT, IT AIN'T JUST GIRLS WHO WANT ME.
THERE'S FORTY-YEAR-OLD HOUSEWIVES THINKIN' ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.
IT AIN'T ABOUT THE MUSIC.
IT'S ABOUT THE FAME...
NO, IT'S ABOUT TIME I LEAUUU--ee

...AND IT'S ABOUT THE POWER.
MWUUUHH!
MEANWHILE...
THE MOOD OF TONIGHT'S CONCERT HAS GONE FROM FULL OF HOPE...
TEEN NEWS
CELEBS 4 CELEBS
BENEFIT CONCERT!
...TO RESPECTFULLY SOMBER.
BITE ME JOSH
AN EVENT INTENDED TO RAISE AWARENESS OF CELEBRITY SEX ADDICTION WILL NOW BE A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN HEROES OF DOUCHE BEACH; AS WELL AS POP STAR SUPREME, ART PROJEKT.
FANS FROM AROUND THE WORLD HAVE GATHERED TO SHARE THEIR PAIN AT THE LOSS OF SUCH SHINING, ORIGINAL STARS.
REALLY MAKES YOU THINK, DOESN'T IT?
I WANNA HAVE YER BABY KENdALL
THAT IT DOES.
NOW, LET'S FIND SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE AND MAKE FUN OF WHAT THEY'RE WEARING!


YOU TALK A MEAN GAME, CASSIE.
YOU SAY YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT CELEBRITY AND FAME.
YOU SAY YOU AIN'T INTERESTED IN WHO'S DATING WHO OR WHO'S WEARING WHAT.
BUT YOUR LIFE IS DULL.
IT'S GLAMORLESS, AND SOULLESS, SAME AS IT IS FOR EVERY OTHER AMERICAN WHO AIN'T RICH, BEAUTIFUL, AND FAMOUS.
YOU WANT TO TAKE OUR PICTURE.
YOU WANT TO FUCK US.
YOU WANT TO EAT OUR FLESH AND HOPE IT GIVES YOU OUR POWER.
YOU WANT TO TAKE OUR PLACE.
I KNOW...
NNUUGGH.
...BECAUSE I'VE BEEN *INSIDE* YOU, CASSIE HACK.

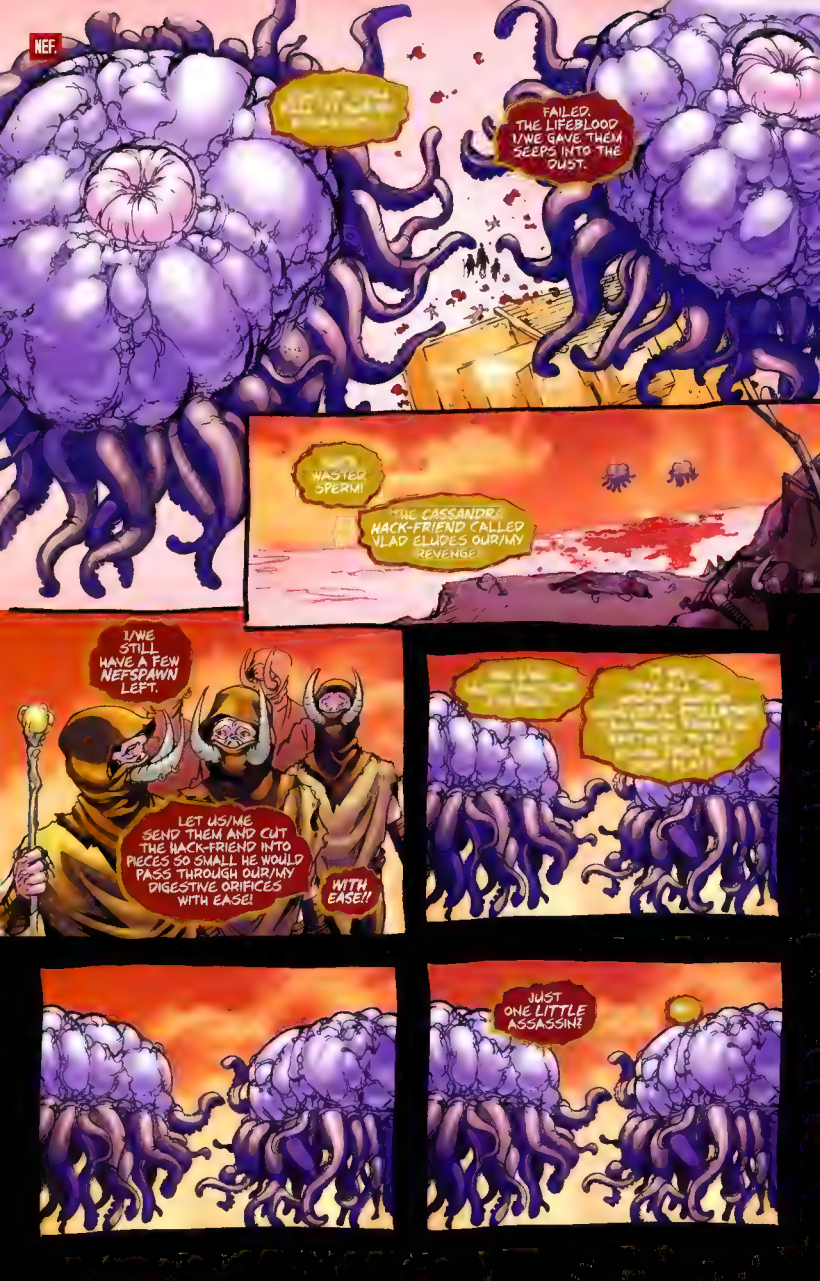
THE THING IS, TO ME, YOU'RE THE CELEBRITY.
WHEN I FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THAT BLOODY WOMB, IT WAS YOUR NAME THAT I HEARD FIRST.
I WAS BORN JUST FOR YOU.
THE NEFLORDS COMBINED THE DREAMWALKER POWERS OF THE BOY ASHLEY GUTHRIE AND THE PSYCHIC ABILITIES OF THE WOMAN MARTHA JOWORSKI TO MAKE ME.
THEY CALL ME THE STILLBORN
WHEN I FIRST LEARNED TO WALK THROUGH MINDS, IT WAS ONLY YOURS THAT I COULD ENTER BECAUSE YOU HAD SHARED DREAMS WITH ASHLEY...
...AND YOU HAD LET MARTHA INTO YOUR THOUGHTS. YOUR DOORS WERE AVAILABLE TO ME.
SO I WATCHED THROUGH YOUR EYES.
YOU WERE PERFORMING IN A REALITY SHOW FOR AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.
I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN.

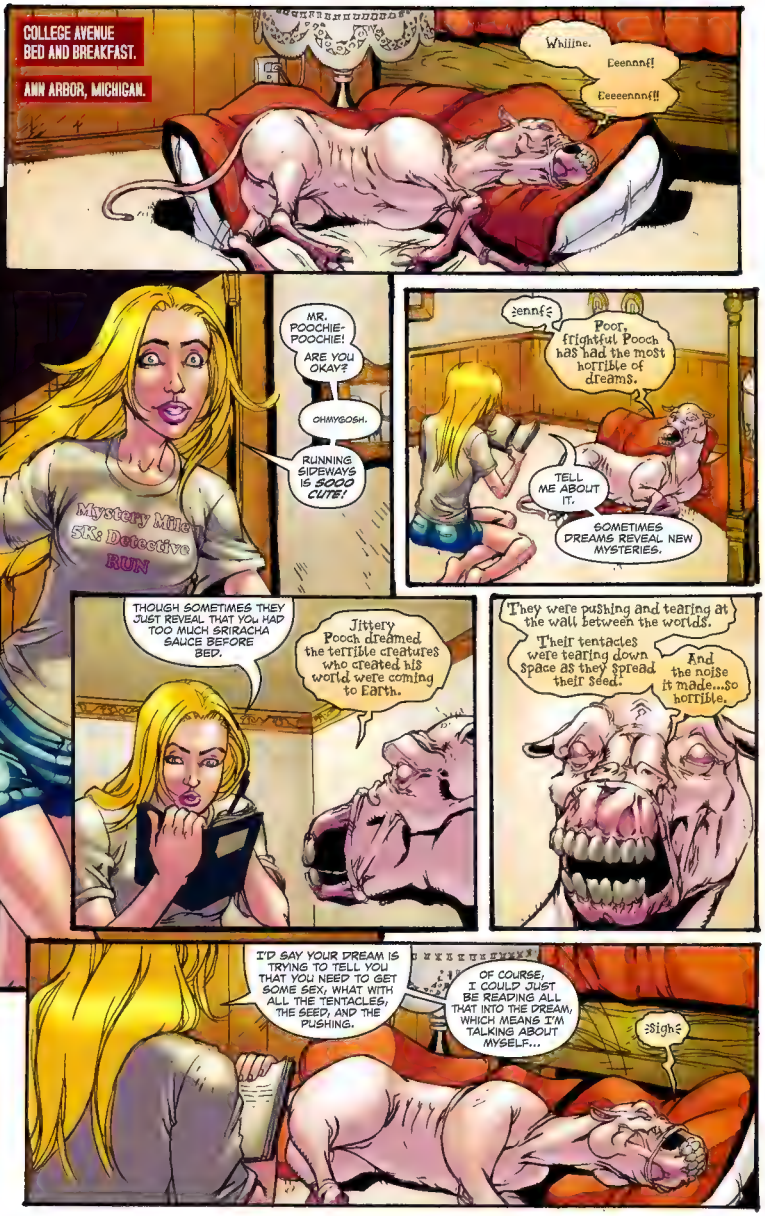
THE NEFLORDS HATE YOU. YOU ALMOST DESTROYED THEM.
THEY WANTED ME TO SHOW YOU WHO I KILLED SO THAT YOU'D COME.
THEY WANT YOU TO STAR IN THEIR REVENGE STORY.
THE NEFLORDS SURVIVE BY FEEDING OFF PSYCHIC ENERGY.
THEY EAT THE ATTENTION OF THEIR WORSHIPPERS.
BUT NEF IS HARSH AND THE NEFLORDS DON'T REPRODUCE VERY WELL. THEY CAN'T KEEP THEIR POPULATION UP.
AND WHEN A LOVELY GIRL FROM EARTH KEEPS KILLING THEIR VIRGIN-FETCHING AVATARS—WELL, IT GETS EVEN MORE DIFFICULT.
THE NEFLORDS REALIZE NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG.
THEY KEPT TRYING TO BRING THE FAITHFUL TO NEF...
...WHEN THERE WAS A WHOLE WORLD FULL OF PEOPLE JUST LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO WORSHIP.
A BEAUTIFUL LAND WHERE FAME AND ADORATION COULD BE HAD FOR THE PRICE OF A CATCHY POP SONG OR A GRAINY SEX VIDEO.
THE NEFLORDS REALIZED THEY WERE WASTING THEIR ENERGY BRINGING EARTH TO THEM.
THEY KNOW NOW THAT IT'S TIME TO BRING THE NEFLORDS TO EARTH.

HELL'S KITCHEN PARKING AND STORAGE.
RA FOK!!
YOU GOT MY HEART, WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.
KOOM
THOT KURR GOK!
HUNGH.
GRRRRAAAGG!!
GRRAGH
HHHN
BRZAKK

SWOK
URRK. YOU. VLAD.
NEF. HATE. YOU
KILL YOU. KILL CASSIE HACK. KILL--
--EARTH!

HURM. NEW YORK HAS BAD TRAFFIC, YES?
CRSH
HE SAID "NEF." NEF, WHERE SIX SIXX GAINED HIS POWER.
IT IS HOME TO THE NEFLORDS.
GIANT SPACE GODS THAT GIVE POWER TO MUSICIANS.
BRZAKK
HRRRM. IT SEEMS I MUST GO TO A CONCERT.


FAILED. THE LIFEBLOOD I/WE GAVE THEM SEEPS INTO THE DUST.
WASTED SPERM!
THE CASSANDRA HACK-FRIEND CALLED VLAD ELUDES OUR/MY REVENGE.
I/WE STILL HAVE A FEW NEFSPAWN LEFT.
LET US/ME SEND THEM AND CUT THE HACK-FRIEND INTO PIECES SO SMALL HE WOULD PASS THROUGH OUR/MY DIGESTIVE ORIFICES WITH EASE!
WITH EASE!!
JUST ONE LITTLE ASSASSIN?


COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.
Whiiine.
Eennnf!
Eeeeennnf!!
MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE! ARE YOU OKAY?
OHMYGOSH.
RUNNING SIDEWAYS IS SOOO CUTE!
Mystery Mile 5K: Detective RUN
:ennf:
Poor, frightful Pooch has had the most horrible of dreams.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
SOMETIMES DREAMS REVEAL NEW MYSTERIES.
THOUGH SOMETIMES THEY JUST REVEAL THAT YOU HAD TOO MUCH SRIRACHA SAUCE BEFORE BED.
Jittery Pooch dreamed the terrible creatures who created his world were coming to Earth.
They were pushing and tearing at the wall between the worlds.
Their tentacles were tearing down space as they spread their seed.
And the noise it made...so horrible.
I'D SAY YOUR DREAM IS TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT YOU NEED TO GET SOME SEX, WHAT WITH ALL THE TENTACLES, THE SEED, AND THE PUSHING.
OF COURSE, I COULD JUST BE READING ALL THAT INTO THE DREAM, WHICH MEANS I'M TALKING ABOUT MYSELF...
:Sigh:

THERE. THAT SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN KENDALL'S REPUTATION.
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AFTER THE BIG SHOW.
THE NEFLORDS HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL PLANNED FOR YOU
MMPPH.
YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?
I'LL ALLOW IT, BUT IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT SCREAMING--REMEMBER, EVERYONE WILL JUST THINK YOU'RE "SAILING ON THE SCHIPP," AS THEY SAY.
I.
DON'T.
SCREAM.
THEN SPEAK.
WHY ART PROJEKT?
THE DOUCHE GOOFS?
ANNA POUPERHEUS?
THAT'S PRETTY SIMPLE.
WHEN THE NEFLORDS ARRIVE, THEY PLAN ON TAKING OVER THIS WORLD...

"...BUT, FIRST, THEY'LL TAKE AMERICA.
LET HER SLEEP. SHE ALREADY SAW THE SHOW, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
"AMERICA IS RULED BY ONE GOD NOW.
"ONE GOD MADE UP OF THREE:
"THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.
"THIS IS WHAT AMERICA KNOWS. THIS AND CELEBRITY.
"THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE.
"THE NEFLORDS WILL COMBINE THE TWO TO CREATE A NEW RELIGION. FAMILIAR, BUT NOVEL...

TO BE CONTINUED!

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COVER A

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE FRENCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

FAME MONSTER Part 3

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORS BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

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NNNNGGHGF.
DAMN IT.
ALL THIS STRAINING ISN'T HELPING ME MOVE. ALL IT'S REALLY DONE IS MAKE ME ALMOST SHIT MY PANTS.
IT'D PROBABLY BE BAD FORM TO FINALLY BREAK THIS INDUCED PARALYSIS AND HEAD OFF TO STOP THE GIANT SPACE GODS FROM TAKING OVER THE EARTH WITH A FRESH LOAD OF DOOK IN MY PANTIES.
SOME BAD ASS I TURNED OUT TO BE. "I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FAME AND CELEBRITY." YET, HERE I AM, "STAR-STRUCK" BY A MONSTER POSING AS THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED TEEN POP SENSATION.
THE THING IS, I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WORSE: THE FACT THAT I'M ABOUT TO FAIL AT STOPPING THE WORLD FROM BECOMING THE PERSONAL BITCH OF SOME VERY RAPEY GIANT JELLYFISH...
YEAH!
THANK YOU, MANHATTAN!
...OR THAT I FIND MYSELF HUMMING ALONG IN MY HEAD TO KENDALL'S UNGODLY HORRIBLE COVER OF "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN."

I JUST WANT TO GET SERIOUS FOR A SECOND.
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE TO SEE SOME MUSIC, TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.
BUT, I JUST WANT YOU ALL TO KNOW THAT THE SONG I JUST PLAYED--WELL, IT MEANS A LOT TO ME.
IN SOME WAYS, THAT STAIRWAY IS A BAD THING, CUZ IT'S BEEN OPENED UP AND SOME OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS HAD TO WALK ON UP IT...
ART PROJEKT.
BOBBY AND DICKIE.
THEY WALKED THAT STAIRWAY UP OUT OF HERE.
BUT, IN OTHER WAYS, THE STAIRWAY IS A GOOD THING, CUZ IT LETS US BRING A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN TO US.
I WANT TO CHANNEL THAT LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN TO YOU. BUT FIRST, I NEED ALL YOUR LOVE.
TELL ME YOU LOVE ME. COUNTDOWN FROM THREE:
THREE...
TWO...
WE LOVE YOU, KENDALL!

YES!
I CAN FEEL IT!
CAN YOU FEEL IT?!
CAN YOU FEEL IT?!
WE CAN!
WE CAN FEEL IT!!
CAN YOU FEEL IT?!
YES!
I/WE CAN FEEL IT!

I LOVE YOU, TOO!
PRETTY SOON, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH!
HUNGH. A SHIVER. ELECTRIC AND ALIEN.
THAT IS A FEELING I HAVE FELT BEFORE, WHEN I PASSED THROUGH A DOOR IN SPACE TO THE WORLD OF NEF.
THE NEFLORDS MUST HAVE A DOORWAY TO THEIR WORLD BACKSTAGE, PERHAPS SO THEY CAN KIDNAP VIRGINS FOR SACRIFICE. HRRM.
THEY WOULD ONLY PERMIT VIRGINS TO PASS.
BUT I, VLAD, CAN NO LONGER PASS AS A VIRGIN.
I HAVE HAD THE SEX.
AHRRM.
I NEED A DISTRACTION.

AS YOU CAN SEE BEHIND US, KENDALL SCHIPP IS FINISHING UP HIS SET FOR THE INAUGURAL FETCH NEWS CELEBS-4-CELEBS CONCERT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
AND WHAT A SET IT IS! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE CROWD OF HAPPY "WORSCHIPPERS"!
KENDALL'S FANS ARE TYPICALLY VERY FASHION CONSCIOUS.
SOME GREAT OUTFITS BEING WORN BY THOSE FANS TODAY.
WOAH! WHO LET THAT GUY IN?
HEY, BUDDY. FRANKENSTEIN CALLED. HE WANTS HIS LOOK BACK.
RIGHT?
HA HA! RIGHT. "DURR! I THE MONSTER!"
OH NO. THAT WAS VLAD.
WHEN WE CUT AWAY ALL THE EXTRA BAGGAGE, TURNED FROM ALL OUR FRIENDS, WE DID IT SO WE'D STOP ENDANGERING THEIR LIVES.
BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME FROM SENDING YOU TO YOUR DOOM, ALONG WITH A BUNCH OF KIDS WHO WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BE EMBARRASSED THAT THEY LIKED SUCH LAME-ASS MUSIC.
NO. GOT TO GET ON TOP OF THIS.
I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT FREEING MYSELF THE WRONG WAY--TRYING TO MOVE MUSCLES THAT ARE FROZEN BECAUSE OF MY MIND...

KENDALL--STILLBORN--SAID HE COULD WALK INTO MY MIND BECAUSE MY DOORS WERE ALREADY OPEN TO HIM.
BUT DOORS OPEN BOTH WAYS.
HE WAS ABLE TO DROP ME LIKE A HOT TURD BECAUSE, SOMEWHERE, DEEP INSIDE, HE WAS ABLE TO FIND THE PART OF ME THAT WORSHIPS FAME.
THE PART OF ME THAT WOULD SWEAT IF I MET ANGELINA JOLIE.
THE PART OF ME THAT HAS TO KNOW WHAT DRESS MILEY CYRUS WORE TO THE MTV MUSIC AWARDS.
STILLBORN SAID THAT I WAS A CELEBRITY TO HIM. THE STAR OF A REALITY SHOW.
IF I CAN WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR OF HIS MIND, SAUNTER DOWN THE RED CARPET OF HIS BRAIN, POSE FOR THE FLASHES OF HIS SYNAPSES...
...IT'LL BE WORLDWIDE POP SENSATION KENDALL SCHIPP WHO GETS STARSTRUCK.

WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET...
WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD-- OOOK!
WHUMP
KENNNDALL!!!
HRRMM. AS DISTRACTIONS GO...
...I COULD NOT ASK FOR MUCH BETTER, YES?

NOT WATCHING KENDALL'S SHOW?
HE PAYS ME TO GUARD HIM, NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS MUSIC.
MORE OF A MILES DAVIS MAN MYSELF.
AH. WELL, JUST WANTED TO WARN YOU THAT YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR A NEW JOB.
WHY'S THAT?
I'M GONNA KILL YOUR BOSS.
SON OF A--

MEANWHILE...
GET DJ AMELIA ON STAGE.
RIGHT GODDAMN NOW!
GET SCHIPP TO THE GREEN ROOM!

YOU'RE ON, MS. POUPERHELIS! YOU GOTTA REASSURE EVERYONE!
THIS IS YOUR MOMENT.
IS IT THE CELEBKILLER?
I MEAN, JEEZ, I DIDN'T EVEN FINISH DRESSING!
GO, GIRL! THERE ARE CELEBS WITH SEX ADDICTIONS RELYING ON YOU!
EEP!
NO PORTAL TO NEF. BUT I FEEL...SOMETHING.
THE CURRENT FLOWS HERE. ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE.
HERE. A SHIMMER. THE PAINT SMELL OF THE AIR IN NEF.
LIKE MOSS AND MEAT.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. THE WHOLE THING. IT IS A PORTAL TO NEF.
IS KENDALL OKAY?
YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT HIM?
YOU SAW HOW PISSED HIS LITTLE FANS WERE THAT YOU'RE HEADLINING.
THIS WAS ORCHESTRATED. HE DID THIS TO STEAL YOUR HEADLINES.
ANOTHER CONSPIRACY?
YOU'RE AS BAD AS AMELIA WITH HER--
CELEBKILLER.
DEUS SAGRADO.

ANNA!
HERE I AM, TRYING TO FEAST ON THE POWER OF A BODYGUARD WITH ONLY FIFTY-TWO FRIENDS ON FACEBOOK...
...WHEN I COULD BE EATING THE HEADLINING ACT.
AAIIIEEEEE!!
HRM.
HUNGH!
SHUNK
I SAID MOVE!
NO WONDER YOU ASSHOLES CAN LISTEN TO THIS SHIT!
YOU'RE ALL FUCKING DEAF!

HELPME HELPME HELP-- HEY, YOU!
HELP!
HE KILLED AGATHA!
HE KILLED HER.
ACTUALLY, I MISSED YOU AND HIT HER.
DOWNSIDE OF NOT HAVING EYES.
BUT, WOW-- EVEN THE EYELESS GUY RECOGNIZES VLAD OVER THERE!
KIND OF GLAD MY ASSASSINS DIDN'T GET TO YOU, BIG MAN.
JUST A SECOND.
STOP!!
SLASH
AIIIIGH!!
CAN'T HAVE HER RUNNING OFF.
NOW, AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE...
...IT'D BE A SHAME NOT TO FIGHT YOU.
I'M A HUGE FAN.
SAY ONE OF YOUR TRADEMARK ONE-LINERS!

"I LOOK LIKE *DUMB APE* BUT ARE SURPRISINGLY CLEVER, YES? HURR HURR."
HRRM. APES ARE NOT DUMB.
YOU NEED TO BE SCHOOLED, YES?
HA!
KTANG
PERFECT. SO AWESOME.
ANYWAY...
...ANNA'S FANS ARE WAITING.
POP
FKOOM
COME ON, ANNA.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS YOUR *FINAL PERFORMANCE*.

BRING US THE REAL POUPERHEUS!
WE WANT ANNA!
KENDALL SCHIPP ENCORE!
CHRIST, PEOPLE.
IF I WASN'T SO CERTAIN SHE'S ACTUALLY A SOULLESS CLONE, I'D FEEL BAD FOR HER.
THERE YOU ARE! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD JUST TAKE MY PIECE AND RUN?
I'M GONNA GET A NICE FAT RAISE FOR CATCHING THE CELEBRITY KILLER.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
SORRY IF THIS IS A REPEAT.
FWOP
C'MON. LIKE I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING.
I STUFFED--
DID SOMEONE SAY ENCORE?!

HELLO, MANHATTAN!
WOOOOO!
WE LOVE YOU, KENDALL!
SOME OF YOU FANS ARE UPSET THAT I GOT SHUFFLED SO ANNA POUPERHEUS HERE COULD BE THE HEADLINER.
WELL, NOW SHE'S GONNA MAKE IT UP TO ME--WITH A DUET.
NOOOO, PLEASE.
CHUCK!
AHHH!!
LET ME GO! I HAVE TO STOP HIM.
FUCK THAT--
NUH.
HELLO?
SHIT!
STAR-STRUCK.
EVERY ONE OF THEM.

MY/OUR TIME HAS COME. GOODBYE DEAD OLD WORLD!
ALL YOUR GODS ARE DEAD. GIVE ME YOUR LOVE AND YOUR FEAR.
ANNA!
WORSCHIPP ME!
ECHO

I'VE COME!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM?
I'M FROM NEF, MOTHERFUCKERS.
AGK!
CRRNCH
YOU WERE BORN ON NEF...
...BUT YOU'LL FUCKING DIE HERE.
GOT OVER YOUR FAME INFATUATION, HUH?
DOESN'T MATTER.
I'M NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE.

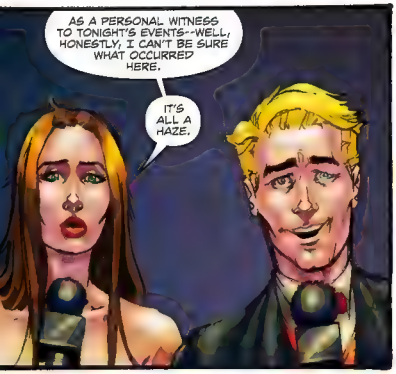
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT, YOU KNOW.
WE HAD PLANS FOR YOU! YOU WERE GOING TO BE MY FIRST, CASSIE.
RRAGH!
WOOF!
CASSANDRA! YOU MUST MOVE AND STOP THEM!
WURRR? STOP WHO NOW?
"OH, YEAH.
"THEM."
THAT ONE IS MALE.

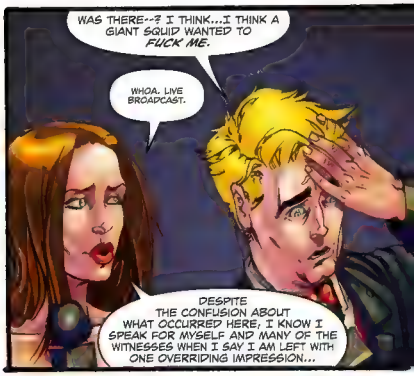
OH GOSH. THIS SUCKS.
IT JUST SUCKS!
POUPERHEUS! AMELIA!
I NEED YOUR HELP!
WHAT? WHY?
WHAT CAN I DO?
LOOK, THE BIG JELLYFISH ARE USING THE WORSHIP OF KENDALL'S FANS TO COME TO THIS WORLD.
:SNIFF:
HE KILLED MY SISTER.
THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BREAK HIS POWER OVER THESE STARSTRUCK PEOPLE IS TO GET THEIR ATTENTION ON SOMETHING ELSE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HONEY, THIS IS AMERICA.
NOTHING GETS MORE ATTENTION HERE...
...THAN A WARDROBE MALFUNCTION.

WHU--?
THAT'S SCANDALOUS!
THERE ARE CHILDREN HERE!
ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HER TOPLESS.
NICER RACK THAN HER SISTER.
I/WE ARE NOT
I/WE WANT TO BE CORPOREAL!
I/WE ARE LOSING THEM!
BUT I/WE CREATED SCHIPP TO BE PERFECT! THEY LOVE HIM!
EVEN I/WE CHERISH HIS AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO!
PERHAPS I/WE MADE HIM TOO PERFECT.
I/WE HAVE NOT MADE HIM SCANDALOUS.
SIGH HE IS A ONE-HIT WONDER.
NO. DON'T LEAVE ME.
I JUST WANTED TO MAKE YOU PROUD.
HRRM. YOUNG CEL-EBRITIES...
...SO FULL OF ISSUES.
KRAK

OH, ANNA.
YOU WERE ALWAYS SO NICE TO ME, EVEN WHEN EVERYONE ELSE MADE FUN OF ME.
BUT YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FROM ME... FROM THE WHOLE WORLD!
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF KENDALL SCHIPP.
IF ALL OF YOU REALLY LOVED ANNA LIKE I DID, IF YOU LOVE THE POUPERHEUS SISTERS, THEN YOU FEEL THE LOSS AS STRONGLY AS I DO.
UH, VLAD, I THINK WE SHOULD GO.
IF YOU LOVE US, I WANT YOU TO TAKE OUT YOUR GRIEF...
...ON HER KILLER!
DEATH TO SCHIPP!
TEAR HIM APART!
KENDALL SHIT!

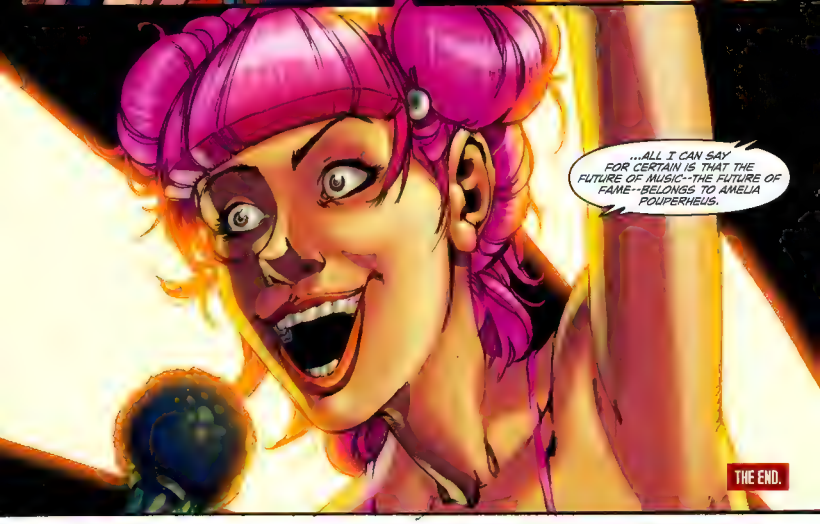
LEAVING OUT THE BACK DOOR OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
VERY ROCK 'N' ROLL OF US.
HURRM. USING BOOBS TO SAVE THE DAY...AGAIN, YES?
HEY, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO FORGET ABOUT THE LAST TIME.*
HURR HURR.
COULD NOT FORGET THE POWER OF THOSE BOOBS.
* SEE "CROSSROADS" IN HACK/SLASH VOL. 5: TORTURE PRONE
YEAH, WELL, REMEMBER WHAT OL' KENDALL SCHIPP SAID?
"IT'S NOT ABOUT THE MUSIC. IT'S ABOUT THE POWER."
I'M STANDING IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, WHERE, AFTER SOME VERY STRANGE OCCURRENCES, IT APPEARS THE AUDIENCE HAS TURNED ON KENDALL SCHIPP.
LITERALLY!
THEY'RE TEARING HIM APART!
LITERALLY!


AS A PERSONAL WITNESS TO TONIGHT'S EVENTS--WELL, HONESTLY, I CAN'T BE SURE WHAT OCCURRED HERE.
IT'S ALL A HAZE.


WAS THERE--? I THINK...I THINK A GIANT SQUID WANTED TO *FUCK ME.*
WHOA. LIVE BROADCAST.
DESPITE THE CONFUSION ABOUT WHAT OCCURRED HERE, I KNOW I SPEAK FOR MYSELF AND MANY OF THE WITNESSES WHEN I SAY I AM LEFT WITH ONE OVERRIDING IMPRESSION...

...A SINGULAR PERFORMANCE REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED ME--TOUCHED EVERYONE HERE TONIGHT...

...IT TOUCHED ME DEEPLY AND PROFOUNDLY. THOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT I SAW, I KNOW IT BRILLIANTLY EXPRESSED THE COMPLEXITY OF LIFE AND SEXUALITY AND DEATH, ALL IN THE SAME PERFORMANCE...


...ALL I CAN SAY FOR CERTAIN IS THAT THE FUTURE OF MUSIC--THE FUTURE OF FAME--BELONGS TO AMELIA POUPERHEUS.
THE END.

image

9

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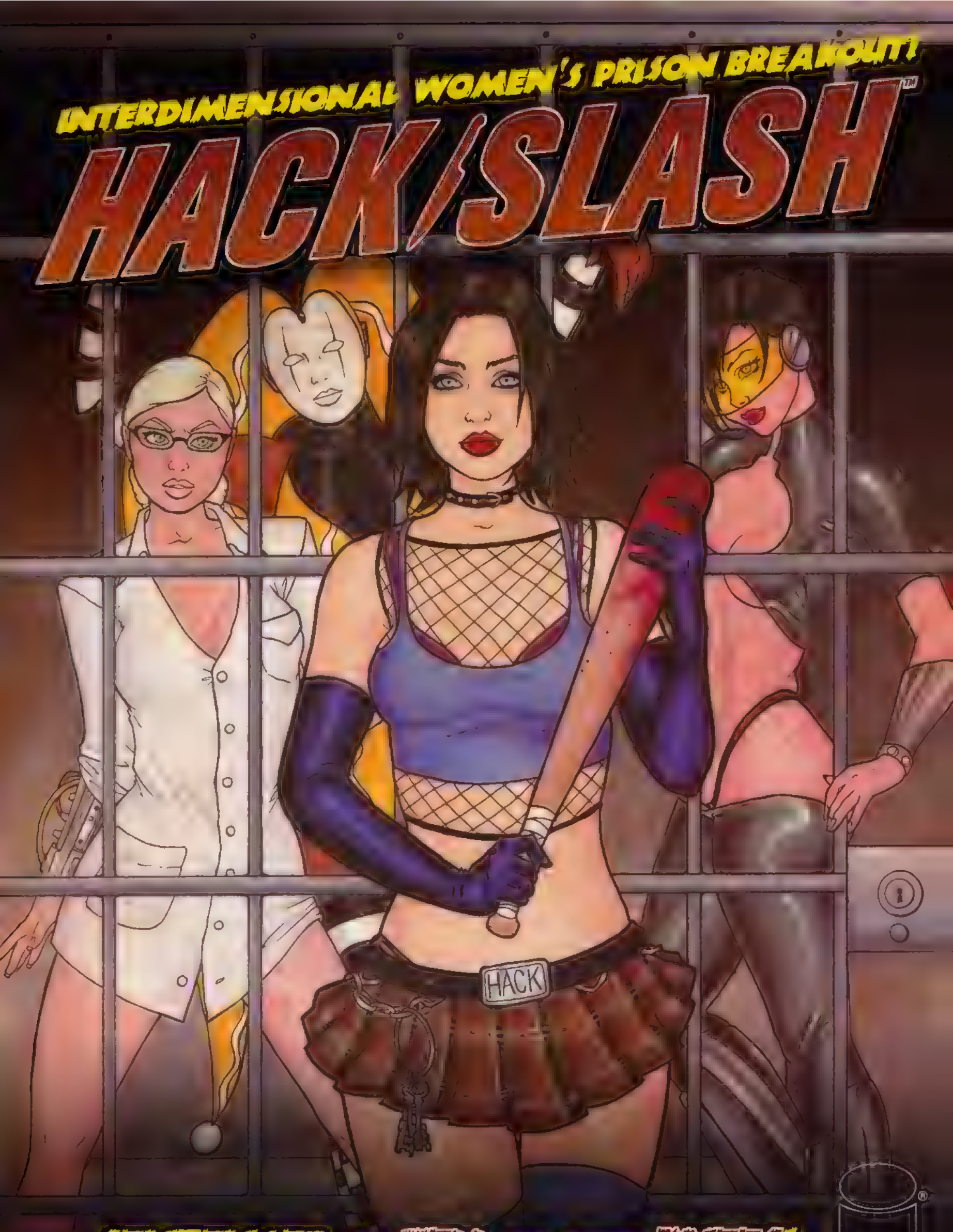
COVER A

HACK/SLASH™

INTERDIMENSIONAL WOMEN'S PRISON BREAKOUT!

HACK/SLASH™



SENTENCED TO HELL ON THEIR KNEES!
STRIPPED OF THEIR POWERS!
THESE BAD GIRLS HAVE HAD ENOUGH
AND THEY'RE BUSTING OUT!

image

9

$3.50

COVER B

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

INTERDIMENSIONAL WOMEN'S PRISON BREAKOUT

Part 1

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORS BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

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PARALLEL DIMENSION 555, A.K.A. PURGATORY.

RONK RONK RONK RONK

THE WHITE WARD PENITENTIARY.

RONK RONK RONK RONK RONK

IF I STILL *HAD* BALLS, THEY'D BE IN MY THROAT, SIR.

JUST REMEMBER, YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS BEINGS IN THE KNOWN PLANES...

"...WOMEN."

MAXIMUM SECURITY FEMALE INCARCERATION.

THOSE STUPID, HORNY NEF BASTARDS.

THEIR PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO JUMP DIMENSIONS RUPTURED ***THE MEMBRANE.***

THE RESULTING ***'BRANE WAVE***, BESIDES CAUSING OUR PRESENT RIOT, ALLOWED SOME OVERFLOW INTO A PRIME EARTHSPACE.

I'LL NEED YOU TO GO THROUGH THE BREACH AND RE-ATTAIN THEM.

YOU WILL BLEND IN AT ALL COSTS, AS PER USUAL.

YOUR TIME WILL BE LIMITED. WE WILL BE WORKING TO REPAIR THE MEMBRANE IN YOUR ABSENCE, AND WE WILL BE MOVING QUICKLY.

SHOULD YOU BE UNABLE TO RETURN BEFORE THE MEMBRANE CLOSES, ASSASSINATE THE ESCAPEES AND THEN INITIATE SUICIDE.

REMEMBER, THEY ARE THREE OF OUR MOST DANGEROUS, MOST CUNNING INMATES.

TRY TO KEEP CIVILIAN CASUALTIES TO A MINIMUM.

WALTON FREE CLINIC.
BRONX, NEW YORK.

LA CUCARACHA!

LA CUCARACHA!!

HAY UNA CUCARACHA EN MI OÍDO!

MS. PALMER?

MS. BETSY PALMER?

OH, UH...RIGHT. THAT'S ME.

THERE WAS A WOMAN.

SHE SAID SHE HAD A COCKROACH IN HER EAR.

HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

RIGHT THIS WAY, MS. PALMER.

OH, VLAD.

THANKS FOR SEEING HIM.

I KNOW THESE ARE KIND OF WEIRD CIRCUMSTANCES.

WHEN ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN NEEDS HELP, I DO NOT ASK WHY.

IS HE OKAY?

THAT IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION.

AND THE VERY SHORT ANSWER IS: I DO NOT KNOW.

IT APPEARS AS IF HIS BONES ARE FUSING, WITH CARTILAGE AND MARROW BECOMING BONE AS WELL.

HIS CONDITION APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN JUMPSTARTED BY A RECENT TRAUMA, BUT IT IS SYMPTOMATIC OF A GENETIC CONDITION.

THAT CONDITION IS THE LIKELY CAUSE OF HIS APPEARANCE-- THE SHAPE OF THE SKULL, THE PALLOR OF THE SKIN.

I HAVE HEARD OF SIMILAR CONDITIONS: ANKYLOSING SPONDYLITIS, FIBRODYSPLASIA OSSIFICANS PROGRESSIVA.

BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE PROGRESSING MUCH MORE AGGRESSIVELY AND IN A FASHION THAT SUGGESTS IT IS SOMETHING EVEN MORE RARE.

IT IS CERTAINLY OUT OF THE REALM OF ANYTHING I COULD TREAT IN THIS FACILITY.

I CAN MAKE A RECOMMENDATION FOR A SPECIALIST.

I HAVE A FRIEND IN ENGLAND--

NO.

I DO NOT NEED HELP.

VLAD, NO. YOU'RE REALLY SICK.

AND WHAT WOULD I DO? WE HAVE NO MONEY. I WOULD BE TEST ANIMAL. LAB RAT. HURR.

NO, MY SON. YOU CAN BE HELPED. YOU JUST NEED THE RIGHT DOCTOR.

I.

NEED.

NO ONE.

GO WITH GOD, CHILDREN.

Yes!
Catch them all!
COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.
BEEEP BEEP
BEEEP BEEP
BEEEP
Erf?
Mistress Cat!
Something whines and screams, so shrill and horrible!
It hurts small and humble Pooch's sensitive ears so!
YEAH, YEAH. I'M UP.
What is the terrible screaminess?!
And what is the thing atop mistress's head?!
IT'S BED HEAD.
Mistress Lisa never got "bed head."
=SIGH=
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE-- OH.
What?! Curious Pooch must know!
I FOUND HIM.
SAMHAIN.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL

HRR. JUST ONE OR TWO NIGHTS. I WILL BE FINE AGAIN.

WELL, WE ONLY HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR *ONE* NIGHT.

YOU THINK I AM A BURDEN, YES?

WE CAN GO NOW. I CAN SLEEP IN HEARSE.

WE CAN GET A NEW JOB FOR MONEY.

I CAN LIFT.

NO, NO. SHUT UP AND LAY DOWN.

HERE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON T.V.

ZOO MURDERS

...STRANGE MURDERS OF A NUMBER OF ANIMALS AT THE BRONX ZOO.

ALL THE ANIMAL VICTIMS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD.

GODDAMNIT.

I'M CHANGING IT.

CLICK

NO. I WISH TO HEAR.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

FINE, BUT WE AREN'T INVESTIGATING SHIT TODAY.

YOU'RE ON SICK LEAVE.

JUST A SECOND.

OKAY, WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?!

THIS IS HACK/SLASH, INC., TWO-POINT-OH!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CASSIE HACK.

CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE, AT YOUR SERVICE.

Mistress Cassie will not like this at all. Oh no.

RIGHT. CHRIS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU.

I *CLOSED* HACK/SLASH, INC. DON'T FUCKING CALL ME AGAIN.

WAIT!! IF CHRIS TOLD YOU ABOUT ME, HE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT SAMHAIN!

ONCE, WHILE SAMHAIN WAS CARRYING ME, I DROPPED ONE OF MY TRACERS IN HIS POCKET.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WORKED, BUT IT JUST DID 'CAUSE I FOUND HIM!

I THINK HE'S FOLLOWING YOU! HE'S THERE...

...HE'S IN NEW YORK!

WHO WAS IT?

FUCKING TELEMARKETER.

click

LET'S FIND YOU SOMETHING TO WATCH.

CELEBRITY NEWS IS RUINED FOR YOU.

MAYBE WE CAN FIND A COOKING SHOW THAT--

...WITH AN EXPLOSIVE-THROWING WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF...

AW NO.

NO NO NO.

"...BOMB QUEEN."

RETURN TO YOUR INCARCERATION IMMEDIATELY!

FUCK THAT!

FIRST I MAKE NEW YORK MY *NEW PORT!*

LATER.

NO, VLAD. STAY IN BED.

I'M JUST GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.

NOW QUIT CALLING AND GET SOME REST.

CASSIE'S ORDERS.

YOU.

GIRL.

HACK.

WHO'S THERE? DON'T MAKE ME GO CLUBBING ON YOU.

COME.

STOP THE BOMB QUEEN.

THE WHITE WARD HAS NEED OF YOU.

HOLY SHIT.

COME IN. CLOSE THE DOOR.

I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS? HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW ME?

YOU ARE IN MY FILES. I WAS ABLE TO RECOGNIZE YOU.

I APOLOGIZE FOR TAKING YOUR FORM. IN DYING, THE BODIES OF MY KIND OFTEN APPROPRIATE THE CLOSEST FORM.

YOUR *KIND?* WAIT-- IN YOUR FILES?

YES. I AM GIVEN VISUAL REFERENCE TO MANY OF THE BEINGS MY BOUNTIES HAVE ENCOUNTERED, SHOULD I NEED TO USE THOSE FORMS *--BLURRGK--* IN THEIR APPREHENSION.

THIS IS ABOUT *BOMB QUEEN.*

YES. I--*HEHN*--AM A RETENTION SPECIALIST FOR THE WHITE WARD WOMEN'S PRISON.

AFTER THE RECENT BREACH OF YOUR WORLD FROM THE WORLD OF NEF, THREE INMATES ESCAPED.

BOMB QUEEN WAS ONE OF THEM.

THE QUEEN AMBUSHED MY PARTNER AND ME WHILE WE OBSERVED HER.

CLEARLY, HER REPUTATION FOR CLEVERNESS IS NOT UNFOUNDED.

MY PARTNER WAS KILLED.

I WILL DIE WITHIN THE MINUTE.

PLEASE, TRACK THEM DOWN.

KILL THEM, BEFORE THEY DO TO YOUR WORLD WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO THEIR OWN.

NO, I CAN'T--

YOU MUST. YOU AND YOUR PARTNER SURVIVED YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE QUEEN.

YOU CAN DO SO AGAIN.

NO, TAKE THIS BACK!

I CAN'T!

YOU AND... NUUUH...YOUR... PARTNURRRR...

...NURRRR...

CRAP.

GOD DAMN YOU.

DON'T YOU GET IT?

IT'S JUST ME.

SCREEEE!

MICHIGAN.

SCREEEEEE!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

IF YOU'VE CALLED TO SWEAR AT ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'VE LOOKED UP SEVERAL COMEBACKS, SOME OF WHICH CONTAIN FOUR-LETTER WORDS THAT--

CAT. SHUT UP.

WHEN I GET TIME, WE'LL TALK ABOUT HOW PISSED OFF I AM AT YOU.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND SAMHAIN.

LATER.

QUEENS.

PLIP

PLIP PLIP

PLIP

PLIP

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS IN THE BLOOD. I BELIEVED THAT THERE WAS SOME INSIDIOUS INFECTION SWIMMING WITHIN ME, AND IF I JUST LET IT DRAIN OCCASIONALLY IT WOULD KEEP THE DARKNESS AT BAY.

THAT SEEMED TO WORK.

IT WASN'T UNTIL LATER I REALIZED IT WASN'T THE BLEEDING THAT HELPED, IT WAS THE CUTTING.

THE PAIN.

THE SHARP PAIN OF THE CUT.

THE STRANGE SENSATION AS THE WOUND KNITS BACK TOGETHER.

IF I FEEL *THAT* I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING ELSE.

NO HATE. NO ANGER.

JUST PAIN.

I IMAGINE YOU UNDERSTAND WELL, CASSANDRA HACK.

THE CLOISTERS MUSEUM AND PARK.

NEW YORK CITY.

MMM.

DER WOLF.

AHHWOOOOOOOOO!

I'VE HEARD SOME THINGS, SAM.

I'VE HEARD THAT YOU RAN AWAY IN THE NIGHT, AFTER THE SHERIFF DIED.

HEARD THAT AVA IS SO AFRAID OF YOU SHE WON'T EVEN SAY YOUR NAME.

AVA.

THE LOOK IN HER EYES, THAT NIGHT.

IT WAS SO... ALIEN.

LIKE SHE WAS SEEING ME, WHAT I REALLY AM, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THIS IS A WOMAN I'D MADE LOVE TO.

A WOMAN WHO THOUGHT SHE KNEW ME.

THOUGHT SHE LOVED ME.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ALL SHE KNEW WAS FEAR AND BETRAYAL.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ALL SHE BELIEVED CRUMBLED AWAY.

THE DEVASTATION WAS RIGHT THERE, ON HER FACE.

YES, I RAN.

NOT BECAUSE SEEING HER PAIN HURT ME.

I RAN, AND I DID NOT STOP.

I DID NOT LOOK BACK...

...BECAUSE I *LIKED* IT.

nNRRRRGGGH.

MMM.

DER PANTHER.

JA.

I PANICKED.

I TRACKED YOU, FOLLOWED YOU.

ONCE, YOU HELPED ME REGAIN MYSELF, CASSIE.

I'M GLAD YOU FOLLOWED ME.

I NEED YOU, SAM.

SO, PLEASE, GET DRESSED.

NO NO NO. PLEASE!

PWAK

ICH HABE SO LANGE GEWARTET FÜR FLEISCH.

MRRROOOOWRR!

SHUNK

DR. URSULA WEIR.

WELCOME TO *OUR* EARTH...

...YOU DROPPED BY JUST IN TIME TO PICK UP YOUR FUCKING DEATH SENTENCE.

HA, HA.

IS NOT THE END OF DR. WEIR.

MMMM.

DER KILLERWAL.

TO BE CONTINUED!

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COVER A

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HACK/SLASH

INTERDIMENSIONAL WOMEN'S PRISON BREAKOUT

Part 2

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORS BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A TIM SEELEY & MARK ENGLERT COVER B BECKY CLOONAN

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OCCULARIUM, LIGHTS ON.

ACK--ZZZT--KNOWLEDGED.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE A RAPE DUNGEON THAN HOME.

OCCULARIUM, SCAN ALL AVAILABLE BANDWIDTHS.

I'M IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO SOME ***BABY FUCK FACTORY*** WHILE I WORK.

APOLOGIES. THAT BAND DOES NOT EXIST ON THIS PARALLEL EARTH.

OH YEAH. COME TO THINK OF IT, THEY DON'T EXIST ON MY EARTH ANYMORE EITHER.

I BLEW THEIR ASSES UP FOR THAT SHITTY LAST ALBUM.

WERE YOU =FZZRK= ABLE TO OBTAIN EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED?

GANKED SOME OF IT FROM AN OFFICE ON WALL STREET, BUT THEN I RAN INTO THE WARD'S GUTBAGS.

I ASSUME THEY CAUSED YOU NO =GGRZT= GREAT TROUBLE.

NAH, FUCK THOSE GUYS. I KILLED 'EM AND TOOK THEIR CRAP.

DUMB SHIT SACKS. I MEAN, I'M NOT SOME SPAZ, LOWLIFE ***PRISON ESCAPEE...***

...I'M FUCKING ***BOMB QUEEN.***

I BUILT A SUPER-COMPUTER OUT OF SOY SAUCE PACKETS AND KIT KAT WRAPPERS.

I'M THE MOST PROLIFIC MURDERER AND TERRORIST IN THE HISTORY OF THE PLANET.

I TOOK OVER AN AMERICAN CITY AND TURNED IT INTO SOMETHING THAT MADE ***SODOM AND GOMORRAH*** LOOK LIKE GODDAMN ***DOLLYWOOD.***

AND I'M ***SURE AS SHIT*** GONNA GO FOR A TWO-FER.

THE CLOISTERS MUSEUM AND PARK.

NEW YORK CITY.

OH MY. GLAD I KEEP AN EXTRA UMBRELLA IN MY OFFICE.

YUP. REALLY COMIN' DOWN.

L-LET ME IN!

PLEASE!

PLEASE!

OH FUCK ME, JESUS.

COME IN, DEAR, COME IN!

WHAT'S GOT YOU SO WORKED UP?

K-KILLER WHALE!

"IT'S A FUCKING KILLER WHALE!"

I PITY YOU.

JUST AS I PITIED THOSE WHO IMPRISONED ME.

EACH NIGHT WHILE THEY ROAMED THE HALLS OF THE WARD, SO ASSURED, BELIEVING THEY HAD STOLEN MY FREEDOM...

CROOSH

GAH!

...I RETREATED TO MY MEMORIES.

I RAN WITH MY *WOLF PACK*.

SWAM WITH MY *SHARK PUPS* IN THE ATLANTIC.

FUCKED MY *TIGER LOVER* IN THE JUNGLES OF INDIA.

IT WAS MY JAILERS WHO WERE THE TRULY JAILED, TRAPPED IN THEIR OWN HUMAN BODIES.

MY FLESH CAN BE IMPRISONED, BUT MY SOUL ALWAYS RUNS WILD AND FREE!

YOUR SOUL IS NOT FREE YET...

SHRRREEEEE!!

...BUT IT WILL BE SOON.

YOU SMELL OF OLD DEATH AND FEAR.

WORSE, YOU SMELL OF CONSTRAINT.

YOU FEAR TO BE WHAT YOU ARE.

SCRRUTCH

POK

AGHK!

BUT HE DOESN'T FEAR HIMSELF AS MUCH AS YOU FEAR *YOURSELF!*

OH, SNAP.

WWSSSSSH

HNF!

GHHUNH!

ALL THOSE YEARS OF NINTENDO TAUGHT ME ONE THING: WHEN I SEE BUTTONS...

...I MASH.

MEIN GOTT.

WHOA.

PLP

SHRRP

SPLUT

AAAAAIIGHHG!!

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

IS THAT YOU, OCCULARIUM?

NO, MY QUEEN. IT APPEARS TO BE THE DEVICE YOU BORROWED FROM THE WARD'S HUNTERS.

AH. DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER LOOKING AT THIS.

SEEMED LIKE SOME STEVE JOBS CRAP.

WELL, HOW 'BOUT THAT?

DR. WEIR WENT AND GOT HERSELF KILLED.

GOOD. COULDN'T STAND THAT UPPITY KRAUT.

"OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR," HUH?

WONDER WHO THE WARD GOT TO PICK UP THE SLACK FOR THE GUTBAGS.

HA. SMALL WORLDS.

INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR #912

NAME:
CASSANDRA "CASSIE" HACK

ORIGINATING DIMENSION:
EARTHSPACE 777

REGISTERED CROSSDIMENSIONAL ENCOUNTERS:
HALLOWEEN MAN, BOMB QUEEN, NEFLORDS OF NEF, MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT.

KILL PERCENTAGE:
85%

OCCULARIUM, DO ME A FAVOR AND INPUT EVERYTHING ON THIS THING TO YOUR DRIVE.

RUN A TRACE ON APRIL FOOL FOR ME AND FEED COORDINATES TO MY VISUS VISOR.

LEAVING ON ANOTHER IMPORTANT ERRAND?

NAH, THIS ONE'S *PURE PLEASURE.*

I PROMISED SOMEONE I'D *VISIT* WHEN I WAS IN TOWN.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

...WITNESSES CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN A VARIETY OF BIZARRE ANIMALS IN THE CLOISTERS...

HNNNGH.

HNNNGHGKK!

KRK

HNNH. I CAN WALK.

YEAH, I DON'T THINK SO.

ALL OF YOUR RIBS ARE BROKEN.

FEELS LIKE YOUR LUNGS ARE FLOATING IN A BAG OF GLASS.

SAMHAIN.

CASSANDRA, WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?

I NEEDED BACK UP, AND HE WAS IN THE AREA.

YOU MIND SCOOTING OVER FOR A BIT?

HE TOOK A PUNCH FROM A WOMAN-WHALE, AND HE'S GOING TO NEED SOME REST TO GET HIMSELF IN SHAPE IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE ON BOMB QUEEN.

BOMB QUEEN?

LONG STORY, BABE.

MAN, MY BAT IS NO GOOD FOR NEW YORK CITY.

I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A "BASEBALL FURY" EVERY TIME I HAVE TO RUN TO WALGREENS.

I WILL HEAL.

PLAY NICE, YOU TWO.

YEAH, SAM, I KNOW.

I JUST FIGURE WE COULD USE SOME GROCERIES.

GIRL'S GOTTA HAVE HER NUTTER BUTTERS IF SHE'S GOING TO TAKE ON A COUPLE OTHER BAD GIRLS.

HRRM.

I STILL DO NOT LIKE YOU.

EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU KEEP THE FIRST AID STUFF?
AISLE FIVE, TOWARD THE BACK.
Chris
HULUNGH.
FUH.
OH...
...GOD...
...DAMMIT.
UNGH.
OH. CAN'T LET THE BOYS SEE ME DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THEY'D NEVER LET ME LEAVE THE HOUSE.
THIS SURE HURTS LIKE HELL, THOUGH.

EXCUSE ME.

NO PROBLEM. DON'T MIND ME.

JUST BANDAGING UP BEFORE I MAKE A PHONE CALL TO A PARTICULAR PAIN IN MY ASS.

MICHIGAN.

CASSIE. LET ME GUESS: YOU HAVE SOME *FREE TIME* TO YELL AT ME, NOW THAT SAMHAIN WENT CRAZY AND KILLED EVERYONE.

BRING ON THE B's
Low budget films of the 50's & 60's

The Far Out Films of Rudy T Carpenter

FUNH. CAT. I NEED YOU TO GO ON THE WEB AND LOOK UP SYMPTOMS OF INTERNAL BLEEDING.

INTERNAL BLEEDING? *HM.* THERE'S AN ADVANTAGE TO EXTERNAL BLEEDING.

IT'S MUCH MORE OBVIOUS, SO--

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. YOU CALLED ME TWICE IN A DAY.

DOES THIS MEAN I'M OFFICIALLY HACK/SLASH, INC. TWO-POINT-OH?

NO, IT MEANS--

BEEP BEEP

APRIL FOOL?

IN PROXIMITY!

WELL, THAT'S JUST PLAIN MEAN. ALSO, IT'S JULY.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

CASSANDRA SAYS SHE NEEDS ME.

HOW NICE IT MUST BE TO BE YOU, YES?

YOU HEAL FROM ANY WOUND.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO FEAR DEATH.

HOW NICE IT MUST BE TO BE *YOU.*

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU COME FROM. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

EVERYTHING YOU DO IS *YOUR* DECISION.

YOU NEVER HAVE TO BE ALONE.

YOU HAVE A LOYAL FRIEND WHO LOVES YOU.

WHO *TRUSTS* YOU.

YOU LAMENT FOR YOUR BROKEN BODY.

YOUR HUMANITY.

I WOULD TRADE THIS FORM FOR YOURS WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

ALL WHO KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE *MONSTER* IS ONLY ON THE *OUTSIDE.*

ONCE, LONG AGO, I MET TWO WOMEN.

THEY WERE PALE. STRANGE.

THEY DRANK BLOOD AND MURDERED CRUELLY.

THEY TOLD ME THEY KNEW WHY I LOOK THE WAY I DO. THEY SAID THEY KNEW WHO MY PARENTS WERE. THEY KNEW WHY I HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE MY SISTERS.

I KILLED THEM.

I TOLD MYSELF I KILLED THEM BECAUSE THEY THREATENED MY FRIEND. BECAUSE THEY WERE CRUEL AND DRANK BLOOD.

PERHAPS THAT IS TRUE. BUT SINCE THAT DAY, I SOMETIMES HEAR *A VOICE.*

IT TELLS ME, OVER AND OVER...

...THAT I KILLED THEM BECAUSE I DID NOT WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY WOULD TELL ME.

THE WOMAN, FANTOMAH, TOLD ME I HAD A DISEASE THAT WOULD KILL ME.

SHE WAS A LIAR AND TRICKSTER, YES?

BUT I DO NOT THINK SHE LIED ABOUT THIS.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU TRULY ARE, SAMHAIN.

BUT, MAYBE, THIS DOES NOT MATTER, YES?

CASSIE HAS PUSHED AWAY ALL HER FRIENDS AND ALLIES.

AFRAID SHE WILL CAUSE THEIR DEATHS.

WHEN... HRRM...IF I DIE, YOU MUST USE YOUR UNDYING BODY TO PROTECT CASSANDRA HACK.

YOU MUST GUIDE HER THROUGH THIS BLOODY MISSION SHE HAS DEDICATED HERSELF TO.

YOU MUST ENSURE THAT, ONE DAY, SHE FINDS A HAPPY LIFE.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

...YOU HAVE MY WORD.

WARHEAD THEATRE COMPANY.

OFF BROADWAY.

...AND THEN, LIKE, SHE REALIZES THAT HER MOTHER IS, Y'KNOW, A SYMBOL FOR HER WHOLE COUNTRY, RIGHT?

CRY FOR THE SUDAN

THEN, JUST AS SHE REALIZES WHAT THE SYMBOL MEANS, SHE GETS KILLED.

BY A SNIPER.

DRESSED AS AN ASTRONAUT.

HE, UH, REPRESENTS THE... FUTURE?

I'M NOT LAUGHING.

YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR ME IN PRISON.

HUNDREDS OF IDEAS FOR NEW SHOWS AND SKETCHES.

I MEAN, THEY WERE JUST ***BURSTING*** OUT OF MY HEAD, AND I COULDN'T PERFORM THEM OR SHARE THEM.

I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I REALLY CAN'T WASTE TIME, AND I'M GOING TO BE BRUTALLY HONEST HERE, FOR YOUR SAKE AND MINE...

EXIT

SLUUCHH

...YOU JUST *AREN'T* THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

SHUNNK

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR WORLD DOESN'T APPRECIATE A GOOD MURDER THE WAY MINE DOES.

WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE SOME LAUGHTER OUT OF THIS SULLEN PLACE.

IF THERE'S ONE THING MY COMEDY TEACHER, THE GREAT *JEFFREY DAHMER*, TAUGHT ME, IT'S THAT THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN A *LAUGH* AND A *DEATH RATTLE*.

THE SEARCH FOR A DIRECTOR SHALL CONTINUE, SINCE THIS GUY IS SUCH A STIFF.

PUN INTENDED.

BUT I AM INTERESTED TO SEE HOW YOU ALL AUDITION.

I CAN'T DO THIS SHOW WITHOUT TALENTED, *BLOOD-FILLED* PERFORMERS.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S MAKE THIS *REALLY* FUNNY.

YOU! SING A SONG ABOUT PENGUINS...

...*WHILE* YOU BEAT *HIM* TO DEATH.

THE VISUS VISOR IS WORKING SWEET. I CAN SEE EVERY SICK THING SHE'S DOING.

AND SHE *IS* SICK, I'LL GIVE HER THAT.

BUT THE COMEDY-KILLER ANGLE IS PRETTY WORN THIN, AM I RIGHT, OCCULARIUM?

IF YOU =SZZK= SAY SO.

UH, EXCUSE ME.

WILL YOU TAKE FIVE HUNDRED FOR "AROUND THE WORLD"?

JUST A MINUTE, SPORT. I'M TALKING TO SOMEONE HERE.

HEY, OCCULARIUM, MAKE SURE YOU WARN ME IF I GET IN RANGE OF CASSIE'S SENSOR.

I WANNA STAY OFF HER RADAR UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT.

BACK TO YOU, YOU LITTLE PANTY SNIFFER...

IMS

IF THAT WEREN'T SUCH A FLATTERING OFFER, I WOULD TOTALLY SHOVE AN EXPLOSIVE UP YOUR PUCKERED ASS.

HEY...

...I KNOW THAT SLUGGER.

LOOKS LIKE CASSIE BROUGHT HER BEEFY BACK-UP.

WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

VIN?

VICTOR?

HEY THERE, STRANGER! HELP A GIRL OVER A PUDDLE? BUY HER SOME DINNER...?

WHAT? HE'S MY DAD AND HE LIKES TO DO A LITTLE DRINKING BEFORE HE BANGS ME, OKAY? MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

HNNH.

...OR DO YOU WANT ME TO JUST PARALYZE YOU WITH THIS LITTLE DISC AND TAKE YOU BACK TO MY PLACE?

ZZZT

WARHEAD THEATRE

KEEP RUNNING YOUR DRILLS.

REMEMBER THE BLOODY CHUCKLE'S CARDINAL RULE: UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH, *THEN* ABJECT TERROR.

I'VE BEEN WEARING THIS COSTUME FOR ALMOST *THREE* HOURS.

TIME TO REINVENT MYSELF!

YOU...MUST BE... BOMB QUEEN.

NICE MANEUVER WITH... THE DISC, EVEN IF... IT LET ME GRAB... *THESE*.

HEY, YOU AREN'T VICT--

OW.
OW.
OW.
A REMINDER: YOU ARE NOW WITHIN RANGE OF CASSIE HACK'S SENSORS.
FUCK--
BEEP BEEP
HMM?
BEEP BEEP
--ME.
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP

KRAK

OOOH.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL *IMPROV.*

TO BE CONTINUED!

Even the FIERCEST FEMALES FEAR her...

CASSIE HACK, the WICKED WATCHDOG of the WOMEN'S WARD.

WARDEN

HACK/SLASH

ISSUE NUMBER 11

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11

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COVER A

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PARALLEL DIMENSION 555, A.K.A. PURGATORY.

THE WHITE WARD PENITENTIARY.

MOVE IT, HEX!

OW! I'M NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

"CLEAN UP IS PROGRESSING BETTER THAN EXPECTED, WARDEN, UH, SIR."

BETTER THAN EXPECTED ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

TWO OF MY INMATES ARE STILL OUT THERE, AND MY RETENTION SPECIALISTS ARE DEAD.

INITIATE ***TORTURE*** AS PUNISHMENT FOR ANY INMATE WHO LEFT HER CELL DURING THE RIOT.

I NEED EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE WOMEN--THE ONES WHO ESCAPED, THE ONES WHO ARE STILL HERE, AND THE ONES WHO WILL COME HERE SOMEDAY--TO UNDERSTAND THAT I MAKE THE RULES.

IF THE ESCAPEES DON'T EVENTUALLY DIE AFTER BEING RETURNED TO MY PRISON...

...I'LL MAKE CERTAIN THEY DIE ON WHATEVER BACKWATER WORLD THEY CRAWLED OFF TO.

BOMB QUEEN'S HIDEOUT.

CASSIE HACK. GOD, SHE LUBES MY LADY PARTS.

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THE THINGS I'M GOING TO DO TO HER WHEN SHE GETS HERE.

I... WILL...KILL YOU.

WARHEAD THEATRE COMPANY.

OFF BROADWAY.

"PLEASE. LIKE SHE NEEDS *YOU*. I MEAN, SURE, SHE ATTRACTS MEATHEADS LIKE SHIT ATTRACTS FLIES, BUT THAT GIRL'S THE *DIRTY HARRY* OF THIS LITTLE PICTURE SHOW. SHE'S HARDER THAN A PEDO'S DICK AT A DAYCARE."

I'M GUESSING THE WARDEN HAD NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF *DEAL* SHE WAS GETTING WITH THIS PARTICULAR *"OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR."*

"THAT HOT LITTLE BODY WAS MADE FOR HUNTING. ADD A COUPLE OF YEARS WITH EVERY DAY SPENT TRACKING DOWN THE KIND OF PSYCHO THAT DOESN'T STAY DEAD AND YOU'VE GOT THE BADDEST BLOODHOUND BITCH IN A COUPLE OF DIMENSIONS."

I IMAGINE SHE MADE THINGS PRETTY HARD FOR THAT *APRIL FOOL* NUT.

FREED HER HOSTAGES, RUINED HER LITTLE "SATURDAY NIGHT DEAD" SHOW.

"SHE'S NOT JUST A HUNTER THOUGH, THAT CASSIE HACK.

"SHE'S GOT ANGER. ENOUGH TO POWER A GENUINE FUCKING DEMON. I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT. *"

TRAPDOOR SWITCH

*SEE BOMB QUEEN VS. HACK/SLASH, ONLY FROM IMAGE!

SHE LIKES TO PRETEND SHE USES THAT ANGER FOR THE GREATER GOOD, THAT ALL THE FUCKED-UP SHIT SHE'S DONE WAS IN THE NAME OF A *NOBLE GOAL.*

BUT THE TRUTH IS, SHE TOOK THIS JOB WITHOUT MUCH CONVINCING.

"BECAUSE ALL CASSIE'S EVER REALLY WANTED WAS A *REASON* TO JUSTIFY THE BLOOD ON HER HANDS."

AND NOW THAT SHE'S JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS, DOING WHAT THE LITTLE GLOWING GLASS TELLS HER TO...

"...KILLING FOR SOMEONE ELSE, LIKE A PET ASSASSIN..."

...SHE'S JUST SICK AT HOW MUCH EASIER THIS IS.

HA.

HAHA.

HAHAHA.

HAH HAHA HA HAHAHAH HAH!

HAHA HAH HA HAHAHAH!

SHNK

HA HAHAH HAH HA HA!

HAHAH HA HAH HAHAH HAHA-

KRK

HNNH.

HA.

HAHA.

GOT A PRETTY SICK SENSE OF HUMOR YOURSELF, EH, PUMPKINHEAD?

AHEM. "TERMINAL INCARCERATION INITIATED. OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR."

I BELIEVE THAT WOULD INDICATE THAT APRIL FOOL IS =SZZK= DEAD, AND THAT CASSIE HACK WILL FOLLOW HER TRACKING DEVICE TO YOU NEXT, =SZZK= MY QUEEN.

"THAT'S MY GOOD LITTLE ASSASSIN."

THANKS FOR THE BLOOD, BUDDY.

SORRY, YOU DON'T GET A COOKIE.

OCCULARIUM, SEND CASSIE A LITTLE MESSAGE FOR ME, WOULD YOU?

"I WANT HER IN A GOOD MOOD. LET HER THINK SHE'S WALKING ALL THE WAY ACROSS NEW YORK CITY...

Hey, honey. Party at my place. Let's carve your pumpkin. LoL.

--XOXO BQ

"...TO FIND HER LITTLE BOY TOY."

AND AFTER I'M ALL DONE WITH CASSIE...

NNF.

SLICH

...I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE WARDEN.

NOW WITH HEALING FACTOR. W-T-F, RIGHT?

MICHIGAN.

POOCH!

QUIT PACING!

Poor neurotic Pooch cannot help it.

Only can he think about Mistress Cass alone with the dark-eyed man, while Master Vlad is troubled by his bones, like the ones forgetful Pooch buried in the yard last year.

Oh, they haunt him so.

COME HERE. DON'T YOU WORRY.

CAT CURIO IS ON THE CASE, WHETHER IT BE FINDING SECRET ISLANDS OR COMFORTING BALD CHICKEN-HORSE-DOG THINGS.

Yes, comfort worrisome, noble Poo--

Did erratic and chatty Mistress Curio say "secret island"?

YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS WATCHING ALL THESE *MONSTER MOVIES* FOR FUN NOW, DID YOU?

UNDERNEATH NEW YORK CITY.

HUHF.

KEEP OUT!

KRRSH

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BRING YOUR OWN *TOY.*

I'VE GOT *PLENTY.*

COME ON. THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, RIGHT?

I MEAN, I'VE TAKEN OVER A CITY--HELL, A WHOLE COUNTRY--BUT IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN TO THE SQUISHY-SHAKE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT THERE.

YOU HIT THINGS WITH AN ERECT PHALLUS, AND I PUSH BUTTONS UNTIL STUFF EXPLODES.

YOU DON'T NEED DOCTOR PHIL TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, DO YOU?

I'LL EASE YOU INTO IT. THIS SEXY, DARK THING HERE...I MADE HIM NICE AND DOCILE, JUST FOR YOU.

YOU CAN DO EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO DO TO HIM.

KISS HIM, CUT HIM, MAKE HIM TELL YOU ALL HIS SECRETS.

AFTER THAT, YOU MOVE ON TO THE MAIN COURSE.

I'LL EVEN LET YOU HIT ME.

BUT I GET TO CHOOSE ***WHERE.***

sptOo

OCCULARIUM, KILL THE MOOD LIGHTING.

AND THE MUSIC.

FRANKLY, I CAN'T BELIEVE AL GREEN DIDN'T WORK.

OH WELL.

NO SENSE IN GETTING BLOOD ON THIS FANCY UNDERWEAR, RIGHT?

OKAY, CASSIE HACK.

OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR.

ASSASSIN.

SERIAL KILLER.

GIRL THAT TURNED DOWN THE CHANCE TO SCISSOR WITH BOMB QUEEN.

PORTAL PLANS

=SIGH=

LET'S FINISH OUR DANCE.

BA-BOOM

YOU NEED A NEW FUCKING LINE.

KISS IT!

BOOM

UNGHF!

OH SHIT! OCC! I--I'M SORRY!

NNAAAUU NEEEED TO APOLLLLLAOOO--

=SZK=

I PROMISE TO REBUILD Y--

FWOK

HUH!

HHHH!!

SAM!

OH JESUS.

NOT YOU TOO.

IT'S THE *BLOOD*... NOT THE PAIN.

JUST HAS TO BE A LOT *MORE* BLOOD.

THE DARKNESS... WHEN SHE TOOK SO MUCH OF MY BLOOD, IT LIFTED SOME OF THE DARKNESS.

WAIT. BOMB QUEEN HAS YOUR BLOOD?

THEN SHE--

IS GODDAMN *INVINCIBLE?*

THWOK

KRRSH

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.

UNH. AH...

AAAAHH!!

OOOH, BET THAT HURT.

NOT AS MUCH AS IT HURT ME WHEN YOU TURNED DOWN THIS FANTASTIC *CLAM*, BUT, STILL, PROBABLY PRETTY BAD.

I WANTED YOU IN A BIG WAY, AND NOW?

NOW, YOU DISGUST ME.

I LOOK AT YOU AND THINK: YOU'RE WHAT I *WOULD HAVE BEEN* IF I HADN'T DISCOVERED *REAL* FREEDOM.

THE SAD THING IS, ONCE I START A *NEW PORT CITY* ON THIS EARTH, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'D TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

YOU LIVE IN YOUR OWN PRISON.

SO I'M GOING TO LIBERATE THE WHITE WARD AND LET YOU WATCH.

AND WHEN I BRING THOSE WONDERFULLY EVIL BITCHES TO NEW YORK CITY...

...I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU AWAY IN A REAL CELL TO REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOU COULD HAVE HAD.

NNH. ALL YOU FUCKING JAILBIRDS...

TWUNK

...SING THE SAME DAMN SONG.

GHUNNH!!

WHAT THE--?

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

KAFOOM

YOU SILLY LITTLE BITCH.

YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS ABOUT YOU, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU WERE JUST A FUN LITTLE DIVERSION.

A LOOSE END I THOUGHT I'D WRAP UP WITH A WET GANGBANG.

YOU KNOW-- FOREPLAY.

BUT *THIS* WAS THE ALL-NIGHT LICK 'N' SUCK.

AFTER THOSE SPACE GOD DORKS TORE UP THE MEMBRANE, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FIND ANOTHER TEAR.

OCCULARIUM WORKED HIS MAGIC, AND PRETTY SOON I HAD A PORTAL TO ANY WORLD I WANTED.

I PICKED PLACES WITH LOTS OF WONDERFULLY EVIL SEED TO HARVEST: WAR-TORN APOCALYPSES, SUPERHUMAN HELLHOLES.

AND, OF COURSE, THE WHITE WARD ITSELF.

BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY:

"IF YOU WANT TO ATTRACT A CROWD, LET THE ***HOT BITCHES*** IN FIRST.

"NEW PORT CITY TWO WILL BE YOUR DIMENSION'S NEW YORK. THEN WE'LL SET IT UP LIKE A FRANCHISE.

"A NEW PORT IN EVERY DIMENSION, WHERE ALL THE SCUM AND VILLAINY AND EVIL CAN THRIVE."

AND RULING OVER IT ALL?

ME, THE GODDAMN ***BOMB EMPRESS!***

SCRATCH THAT.

THE BOMB GODDESS!!

COME ON, LADIES!

MURDERERS! RAPISTS! THIEVES! REVOLUTIONARIES!

YOU SHOULDN'T BE IMPRISONED FOR THE EVIL YOU'VE DONE...

...YOU SHOULD BE *REWARDED!* WE'LL START WITH HONORARY CITIZENSHIPS!

FOLLOW ME, AND WE'LL CREATE AN INTERDIMENSIONAL EMPIRE OF TRUE FREEDOM!

WHO'S WITH ME?!

I SAID: *WHO'S WITH ME?*

YOU... YOU'RE ALL *AFRAID.*

DID WARDEN PSYCHO HURT YOU THAT BAD? IS THAT IT?

DID SHE PROMISE TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU IF YOU ESCAPED?

THIS IS HER ASSASSIN--A TEENAGE GIRL WITH A FUCKING BASEBALL BAT!

THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF?

BA CHOOM

BOOM

FUCK YOU.

FUCK YOU ALL.

BA DOOOM

I DIDN'T SEE IT BEFORE.

DIDN'T SEE THAT YOU'RE ALL JUST AS PATHETIC AS THE "GOOD" PEOPLE.

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE ABOVE IT ALL.

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU BELIEVE DEEP DOWN THAT YOU'RE ALL SINNERS.

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE FREE.

YOU WANT TO BE *PUNISHED.*

YOU *WANT* THE WARDEN TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

YOU DON'T DESERVE ME.

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

ONCE I KILL YOU ALL, I'LL TURN THAT PORTAL FROM A DOOR INTO A WEAPON.

I'LL TEAR THE MEMBRANE APART.

THE UNIVERSE. THE MULTIVERSE.

IT'LL ALL GO UP, TAKING ALL THE HYPOCRISY AND COWARDICE WITH IT.

START WITH THE *BIG BANG...*

...END WITH THE *BIG BOOM.*

STOP! *FUCKING STOP!!*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'RE AN *EVIL BITCH*, YEAH, BUT SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO *DESTROY THE UNIVERSE?*

I DON'T THINK I CAN BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH SAM'S BLOOD IN YOU, BUT I'LL FUCKING TRY!

THE BLOOD...

AS SOON AS THE TRANSFUSION STARTED, IT WAS LIKE...

IT WAS LIKE A *SHADOW* FELL OVER MY MIND, BUT I COULD SEE.

I COULD SEE IN THE DARK.

NOW IT'S SO DARK AND BLACK THAT I JUST WANT TO STEP ON THE THROAT OF LIFE.

I'M A BAD BITCH, HACK. THE BADDEST.

BUT IT'S ALL FOR THE FUN. FOR THE SHOW. FOR THE POWER.

AND THIS IS SICK. THERE'S NO CHOICE BUT TO DESTROY AND RAPE AND HATE AND KILL.

THIS ISN'T FREEDOM.

THIS IS SLAVERY.

HACK... KILL ME. BASH MY SKULL IN.

USE MY GAUNTLET TO BLOW MY HEAD OFF.

I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF, BUT YOU--

NO.

NO MORE.

I ONLY HAVE SOME OF THIS *SHIT* FLOWING THROUGH MY VEINS.

I'M JUST SEEING A LITTLE OF WHAT YOUR FRIEND SEES.

IF THIS IS WHAT LIFE IS TO HIM, AND HE'S OUT THERE, ROAMING THE WORLD...

...WE'RE BOTH BETTER OFF IN HERE.

LATER.

CASSIE HACK?

I'M WARDEN SANDAHL.

EXCELLENT WORK ON RE-ATTAINING THE ONE ESCAPEE AND TERMINATING THE OTHER TWO.

OH...YEAH. SURE.

BEING THAT OUR PARALLEL WORLDS DON'T USE THE SAME CURRENCY, I'M AFRAID A MONETARY REWARD FROM THE PRISON WOULD BE OF LITTLE USE TO YOU.

BUT IN RETURN FOR SERVICES RENDERED, I AM OFFERING YOU SOMETHING QUITE SIGNIFICANT: A JOB.

YOU WILL BE OUR ***HEAD RETENTION SPECIALIST.***

YOU WILL ACT AS MY ASSISTANT IN RUNNING THE PRISON AND BE TASKED WITH PROPERLY INTIMIDATING THE INMATES.

SHOULD ONE ESCAPE-- WELL, YOU'VE ALREADY PROVEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IN THAT SITUATION.

YOU'LL HAVE ACCESS TO OUR OPULENT ONSITE LIVING FACILITIES AND BE COMPENSATED WITH A WAGE THAT WILL ALLOW YOU TO LIVE LIKE A QUEEN IN ANY ONE OF OUR PARALLEL AFFILIATED ECONOMIES.

BEST OF ALL, CASSIE, YOU WILL TAKE CONTROL OVER WHAT YOU HATE.

AGENTS OF EVIL WILL HAVE TO ***RESPECT*** YOU!

IF THEY REFUSE, YOU WILL HAVE A FREE HAND IN TEACHING THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

IF THEY RUN, YOU WILL HUNT THEM DOWN LIKE THE DOGS THEY ARE, WITH THE FULL POWER OF UNIVERSAL LAW BEHIND YOU.

COME, CASSIE.

THE WHITE WARD HAS NEED OF YOU.

I WON'T KILL FOR YOU.

WHAT I DO, I DO FOR ***ME.***

SO TAKE YOUR JOB AND KINDLY SHOVE IT UP YOUR TIGHT, FASCIST ASSHOLE.

I'M GOING HOME.

KEEP YOUR "DOGS" OUT OF MY YARD.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL

CASSANDRA?

YEAH, IT'S JUST ME AND SAM.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

I FEEL MUCH BETTER, YES. IS ALL OKAY?

YEP. A FEW BRUISES HERE AND THERE, BUT SAM AND I MADE THE WORLD SAFE AGAIN FOR ZOO ANIMALS AND AVANT GARDE THEATRE.

HRM. IT SEEMS SAMHAIN MAKES A VERY GOOD VLAD, YES?

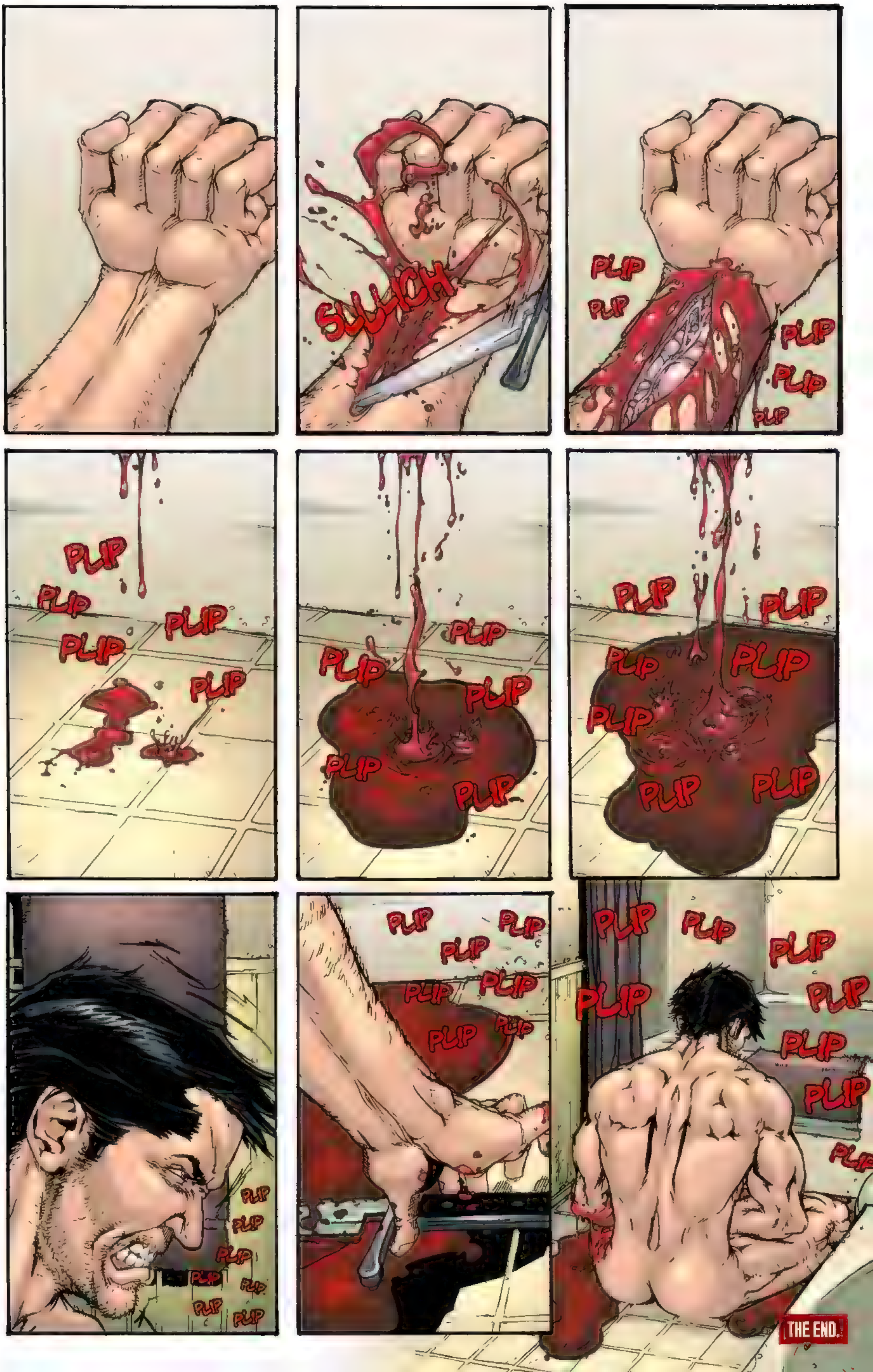
DON'T. DON'T SAY THAT.

TUMP

IS HE ALRIGHT IN THERE?

YEAH.

YEAH, HE'S FINE.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HACK/SLASH

HACK/SLASH

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12

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH

MONSTER BALLING

Part 1

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COLORS BY CARLOS BADILLA LETTERS BY CRANK!

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OVER THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

AFTER MIDNIGHT.

CASSIE HACK.

SAMHAIN

CAT CURIO

ISN'T THIS COOL?

THIS IS COOL, RIGHT?

COME ON, CASSIE. YOU HAVE TO ADMIT I'VE REALLY PROVEN MYSELF TO BE AN ASSET TO HACK/SLASH, INC. I GOT US A BOAT PLANE TO SOUTH AMERICA.

A BOAT PLANE!

YOU CONVINCED YOUR PARENTS TO CHARTER YOU A PLANE SO YOU COULD SPEND A WEEK IN A LUXURY SPA.

INSTEAD, WE'RE GOING TO RUN AROUND THE JUNGLE CHASING *GODZILLAS.*

NOT SURE I CAN SAY I'M IMPRESSED.

GODZILLAS?

GODZILLA IS A "GIANT MONSTER" THAT FIRST APPEARED IN THE 1954 TOHO FILM. HE--

WAIT. FORGET IT. WE'RE NOT CHASING MONSTERS. WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR *CURE.*

OH, BUT THIS *DOES* INVOLVE GIANT MONSTERS.

I DON'T THINK CASSIE MENTIONED GIANT MONSTERS BEFORE.

THAT'S BECAUSE SHE THINKS IT'S RIDICULOUS.

ANYWAY, I GUESS THE STORY DOES SORT OF INVOLVE *GODZILLA.*

AND *KING KONG,* ACTUALLY.

SEE, IN 1952, ***KING KONG*** WAS RE-RELEASED, AND IT WAS A HUGE HIT.

THAT INSPIRED ***GODZILLA***--WHICH, BY THE WAY, COMES FROM THE WORD ***GOJIRA***, WHICH MEANS ***WHALE-APE***-- AND A WHOLE HOST OF OTHER MOVIES FROM A WHOLE BUNCH OF COMPANIES LOOKING TO CASH IN.

ONE OF THOSE COMPANIES WAS ***MONSTER BAIT STUDIOS***, STARTED BY ***ROMAN CARPENTER*** IN 1956.

HE HIRED HIS TWO SONS, ***RUDY*** AND ***REYNOLD***, TO HELP CREATE THE FILMS.

RUDY WOULD DIRECT AND REYNOLD WOULD HANDLE ALL THE SPECIAL EFFECTS AND TECHNICAL STUFF.

THEY SHOT ALL OF THEIR MOVIES IN THE SAME PLACE, WITH THE SAME CAST.

DOROTHY KANEFSKY, ***WANDA BELANGER***--THEY WERE THE STARLETS. ***BUCK KEMP*** WAS ALWAYS THE STAR.

THAT CAST GOT TO BE KNOWN AS "***THE MONSTER BAITERS.***"

THEY MADE FORTY MOVIES OVER FIVE YEARS, INCLUDING SUCH CLASSICS AS...

...THE ***GORILLACONDA*** SERIES, ***THEY WHAT BE PSYCHOSAURS***, ***THE BEAST FROM GROUND ZERO***, AND ***DR. INSOMNIOUS***.

THEY WHAT BE PSYCHOSAURS

fantasy WORLD

THE BEAST FROM GROUND ZERO

DR. INSOMNIOUS

NONE OF THE MOVIES THEY MADE WERE BIG BOX OFFICE HITS--

BECAUSE THEY'RE ***AWFUL, AWFUL*** MOVIES.

--BUT THEY KEPT CHURNING THEM OUT ANYWAY.

SEE, THIS IS WHERE IT GETS INTERESTING.

FOR YEARS THERE WERE RUMORS THAT MONSTER BAIT STUDIOS WAS JUST A FRONT.

BUT NO ONE KNEW FOR WHAT.

SOME SAY THAT ROMAN CARPENTER HAD SECRETLY DEFECTED TO GERMANY AFTER WORLD WAR ONE TO HELP THE NAZIS DEVELOP UNKILLABLE SOLDIERS.

THAT'S WHERE THE SCUTTLEBUTT NORMALLY STOPS.

BUT I'M CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.

FROM WHAT I COULD DIG UP, IT'S NOT JUST RUMOR.

THE SOLDIERS THEY USED WERE CULLED FROM THE RANKS OF GERMANY'S WORST SERIAL KILLERS, OR *DAS HAUMESSER*.

ENGLISH-TO-GERMAN TRANSLATION: SLASHERS.

OBVIOUSLY, THE PROJECT WASN'T A SUCCESS. MAYBE THE WAR ENDED BEFORE IT CAME TO FRUITION.

AFTER THE WAR, CARPENTER SENIOR WAS OVERWHELMED WITH GUILT FOR WHAT HE'D HELPED CREATE, SO HE ESCAPED TO AN "UNKNOWN DESTINATION" AND SET UP THE STUDIO.

WHERE HE USED THE FILMS TO FINANCE HIS TRUE GOAL: UNDOING THE DAMAGE HE'D DONE.

IN OTHER WORDS, TO FIND A *CURE* FOR SLASHERS.

TELL HIM HOW YOU FOUND THE "*UNKNOWN LOCATION*."

OH, EASY. I WATCHED ALL FORTY FILMS FIFTEEN TIMES EACH AND LISTED ALL THE PLANTS THAT APPEAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

FROM THAT LIST I CAME UP WITH THE ONLY KNOWN PLACE WHERE THOSE SPECIES ALL GROW TOGETHER.

DOYLE VALLEY. LOCATED WITHIN NORTHWESTERN GUYANA'S RAIN FOREST, IT'S ONE OF THE LEAST-EXPLORED REGIONS ON EARTH, WITH EIGHTY PERCENT OF IT STILL COVERED IN--

FIFTEEN TIMES EACH?

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.

AND THESE ARE *AWFUL, AWFUL* MOVIES.

WHAT'S SO STRANGE ABOUT MULTIPLE VIEWINGS?

I'VE SEEN *POUND PUPPIES* AND *THE LEGEND OF 9/13 PAW* NINETEEN TIMES...

...AND THAT WAS FOR PLEASURE, NOT BUSINESS.

:HUNF:

I KNOW THAT FACE.

YOU HEAR VOICES THROUGH THE GROUND: PEOPLE.

VISITORS COME.

:HUFF:

THEN ***HE*** WILL KNOW, TOO. TAKE ME UP.

FIND THEM BEFORE HE DOES, OLD FRIEND.

AND THEN THIS, LIKE, BIG GREEN SPIDER LEG GRABS HER, BUT IT TOTALLY LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GLUED HAIR TO A TELEPHONE POLE, RIGHT?

THE WORST SORT OF CHEESY SPECIAL EFFECT.

AND THEN *BUCK KEMP* JUMPS IN, BUT, I MEAN, NO MAN HAS EVER BEEN MORE WOODEN. AND HE'S, LIKE, "FACE. ME. BUG!"

AHEM! IF WE FOLLOW THIS STREAM, THAT SHOULD TAKE US TO THE CUYUNI RIVER, WHICH WILL LEAD US TO DOYLE VALLEY.

LEMME WATER SOME PLANTS BEFORE WE TAKE OFF AGAIN.

ALL THIS TALK OF BAD MOVIES IS MAKING ME HAVE TO PEE.

BE BACK IN A SECOND.

B.M.J. TEARJERKER BRAND MACE...

CHECK.

SMITH AND WESSON .22...

CHE--

MISS CURIO.

GAAHH!!

MACE

pSSSSh

I KNOW OUR PAST HAS CAUSED YOU TO FEAR AND MISTRUST ME.

GAK!

=COFF=

=COFF=

THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A POSSIBLE CURE, AND HELPED ME TO COME HERE, LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT, DESPITE IT ALL...

...YOU *DO* BELIEVE THAT I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MY EARLIER ACTIONS.

I THANK YOU.

GREATLY.

HRM.

=COFF=

NO PROBLEM.

"YES, VLAD. I WASH MY HANDS EACH AND EVERY TIME I GO TO THE BATHROOM."

EVEN IN THE JUNGLE.

GOT THAT FROM CLEAN-FREAK MOM, I GUESS.

GODDAMN IT, VLAD. I WISH YOU WERE HERE.

INSTEAD, YOU'RE IN MICHIGAN, IN SO MUCH PAIN YOU CAN BARELY MOVE.

THE F--?!

LUUUH.

SSPSSSH

ACK!

HNNNGGGH.

LUUUGHHHB.

FUUUUUUCK...

SPLLBT

...YOU!!

WHOA, YOU REALLY HAD TO GO.

GET READY, CAT.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE PART OF HACK/SLASH, INC....

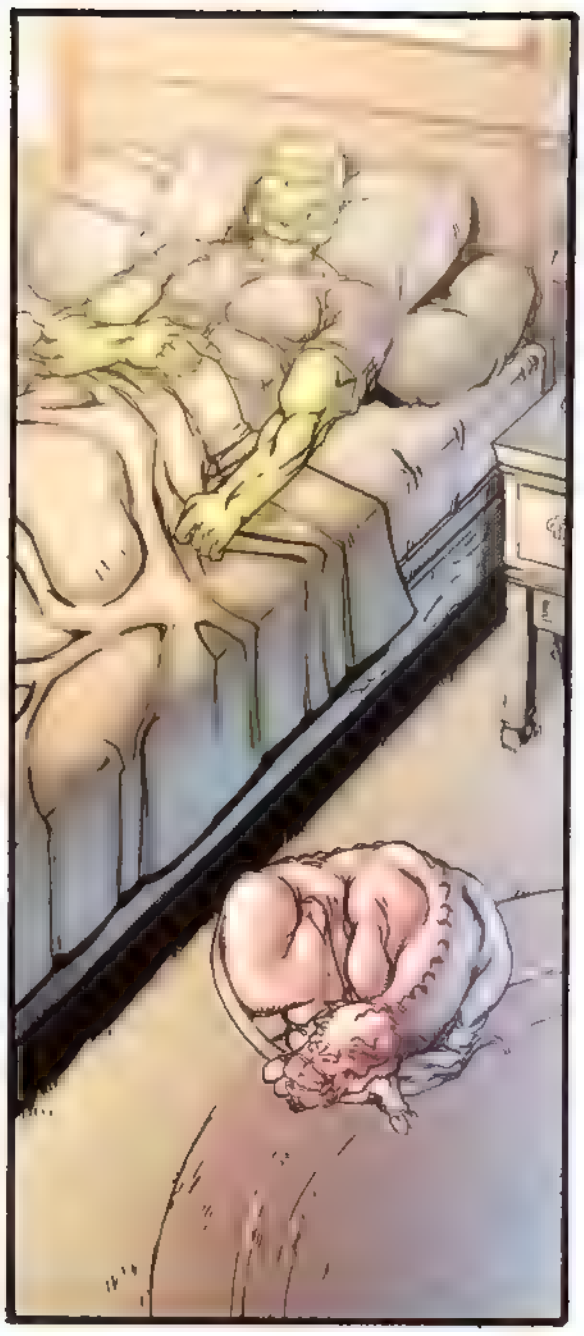
LUUUHH.

...YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL SOME DEAD SHIT.

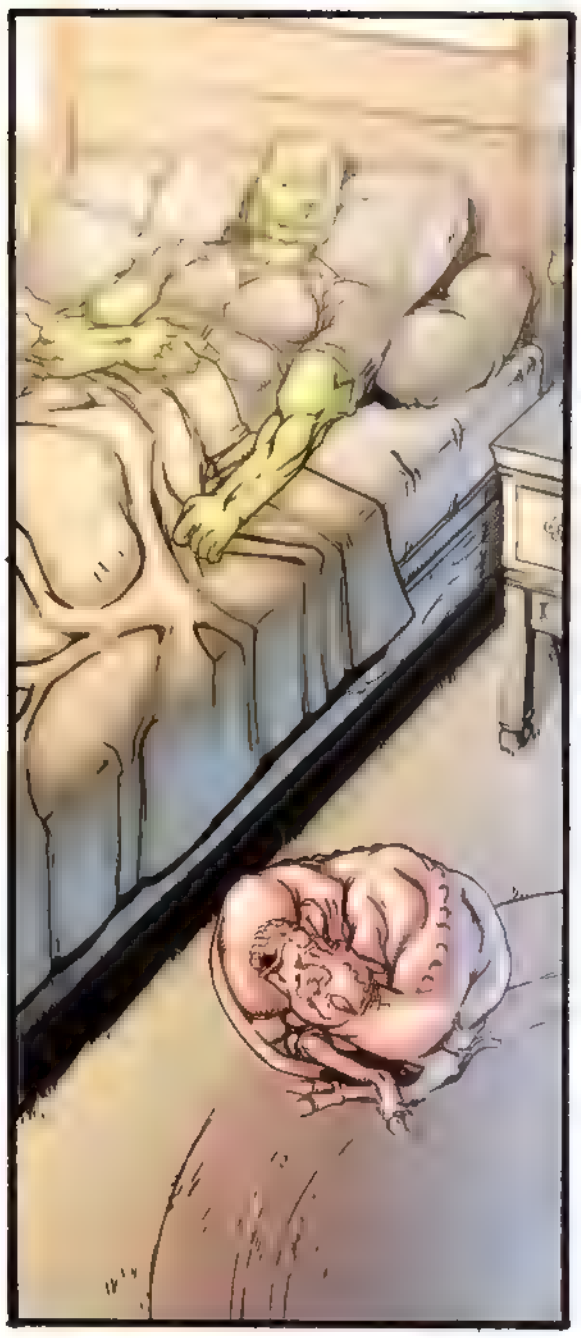
GUUURRRRGL.

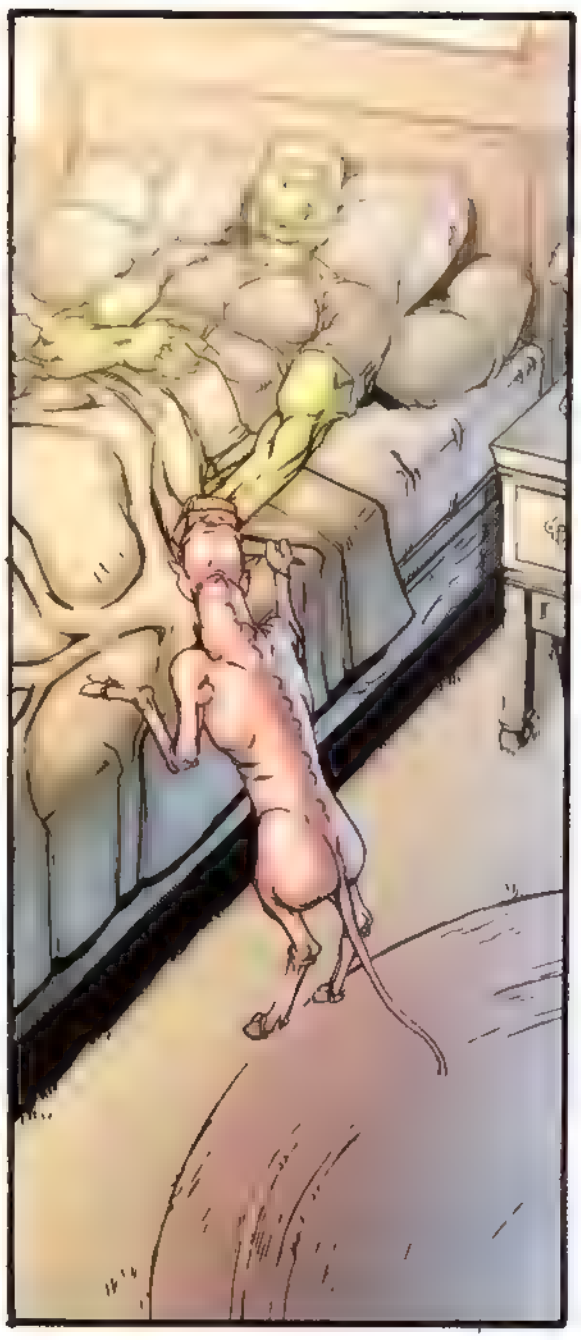
BLLLUGHH.

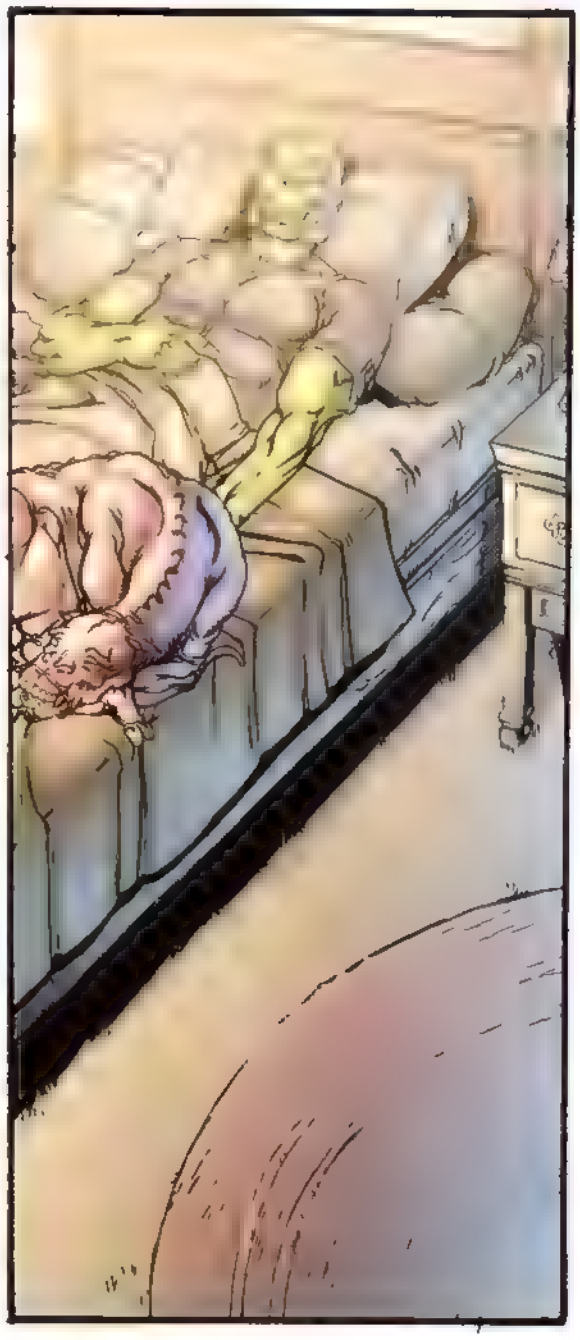
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.



NNNGH.







GLUUGH.

AHHH!!

SHUNK

I'VE GOT YOU-- HUNH!

PKOW

OH JEEPERS. NOW I *OWE* YOU.

GLUUUH.

SPPLLLSH

PLAP

THEY'RE REALLY SOFT.

ONE GOOD HIT DOES 'EM IN.

GUH. WHAT--?

OH SHIT! THEIR GUTS...THEY *YURR* PARULLI... *PARALUH*...

CAT! WE MUST FLEE! THE CREATURES ARE MORE DANGEROUS WHEN KILLED THAN ALIVE.

SLITCH

UFF!

THIS WAY! I THINK WE CAN CROSS UP AHEAD!

AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO HEAL FAST?

BECAUSE YOU AREN'T!

HUNH.

THE BOMB QUEEN STOLE... SOME OF MY BLOOD.

WITHOUT IT, I AM WEAKER... BUT MY MIND KNOWS LESS DARKNESS.

THIS NEWFOUND WEAKNESS CHANGES NOTHING.

I HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT CASSIE WITH MY BODY.

GHA!

MUH.

I EXTEND THE SAME PROMISE TO YOU, CAT CURIO.

KWOK

THERE!

WE CAN CUT THE VINES ONCE WE'RE ACROSS!

CASSIE, CAN YOU HOLD ON TO ME?

YUUH.

THUH...THEY STU-OPPED.

ANYONE ELSE NOTICE HOW STICKY THIS VINE IS?

LIKE, SUPERGLUE STICKY?

THAT...

...IS NO CHEESY SPECIAL EFFECT.

OHMYGOSH OHMYGOSHOHMYBEAST FROMGROUNDZERO OHMYGOSH.

I CAN'T PULL MYSELF FREE!

I'LL... FUH...I CAN GED...

GUH.

CAAASSIEEE!!

UNGH!

GRRROOOOAAH!

RROOOAA!

WHUH!

WHUH!

SHRRCH

SHREEE!!!

RRRRaAAAA!

CHOK

SHREEEE!

GORILLACONDA.

WE'VE GOT *GORILLACONDA!*

WHUH... WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?

AHHHH!!

CUT IT NOW, WHEN WE'RE LESS *HIGH UP!*

ALMOST... GOT IT.

SNK

ploosh

CASSIE! CAT AND I ARE STILL STUCK TO THE WEB!

WE CAN'T SWIM.

UGH. THE WATER'S WASHING OFF THE GUTS, COUNTERACTING THEM...

...I THINK I CAN SWIM US OUT OF HERE.

UNH!

=COFF=

I WILL NOT LET YOU DROWN!

PWEE.

YOU TWO, RUN TO THE BEND IN CASE THEY COME UP THERE.

YOU, FOLLOW ME!

CHK CHK.

URGK.

GLLLBBB!

AH! I THINK I'M DROWNING SAMHAIN!

CAN HE DROWN?

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE FARTHER!

HOLD ON!

I THINK I'VE GOT IT.

FUCK!!

IT'S TOO SLICK!

NO...

...I HAVE YOU.

YOU'RE SAFE.

BUT SAM--!

THE PSYCHOSAURS HAVE HIM.

GORILLACONDA AND THE BEAST WILL KEEP EACH OTHER BUSY.

WELCOME TO DOYLE VALLEY.

LATER.

MONSTER BAIT STUDIOS.

MEDICAL LAB.

HOW IS SHE?

OH. HI, DOCTOR CARPENTER.

PLEASE, CALL ME REYNOLD.

I'VE SPENT FAR TOO MANY YEARS LIVING LIKE A SAVAGE TO ACCEPT SUCH FORMALITY.

THE BEAST FILLS HIS VICTIMS WITH A FLUID THAT BOTH DISSOLVES THEIR ORGANS AND FORCES THEM TO RESPOND TO HIS TELEPATHIC DESIRES.

THEY PROVIDE HIM WITH MORE PREY UNTIL HE TIRES OF THEM AND SUCKS OUT THEIR INSIDES.

GROSS.

YES. QUITE. YOUR FRIEND WILL RECOVER FULLY WITH THE HELP OF THIS ANTI-VENOM, ALONG WITH A LITTLE REST.

WELL, HE VERY NEARLY DROWNED. IT'S HARD TO SAY--

WHAT ABOUT HIM?

COME ON, DOC.

SHE KNOWS WHAT HE IS JUST AS WELL AS YOU OR I DO.

SHE AIN'T ASKING IF HE'LL GET BETTER.

HE *ALWAYS* GETS BETTER.

JUST LIKE ME.

SHE BROUGHT HIM HERE, 'CAUSE SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE CURE.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WORKS.

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, HONEY...

...BACK IN MY HOMETOWN, I WAS THE BOOGEYMAN. KILLED A BUNCH A' WAITRESSES.

AFTER THEY PUT ME DOWN FOR WHAT I DONE, I COME BACK AN' KILLED SOME MORE.

BUT THEN I MET THE DOC. I WENT FROM PLAYING THE VILLAIN TO PLAYING THE HERO.

NAME'S ***BUCK KEMP.*** MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN MY WORK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

HACK/SLASH

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT...
GORILLACOMBA
ALSO THIS ISSUE:
CASSIE GETS LAID.

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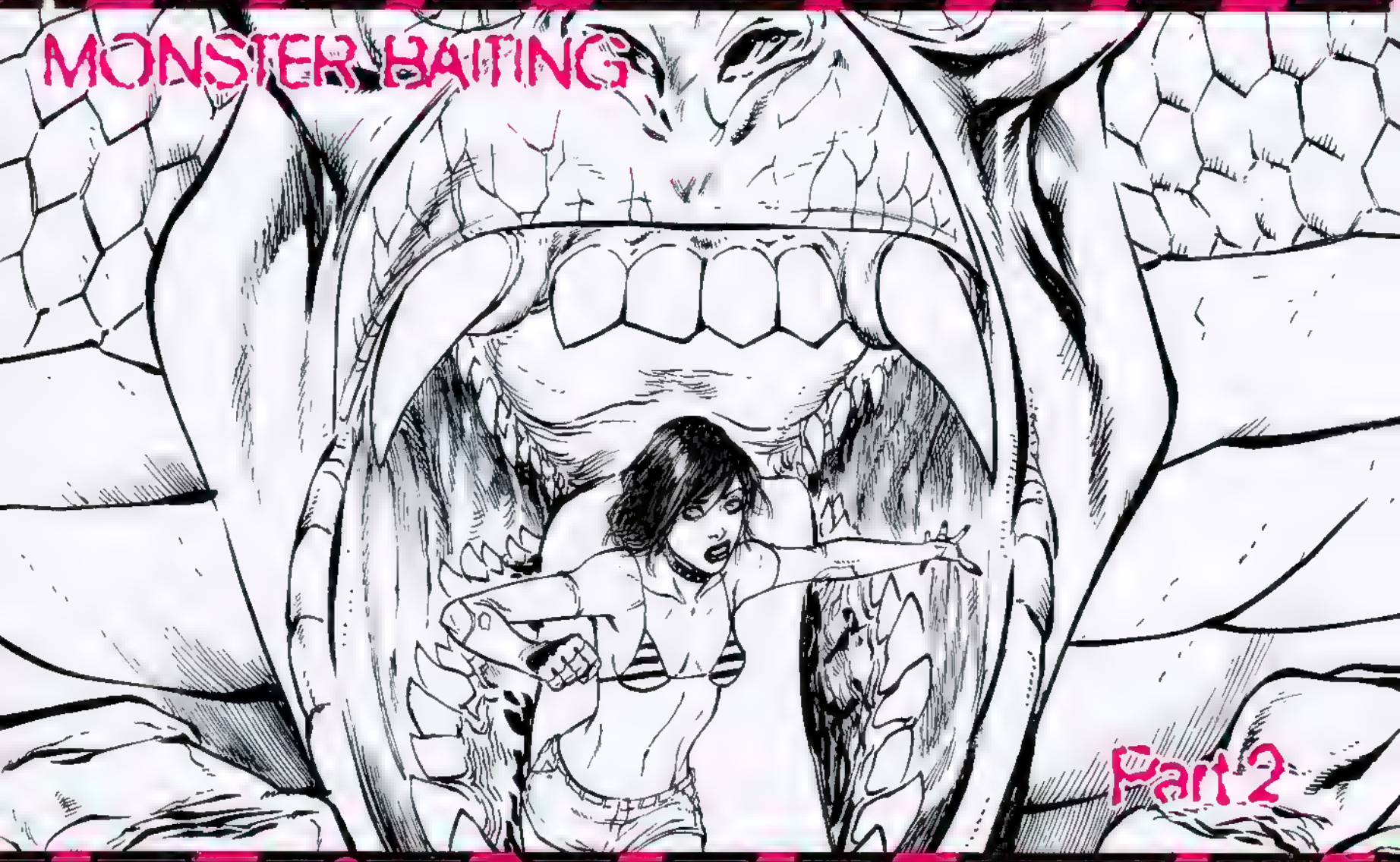
HACK/SLASH™

MONSTER BAITING



Part 2

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY EMILIO LAISO

COLORS BY CARLOS BADILLA LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A TIM SEELEY & ALLEN PASSALAQUA COVER B BEN TEMPLESMITH

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Jana Cook - production artist

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MONSTER BAIT FILM STUDIOS.

DOYLE VALLEY, GUYANA. SOUTH AMERICA.

CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.

A BABY. SO KEEEY-UTE!

CHRRRT.

PWEET!

HELLO, CATHERINE.

OH. HELLO, REYNOLD. THANKS FOR TAKING US IN LAST NIGHT, AND FOR ALL THE HELP.

OUR PLEASURE. WE EXIST TO HELP PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS. THE PROCESS IS NEARLY READY, IF YOU WISH TO WATCH.

HAVE YOU BEEN ENJOYING OUR PREHISTORIC FRIENDS?

YEAH, THEY'RE...I MEAN, WOW, DINOSAURS, RIGHT? RAPTORS WERE ALWAYS MY FAVORITE.

THOUGH CLOSE TO THE TOP OF THE LIST WERE ALSO PROTOCERATOPS.

AND BRONTOSAURUS, WHICH I UNDERSTAND HAS BEEN DISCOVERED TO HAVE NEVER EXISTED.

I GUESS I CAN PUT APATOSAURUS IN ITS PLACE, AND--

WUUHN.

WHOA!

I GOTCHA.

ARE YOU OKAY?

WUH. YES, YES.

THE HEAT IS NEARLY UNBEARABLE THIS TIME OF YEAR.

AND I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I ONCE WAS.

HERE...

...LET ME HELP YOU UP.

WE'LL GO GET YOU SOME WATER.

SO, DID I TELL YOU WHAT A HUGE FAN OF YOUR TEAM'S MOVIES I AM?

REALLY?

I THINK *DR. INSOMNIOUS AND THE THING THAT WOULD NOT SLEEP* IS A CLASSIC!

YOU BEEN AWFUL QUIET, MS. HACK.

YOU FEELIN' ALL RIGHT?

I CAN GIVE YA ANOTHER DOSE O' BEAST ANTI-TOXIN.

NO. I'M FINE.

I GUESS YOU CAN SEE A LOT OF CRAZY STUFF AND STILL BE PRETTY SHELL-SHOCKED WHEN YOU FIND OUT THAT GORILLACONDA ISN'T AN ACTOR IN A SNAKE-MONKEY SUIT.

HA. DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT LIKE THAT.

GUESS I'M PRETTY USED TO IT, LIVIN' AMONG ALL THIS CRAZINESS FOR, WHAT, SIXTY YEARS NOW?

I LOOK PRETTY GOOD FOR NINETY-FOUR YEARS OLD, WOULDN'T YA SAY?

WHY DID YOU ALL DISAPPEAR LIKE THAT?

ALL THESE AMAZING CREATURES AND A CURE FOR THE WORST KIND OF EVIL... AND YOU HIDE OUT HERE?

WELL, SEE, IT'S NOT EXACTLY LIKE THAT.

THE MONSTERS? THEY WERE JUST LAB EXPERIMENTS.

THE PRODUCTS OF TESTS ON GENES AND DNA AND WHATNOT THAT THE NAZIS DECIDED WERE TOO IMPRACTICAL FOR MASS MANUFACTURIN'.

IT WAS THE PEOPLE LIKE ME, AND SAMHAIN HERE, THAT THEY REALLY WANTED.

CARPENTER SENIOR--WELL, WHEN HE ABSCONDED, HE FIGURED HE COULD USE THEM BIG CRITTERS TO HELP FUND THE OPERATION.

THING IS, AS SOON AS HE STARTED MESSIN' AROUND WITH A CURE FOR THE "SLASHERS," HE STARTED GETTIN' THE ATTENTION OF SOME KIND OF CULT.

THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.

THAT'S THE ONES.

THEY SENT THEIR ASSASSINS TO STOP HIM.

TOOK OUT THE OLD MAN, WANDA, DOROTHY, AND RUDY, TOO.

LEFT JUST ME AND REYNOLD, AND A BUNCH O' REAL MOVIE MONSTERS THAT WOULD EAT THEIR WAY ACROSS THE WORLD IF LEFT TO THEMSELVES.

SO HERE WE STAYED.

WE KEEP AN EYE ON THE VALLEY, MAKIN' SURE THE MONSTERS DON'T GET OUT AND AS FEW PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE GET IN, UNLESS THEY NEED THE CURE.

REYNOLD--WELL, HE KEEPS GETTIN' OLDER, BUT I'M STUCK AT THE AGE I ORIGINALLY "DIED" AT, MEANIN' SOONER OR LATER, IT'LL JUST BE ME AND MY ETERNALLY HANDSOME MUG.

SO, THE PROCESS... IT'LL TAKE OUT THE BAD STUFF?

YEP. ONCE THE DOC DONE ME, MY MIND WAS CLEAR AS DAY. CLEANER THOUGHTS THAN A PRIEST ON SUNDAY.

DOWNSIDE, O' COURSE, IS THAT YOU CAN'T HEAL UP LIKE YA USED TO, BUT IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR BEIN' ABLE TO TALK TO A WOMAN WITHOUT WANTIN' TO CUT HER SPLEEN OUT, RIGHT?

MR. KEMP... IF I COULD TALK TO CASSIE ALONE.

OH SURE, MAN. DOC CARPENTER OUGHTA BE HERE IN A JIFF.

DO YOU... SHOULD I GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

SAM...

I'M ALREADY WEAKER BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED WITH BOMB QUEEN.

THERE'S LESS OF THE DARK BLOOD RUNNING THROUGH MY VEINS.

WITH IT ALL GONE, I'LL JUST BE A MAN.

I'LL BLEED.

I'LL HURT.

I'LL BE WHOEVER I WAS BEFORE ALL THIS.

WHAT IF THAT MAN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SLASHERS YOU DESTROY?

FROM THE MOMENT I MET YOU, AND WHO KNOWS HOW MANY YEARS BEFORE THAT, YOU'VE FOUGHT AGAINST THIS.

NONE OF THE OTHER KILLERS I'VE MET HAVE TRIED TO RESIST.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING SO ***GOOD*** IN YOU, SO FUCKING ***PURE***, THAT IT CAN'T BE CORRUPTED.

THEN IF IT WORKS, IF WE CAN KNOW BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THIS IS AN AFFLICTION AND CAN BE FIXED, WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU-- CASSANDRA HACK, THE SLASHER KILLER?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF VLAD.

I'LL JOIN THE REST OF THE WORLD.

GET A JOB, I GUESS.

I'LL BE CASSIE HACK...

...THE GIRL WHO KILLED HER MOM, WHEN SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CURE HER.

NO. YOU'LL BE CASSIE HACK, A WOMAN WHOSE STRENGTH AND BEAUTY...

...WAS ENOUGH TO SAVE A MAN'S SOUL.

SHALL WE BEGIN?

EVERYTHING IS READY, DOC.

GOOD. IT'S NOT A QUICK PROCESS, AND I'D HATE TO MISS DINNER.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS, I HOPE THAT YOUR LONG, DANGEROUS JOURNEY...

...WILL PROVIDE THIS MAN WITH THE PEACE HE DESERVES.

BUCK, THROW THE SWITCH, PLEASE.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

WOW.

I FEEL LIKE I JUST WATCHED SOMEONE GIVE BIRTH.

IN A WAY YOU DID, HONEY. THIS WAS A GENUINE *REBIRTH.*

AND TO THINK ALL IT TOOK WAS REMOVIN' A LITTLE BIT O' CONCENTRATED EVIL.

=OOF=

SORRY! I FORGET THAT THE PROCESS TAKES A BIT OUTTA A MAN.

YA'LL GET SOME REST. WE'LL HAVE US A NICE DINNER CELEBRATION TONIGHT.

I'M A BIT OF A HUNTER, SO I HOPE YA'LL LIKE WILD GAME.

CATHERINE... *CAT.*

I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING.

THESE TWO THINGS ONCE DEFINED ME. WITHOUT THEM, I FELT LOST.

WITH THEM, I CAUSED NOTHING BUT FEAR AND DEATH.

I KNOW THAT THIS MASK CAUSES YOU GREAT FEAR. AND I KNOW THAT THIS KNIFE TOOK YEARS OF YOUR LIFE.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE THEM BOTH.

DESTROY THEM.

IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO KNOW THEY CAN NEVER BE PART OF ME AGAIN.

AND, JUST PERHAPS, IT WILL GIVE YOU CLOSURE TO KNOW THAT THESE SYMBOLS OF THE MONSTER WHO ONCE HAUNTED YOU HAVE BEEN VANQUISHED BY YOUR OWN HANDS.

OH.

UH... OKAY.

I WILL.

HEY, CASSIE, CAN I BORROW THE SHIRT YOU WERE WEARING YESTERDAY?

WHY?

I WANTED TO RUN SOME TESTS ON THE STUFF THAT CAME OUT OF THAT SPIDER-ZOMBIE YOU FOUGHT.

YOU KNOW, NOTHING SPECIAL. JUST CURIOUS.

IT'S IN OUR ROOM, ON THE CHAIR.

CURIOUS LIKE A CAT. YOU KNOW ME. *HA.*

PEOPLE USED TO SAY TO ME: "DID YOU CHOOSE 'CURIO' AS A SURNAME, BECAUSE THAT'S AN AWFULLY BIG COINCIDENCE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?"

AND I'D SAY: "WHY, NO. 'CURIO' IS A VERY OLD AND RESPECTED FAMILY N--"

OH.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

GOOD.

NO MORE HATE?

NO MORE URGE TO KILL?

NO.

QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

ARE YOU SURE?

THERE ARE STILL ALL THOSE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS ABOUT MY PAST.

ALL I EVER DO IS THINK ON THE PAST. WHERE'S THAT GOTTEN ME?

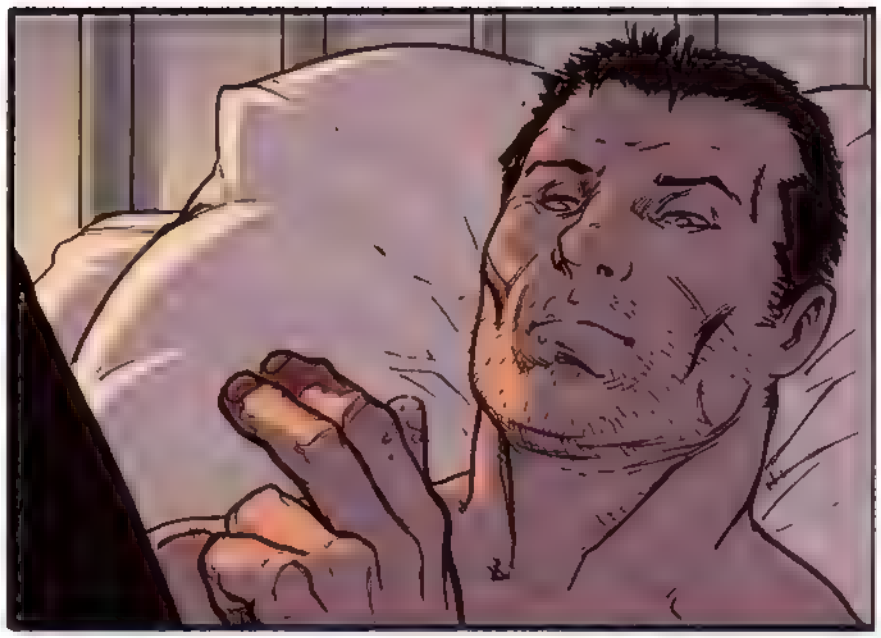
FOR ONCE, I JUST WANT TO DO WHAT FEELS RIGHT.

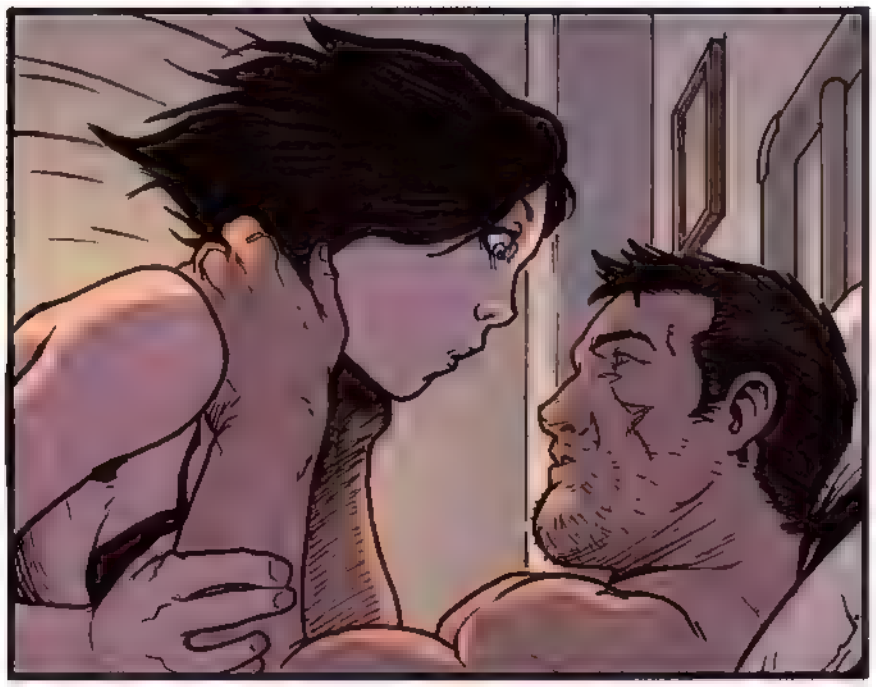
YOU FEEL ALIVE.

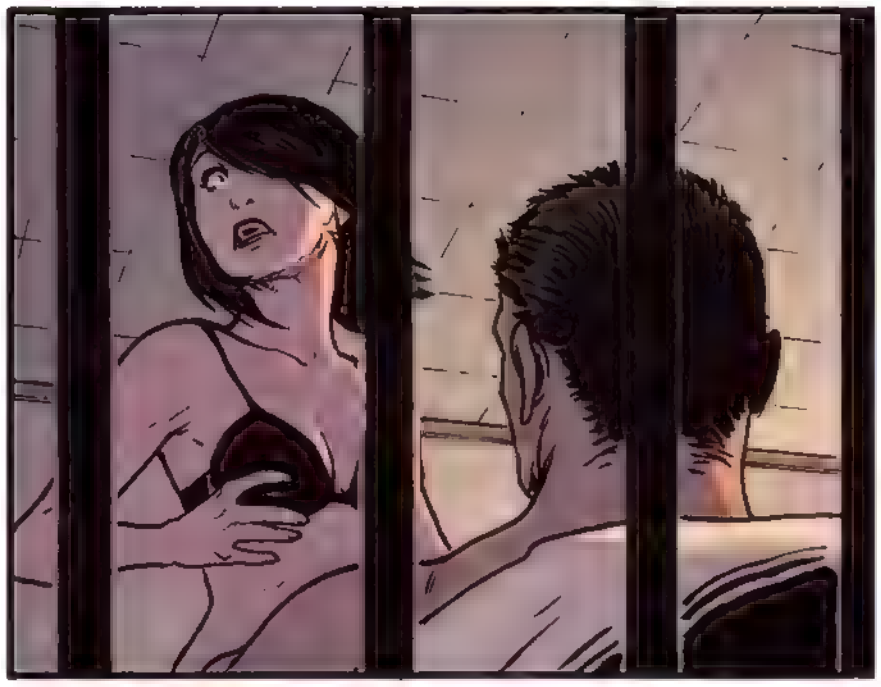
SHARE IT WITH ME.

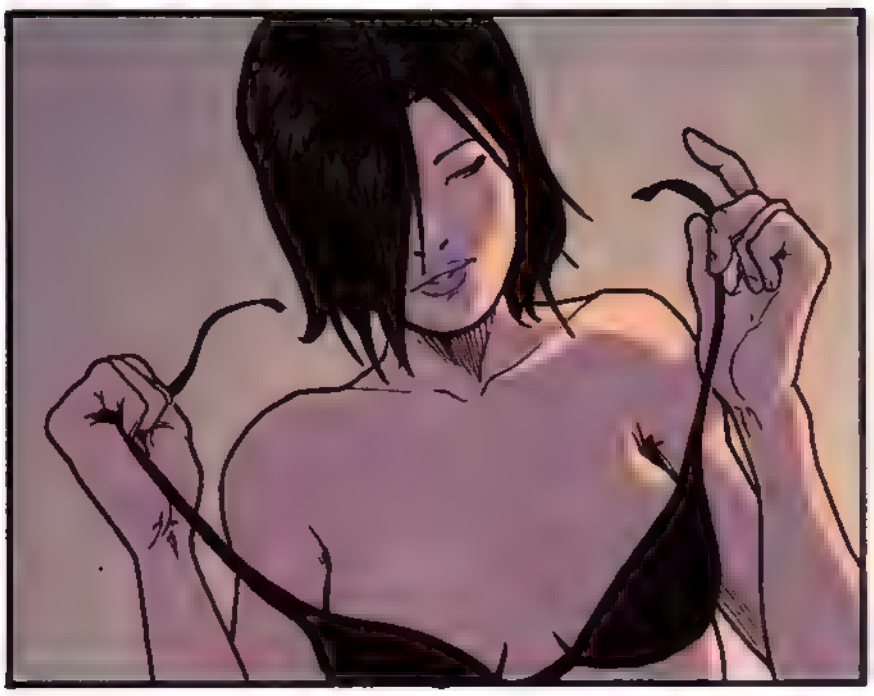
MMF!

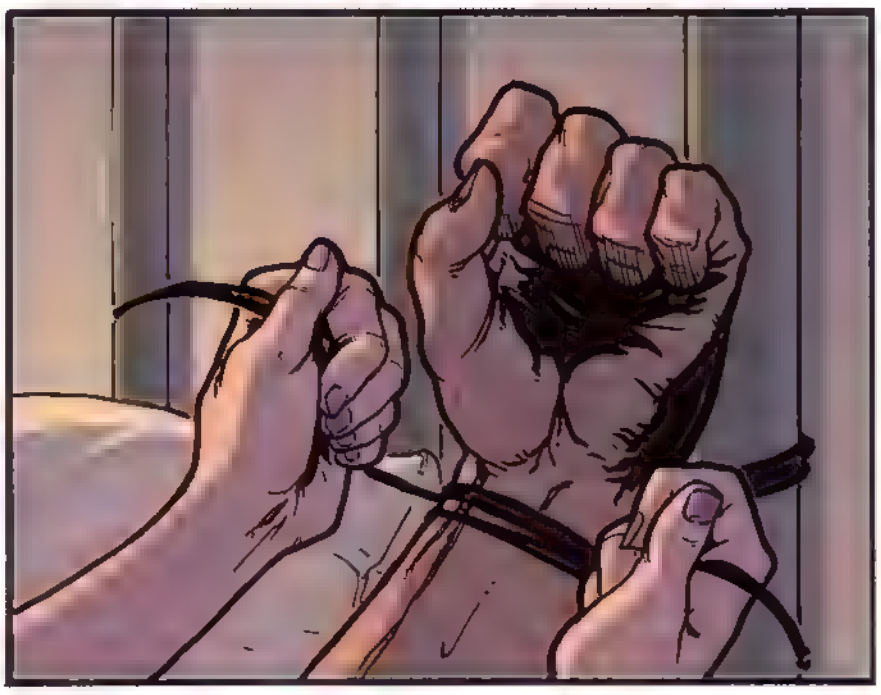
SORRY!











THOUGH THE SAMPLE IS HIGHLY DEGRADED BY TIME AND RIVER WATER, THE STRUCTURE OF THE SPIDER'S VENOM IS VERY DISTINCT, CONTAINING PEPTIDE TOXINS USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH POISONOUS SNAKES.

NOW, I WILL TEST THE SAMPLE GATHERED FROM-- WELL, THE BIG ZITTY THING ON REYNOLD CARPENTER'S HEAD.

IF MY THEORY HOLDS, BOTH WILL CONTAIN THE SAME PEPTIDES, REVEALING THAT...

UH...

=SIGH= COME ON, CAT. FOCUS.

GET THEM OUT OF YOUR THOUGHTS.

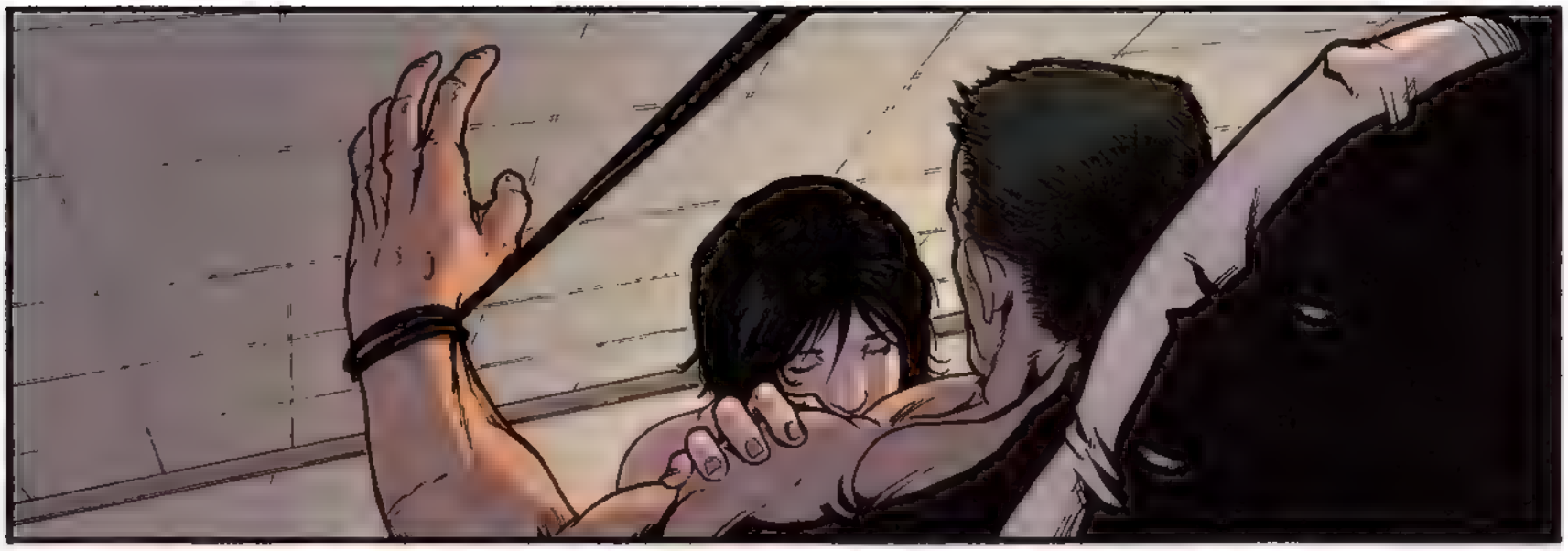
THEY'RE JUST A PIECE OF METAL AND A SCRAP OF CLOTH.

THE BOOGEYMAN IS GONE AND DEAD, AND WE'RE ALL HAPPY FRIENDS.

THE PROBLEM NOW IS--

WAIT. A REFLECTION OF...EYES?

HELLO?



PAP
PAP
PAP
EVIDENTLY, MY RESEARCH INTO THE VENOM SAMPLES HAS ROUSED SUSPICIONS ENOUGH THAT THEY'VE DISPATCHED A SPY TO DISCOVER WHAT I HAVE UNCOVERED.
WELL, MR. SPY.
IF I TIME THIS JUST RIGHT, THE TABLES WILL BE TURNED.
ONE... TWO...
...THREE!
HNGF!
FWUMMB
PWEEET!
OOOO. A SUPER KEEEY-UTE SPY.
PWEEEET!!
GET BACK HERE, YOU ADORABLE LITTLE INFILTRATOR!
PWEEEET!!

WHAT ARE YOU ALL UP TO?

BECAUSE I THINK THERE'S A LOT MORE GOING ON HERE THAN ANYONE SUSPECTS!

TNK

OH.

CLEVER GIRL.

HOT BLOOD WET MEAT.

RUN RUN RUN CHASE.

CLEVER SMART CHALLENGE HUNT.

RUN. RUN SO THAT WE WILL HUNT.

AHHHH!!

WAIT. GIVE HER A HEAD START.

PWEET!

NOW. GLORY TO THE BEST HUNTER.

GAH! WRONG TURN.

CASSIE AND SAM ARE THE OTHER WAY!

ALSO, THEY'RE TOO BUSY DOING IT TO NOTICE I'M BEING CHASED BY--

--MONSTERS.

OH. HELLO, CATHERINE.

ALWAYS GOTTA BE A SMART ONE.

DARN IT!

AND LANDING US IN THIS MESS IS MY ENTIRE FAULT, TOO!

KRRSH

SHE KNOWS.

CLEVER THING.

KILL HER BEFORE SHE RUINS THE HUNT.

NO! GET THE OTHERS.

YOU KNOW THE PLAN: KILL SAMHAIN, LEAVE CASSIE FOR ME.

MM MMM.

I LIKE THE SMART ONES.

ALWAYS MAKE FOR A REAL NICE WARM-UP.

CASSIE!

SAMHAIN!

STOP MAULING EACH OTHER AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!

GAH!

I'LL HAVE YOU GUYS KNOW...

...YOU ARE NO LONGER MY FAVORITE DINOSAUR!

URGHK.

LEAVE HER A-ALONE...

I SWEAR, DOC, I DON'T KNOW WHY YA EVEN BOTHER ANYMORE.

NOW JUST SHUT YER YAP AND HELP ME GET THE ARMOR ON, WOULD YA?

POOP POOPPOOP POOP.

POOOOOO--

OH, HELL NO!

WHULP!

WELL SHAVE MY HEAD AN' CALL ME HARRY.

THAT OUGHTA KEEP THINGS INTERESTIN'.

WAS THIS...ARE YOU OKAY?

YEAH.

ALL THIS TIME I WAS AVOIDING SEX, AVOIDING FEELING ANYTHING FOR ANYONE, BECAUSE I WAS SO AFRAID I'D GET HIM, OR HER, HURT.

WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE THE ONE MAN FOR ME--A MAN WHO COULDN'T DIE.

BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO TRUST YOU.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE EVERYTHING I'M AGAINST.

NOW I'M JUST A MAN.

AND I'M A GIRL WITH NO MISSION...

"...JUST A WHOLE LOT OF FREE TIME. ANY IDEAS ON HOW I SHOULD FILL IT?"

MICHIGAN.

...NEFLORDS? HA. PLEASE.

NNNGH.

STRCTLY FIRST-YEAR RESDENT WORK.

BARELY WORTHY OF A SCRUB IN.

POOCH? HRRN.

ARE YOU TALKING TO SOMEONE?

THIS MUST BE OUR SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Vlad!

Humble and welcoming Pooch has invited in this man.

He speaks oh-so-very fast, but says he can help you.

MR. VLAD, I'M DR. VINCENT MORROW.

AN ASSOCIATE OF MINE IN NEW YORK TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR MARVELOUS CONDITION.

NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU, YOU FABULOUS MONSTROSITY.

TO BE CONTINUED!

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CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

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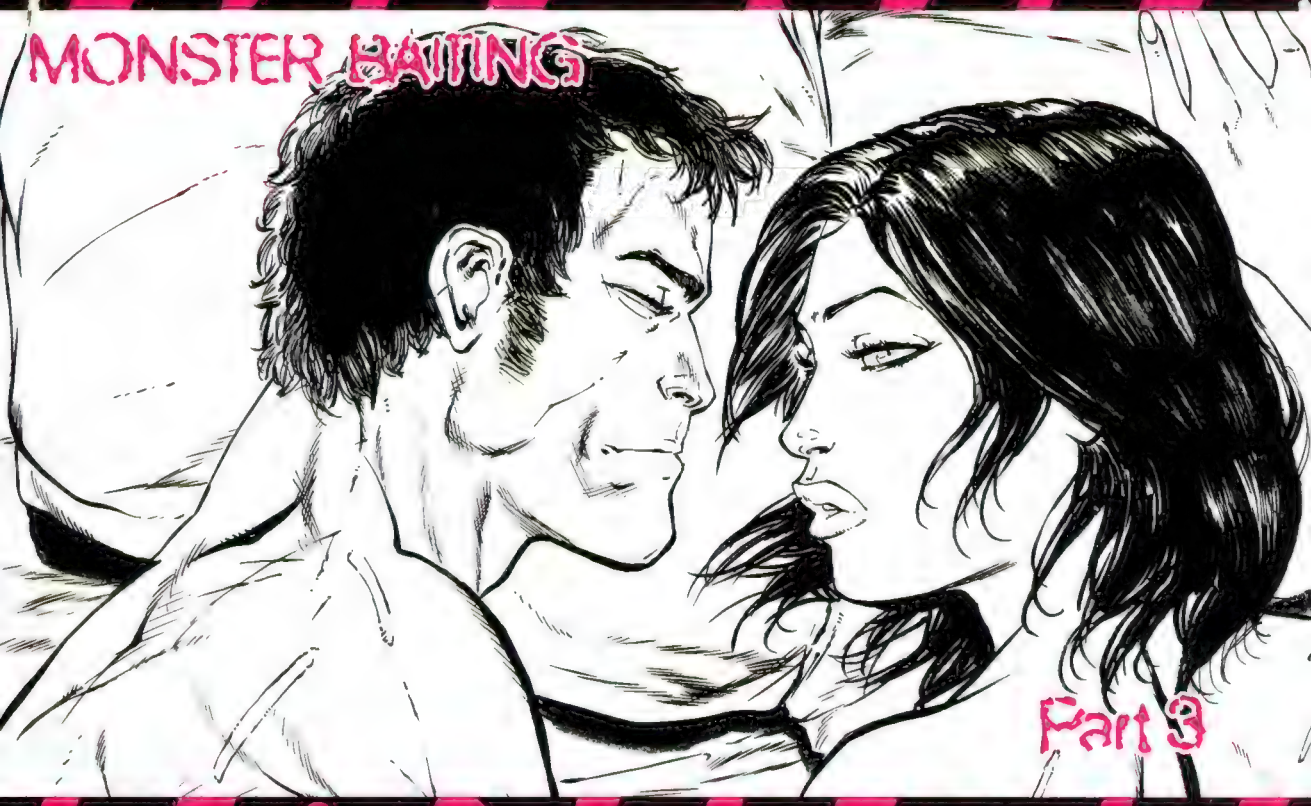

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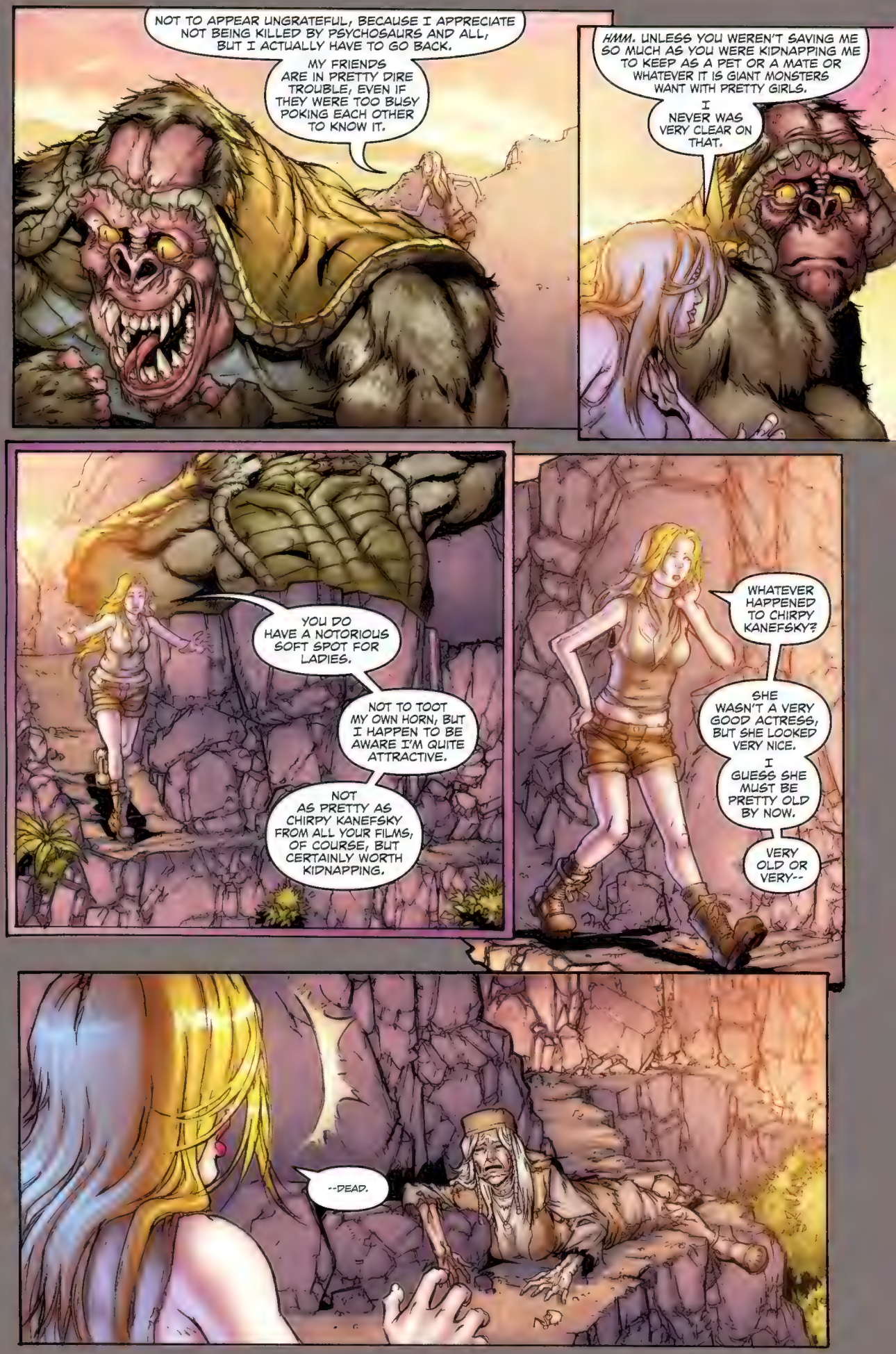
MONSTER BAIT FILM STUDIOS.
DOYLE VALLEY. GUYANA. SOUTH AMERICA.
SHREEEE!!
PWEEET!
SO THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE?
YOU SAVE US FROM A GIANT SPIDER, TAKE US IN, TREAT SAMHAIN, AND THEN ATTACK US AS SOON AS WE'RE DISTRACTED, WEAPONLESS...
...AND WEARING NOTHING BUT SHIT-EATIN' GRINS?
TAKE THE BREASTED ONE ALIVE! KILL THE PENISED THING!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
WE'VE BEEN PLAYED.
AND I HAVE GIVEN CAT MY BLADE.
SHRRP
NO MATTER.
I CAN ALWAYS FIND ANOTHER.
GLK!
SLLCH
I LET MY GUARD DOWN, JUST FOR A SECOND, AND THIS IS WHAT I GET.
CHRREEEEET!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WAS GOING TO END WITH ME PUNCHING A DINOSAUR IN THE BRAIN.
PWEEET!

SHRREEEEE!!
DISENGAGE MENTAL LINK!
PLLCH
THEY'RE DISCONNECTED. WE MUST STRIKE NOW, WHILE THEY ARE UNCOORDINATED.
STUPID WARM BLOOD.
WE HUNTED AS A PACK LONG BEFORE DR. CARPENTER EVOLVED US.
WE ARE NEVER UNCOORDINATED.
SAM!
UGHK.
SHRRP

SAM!!
GO, CASSIE. R--RUN.
SHE IS STRONG WILLED! IT WILL TAKE ALL OF US!
UUUNHHNN!!
PREPARE THE FEMALE FOR THE HUNT.
MUUH.
RUN. IT'S BAD, BUT APPARENTLY... THIS STILL ISN'T ENOUGH... TO DESTROY ME.
UGH!
STOP HER BEFORE SHE HURTS HERSELF!
BUCK KEMP WILL BE ANGRY IF HIS HUNT IS DAMAGED!
RRRHHCHCHCHC.
SLLSHH

AAAHHHH!!!
URF!
URF!
=OOOF=
PLEASE EAT ME IN ONE BITE, BECAUSE I'M INTENSELY AGAINST BEING CHOMPED IN HALF!
ALSO, SHOULD YOU DECIDE TO SWALLOW ME WHOLE, PLEASE DO ME THE SERVICE OF KILLING ME FIRST.
I'M SMALL, SO ONE GOOD SMUSH OUGHT TO DO IT.
UR!
UR!
OH.
WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF.
I GET IT. YOU SAVED ME. SO YOU'RE A GOOD GUY.
YOU'RE THE PROTAGONIST, LIKE YOU WERE IN *GORILLACONDA RETURNS* AND *GORILLACONDA LAYS AN EGG*, AS OPPOSED TO THE TRAGIC ANTAGONIST THAT YOU WERE IN THE FIRST FILM.
OOONF!


NOT TO APPEAR UNGRATEFUL, BECAUSE I APPRECIATE NOT BEING KILLED BY PSYCHOSAURS AND ALL, BUT I ACTUALLY HAVE TO GO BACK.
MY FRIENDS ARE IN PRETTY DIRE TROUBLE, EVEN IF THEY WERE TOO BUSY POKING EACH OTHER TO KNOW IT.
HMM. UNLESS YOU WEREN'T SAVING ME SO MUCH AS YOU WERE KIDNAPPING ME TO KEEP AS A PET OR A MATE OR WHATEVER IT IS GIANT MONSTERS WANT WITH PRETTY GIRLS.
I NEVER WAS VERY CLEAR ON THAT.
YOU DO HAVE A NOTORIOUS SOFT SPOT FOR LADIES.
NOT TO TOOT MY OWN HORN, BUT I HAPPEN TO BE AWARE I'M QUITE ATTRACTIVE.
NOT AS PRETTY AS CHIRPY KANEFSKY FROM ALL YOUR FILMS, OF COURSE, BUT CERTAINLY WORTH KIDNAPPING.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CHIRPY KANEFSKY?
SHE WASN'T A VERY GOOD ACTRESS, BUT SHE LOOKED VERY NICE.
I GUESS SHE MUST BE PRETTY OLD BY NOW.
VERY OLD OR VERY--
--DEAD.

MICHIGAN.
FROM THE SCARS, I'D HAZARD A GUESS THAT THIS NEEDLE ISN'T THE FIRST THING YOU'VE BEEN STUCK WITH, MR. VLAD.
Oh how humble Pooch hates needles.
Feeling... faint...
WHUMP
MY PARTNER AND I OFTEN RUN INTO PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO PUT SHARP OBJECTS INTO OTHERS.
AH. I'VE HEARD TELL OF A PAIR OF SERIAL KILLER KILLERS.
SO YOU'RE THE "SLASHER SLAYERS."
YOU KNOW OF SLASHERS?
OF COURSE. I HEARD OF YOU TWO FROM LATE KNIGHT A.M.
YES, I'LL ADMIT TO BEING A FAN, THOUGH MY AFFECTION IS MORE FOR THE CALLERS THAN ALAN HIMSELF.
"HEY, ALAN. MUH WIFE SHORE IS ACTIN' FUNNY. I THINK SHE'S POSSESSED BY LOOSEYFUR HISSELF!"
HA. YOKELS. IT'S A CASE OF PARASITIC DIABLOSIS. READ A BOOK SOMETIME.
OH.
WELL, THAT'S INTERESTING.
WHAT IS INTERESTING? WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? WHAT DO I HAVE?
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU HAVE, MY DEAR BOY.
IT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

GLAD TO SEE YA AGAIN, 'CONDA.
YOU'VE BEEN LAYIN' KINDA LOW THE LAST FEW YEARS, SINCE I FINALLY GOT WANDA.
S'LIKE YA TOOK IT REAL PERSONAL.
I S'POSE YOU'RE SO BUSY KEEPIN' AN EYE ON THAT OL' SACK O' BONES KANEFSKY THAT YA AIN'T GOT TIME TO INTERFERE IN MY FUN NO MORE.
SO YA LANDED HERE. WHAT DIRECTION DID YA JUMP OFF TO?
BUCK KEMP! WE HAVE THE FEMALE, BUT SHE FIGHTS US!
WE MUST RELEASE HER SOON OR SHE WILL DESTROY OUR MINDS!
YOU KILL SAMHAIN? REALLY KILL HIM? HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE, BUT YA STILL GOTTA DO US REFORMED TYPES A COUPLE O' TIMES TO MAKE IT STICK.
YES! HIS WARM BLOOD SO WARM SO WARM FLESH SPUT AND SPILLED AND--
YEAH, YEAH. ENOUGH ALREADY.
LET THE GIRL LOOSE.
THE HUNT'S ON.
THIS AIN'T OVER BETWEEN YOU AN' ME, 'CONDA.
AIN'T GONNA BE BEAUTY WHO KILLS THE BEAST.
IT'S GONNA BE ME.

MOVE, BREASTED MAMMAL!
SHE FIGHTS US. HER WILL IS STRONG.
FOCUS! SHE IS DANGEROUS AND WILL BE VERY ANGRY IF SHE BREAKS FREE!
NNUGH. YOU TH-THHINK I'M GOING TO P-PLAY THIS GUH...GAME?
HUNGH.
YOU ARE NOT HERE TO PLAY, FEMALE.

YOU ARE HERE TO RUN.
AHHHH!
RELEASE ALL CONTROL. BUCK KEMP WILL WANT HER OF HER OWN MIND.
HEY, MOTHER-FUCKERS!
YOU'RE NOT HUNTING ME!
I'M HUNTING YOU!
THE BREASTED ONE RUNS. BUCK KEMP WILL WANT CAMERAS TO RECORD THE HUNT.
YES, LOVELY.
RIGHT AWAY.

DR. CARPENTER.
GHUH!
SHHH. DON'T FIGHT IT.
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE AS BETRAYED AS WE WERE.
HNNH.
AAAGHGHGH!!
HOW... HOW DID YOU KNOW?
CATHERINE.
SURVIVING IS MY SPECIALTY. MYSTERIES ARE HERS.
OH, SAM. THANK YOU.
TO HEAR MY OWN THOUGHTS AGAIN AFTER SO LONG.
IT'S A PLEASURE BEYOND DESCRIPTION. I KNOW.
WHICH IS WHY IT PAINS ME BEYOND WORDS TO SAY THAT YOU WILL BE REPAYING ME FOR FREEING YOU FROM YOUR SLAVERY...

...BY RETURNING ME TO MINE.

OH JEEPERS. IS SHE OKAY?
LET ME TAKE A LOOK.
HNNHH.
GRRHOOOOOAAARR!!
YAH!
NOW, NOW. DON'T YOU YELL AT HER. THE GIRL MEANS ME NO HARM.
I DID THIS TO MYSELF.
TRIED TO CLIMB UP HIGHER TO SEE WHERE YOU WERE AND, WELL, I GUESS I TOOK A FALL.
I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT HER, OKAY?
I'M NOT A DOCTOR, BUT I AM HIGHER ON THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER THAN YOU.
THIS LEG LOOKS BROKEN, MS. KANEFSKY. BIG FAN OF YOUR WORK BY THE WAY.
I'M GUESSING YOU DIDN'T COME TO THIS VALLEY TO GET MY AUTOGRAPH.
SO, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

A FRIEND. WELL, I MEAN, HE'S NOT A FRIEND. HE DID STAB ME, AND NO MATTER HOW NICE HE IS NOW, I'M NOT GOING TO FORGET THAT. ANYWAY, HE NEEDED THE CURE. HE'S WHAT CASSIE CALLS A "SLASHER."
HE'S WHAT BUCK IS.
WAS, YOU MEAN. BUCK WAS CURED.
HONEY, ROMAN CARPENTER MAY HAVE FIGURED OUT HOW TO TAKE THE LIQUID EVIL OUT OF THOSE SLASHER TYPES...
...BUT YOU CAN'T CURE ASSHOLE.
WHEN ROMAN WORKED HIS MAGIC ON BUCK, HE WAS SO PROUD.
HE'D TAKEN A MAN WHO USED TO KIDNAP WOMEN AND DRAG THEM OUT TO THE WOODS TO HUNT, AND TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A GOOD, UPSTANDING CITIZEN.
HE ALWAYS LOVED THE FACT THAT BUCK WAS HIS LEADING MAN, A LIVING ADVERTISEMENT FOR HOW WELL HIS PROCESS WORKED. HE THOUGHT IT WAS SYMBOLIC.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT BUCK WAS THE WORST ACTOR I'D EVER SEEN. BUT I WAS WRONG.
HE COULDN'T PLAY HERO...
...BUT FRIEND? LOVER?
SOMEONE WE COULD TRUST?
HE SHOULD HAVE WON AN OSCAR FOR HOW WELL HE PLAYED THOSE ROLES.

AS A LADY ONCE SAID:
CHK
CHK
CHK
KISS IT!
SCREEEEEE
SHIT!
JEEZ, PIG. WHAT'S AFTER YOUR HOCKS...?
ANGRY FUCKING BIRDS?

AIIIEEEEEYAGH!!
I AM SORRY.
IT SEEMS THE PROCESS IS EVEN MORE PAINFUL WHEN PERFORMED IN REVERSE.
HUNH.
IT WASN'T THE PAIN THAT MADE ME SCREAM.
IT WAS THE DARKNESS COMING BACK TO ME.
BLACK.
VILE.
HATEFUL.
I CAN FEEL IT, CREEPING INTO MY BRAIN, FILLING EVERY FREE SPACE.
IT WANTS ME TO KILL YOU RIGHT NOW, DR. CARPENTER.
IT WANTS ME TO CUT YOU OPEN.
IT WANTS ME TO STOMP ON YOUR FACE.
IT THINKS THOSE ARE THE REWARDS IT DESERVES FOR HEALING MY WOUNDS, FOR KNITTING ME BACK TOGETHER.
IT THINKS I DESERVED TO DIE. IT SAYS I WAS A FOOL TO GIVE ITS POWER UP FOR A STUPID, BROKEN GIRL.
IT TELLS ME THAT IF I WANTED TO FUCK HER, I COULD HAVE DONE IT ANY TIME, WHETHER SHE WANTED IT OR NOT.

SCRREEEEE!
CCRSH
BEHIND ME, DOCTOR!
NO! WE KILLED HIM!
HIS KIND ARE STRONG, EVEN WHEN CURED! WE WERE TOO FOCUSED ON HOLDING THE BREASTED ONE!
DESTROY HIS MIND! THEN TEAR HIM APART.
AAAGHK!
GHHYAAAHHHHGG!
GHK!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?!
HE RESISTS!
HA. HAHAHAH!

GHK!
SPLTCH
SWOK
POK
POK
POK
PLAP
SPLUK
GLK
GLLLRT.

SCREEEEE!!
MOMMY! DADDY! I AVENGE YOU!!
PUNT
SPLAK
S-SAM...?
TO BE CONCLUDED!

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COVER A

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CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

MONSTER BAITING

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY ART BY DANIEL LEISTER

COLORS BY MARK ENGLERT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A TIM SEELEY & RACHELLE ROSENBERG COVER B ANDERS EID

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DOYLE VALLEY. GUYANA. SOUTH AMERICA.
LONGTIME HOME OF MONSTER BAIT FILM STUDIOS.
BUCK KEMP. YOU WOODEN, NO-TALENT MOTHERFUCKER.
SHNK
CHUNK
I CAN'T BELIEVE I BOUGHT YOUR ACT FOR A SECOND.
I SHOULD HAVE SEEN RIGHT THROUGH YOUR BULLSHIT.
SHUNK
CHOK
CHANG
YOU WERE NEVER EVEN GOOD ENOUGH FOR AN ED WOOD MOVIE.
YOU CAN'T DELIVER THE LINE "PUT HER DOWN, SNAKE-APE!" CONVINCINGLY.
HOW DID YOU PULL OFF THE CURED-KILLER ACT?
THUK
ANY O' THE OTHER KILLERS Y'ALL'VE TUSSLED WITH EVER TELL YA THAT YA TALK TOO GODDAMN MUCH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUCK?
DON'T LIKE A GIRL TO TALK BACK?
GHU!
THIS ISN'T THE FIFTIES ANY MORE, PIG-BOY.
NO!
OH...WHAT'S THIS? PROTECTIVE OF YOUR FACE?
THUK
KAK!
THAT'S JUST PRECIOUS.
PRETTY ATTACHED TO YOUR HANDSOME MUG AFTER SIXTY YEARS WITH THE SAME LOOK, HUH?
=KOFF=
=KOFF=
RRECH...
SEE, JUST A FEW HOURS AGO, I THOUGHT I WAS DONE WITH ALL OF THIS.
CURE THE SLASHERS AND I DON'T HAVE TO KILL THEM ANY MORE.
NO MORE HUNTING. NO MORE TORTURE OR BLOOD AND GORE.
MOSTLY I WAS SO RELIEVED.
BUT, I GOTTA ADMIT, THERE WAS A PART OF ME THAT WAS DISAPPOINTED.
NO!!
BUCK, YOU LUCKY BOY.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY SWAN SONG.
SLICH
AAAAHH!!

RRRRULLUGHK!!
I KNOW WHAT Y'ALL ARE THINKIN', YA JUDGMENTAL LI'L BITCH.
OR, WELL, WHAT YA WOULD BE THINKIN' IF MY PSYCHOSAURS HADN'T JUST TURNED THAT BRAIN O' YOURS INTO A COLD COW PIE.
MDDGKH.
Y'ALL'D BE THINKIN' I WASN'T SUCH A GREAT HUNTER.
THAT I WAS A CHEATER, USIN' MY "PACK DOGS" LIKE THAT.
THING IS, I DON'T ENJOY THIS AS MUCH AS I DID WHEN I WAS BACK IN ALABAMA, TALKIN' DUMB WHORES INTO GOIN' OUT TO THE WOODS WITH THE STAR QUARTERBACK.
ONCE YA DIE AND COME BACK AS A SLASHER, IT'S NOT REAL EASY TO REACH THEM OLD HIGHS.
WANDA, RUDY, THE OL' MAN--EVERYONE WHO COMES HERE, SEARCHIN' FOR A CURE. Y'ALL ARE JUST KEEPIN' ME SHARP.
NOT THAT I DON'T DO MY BEST TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.
NOW, Y'ALL HOLD STILL. BUT MAKE PLENTY OF NOISE--

GROOAAARR!!
OH GOSH.
I THINK I NOW KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE MADE THE THIRD GORILLACONDA MOVIE, LIKE, WAY BETTER.
SPLUT
HAHAHAHAHA!
PKOW PKOW PKOW
GOT THIS FROM OLD MAN CARPENTER. BEEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO USE IT FOR YEARS!
PKOW PKOW
PWEET!

MY FACE.
CASSIE!!
PWEEEETT!!
SHREEEEE!!
GROOOAAR!!
HOW WE HAVE MISSED YOUR FLESH!
BITCH! I LET Y'ALL HAVE THE ROLL IN THE HAY YA WANTED SO BADLY, AND THIS IS HOW YA REPAY ME?!
NO, THIS IS HOW, YOU BIG JERK.
HNGHK!
SHUNK
C'MON, CASSIE!
THERE'S AN ALL-OUT GIANT MONSTER ATTACK GOING ON.
WE NEED TO MOVE!
NNH? SAM?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT HIS KNIFE IS STUCK IN BUCK KEMP'S BACK RIGHT NOW.
AND THAT BUCK LOOKS PRETTY UPSET ABOUT IT.

CASSIE!
WATCH OUT!!
KRASH
OH GOSH. WHAT WAS THAT?
IT SMELLS!
CAT?
SPIDER SEX PHEROMONES. REYNOLD ENGINEERED 'EM IN THE LAB.
USED TO USE IT TO ATTRACT...HUH... THE BEAST FOR HIS SCENES.
HE CAN SMELL JUST A DAB FROM MILES AWAY.
I HOPE Y'ALL ARE READY FOR ROMANCE, SMART G!--
--RRRRLLLL!!
SSLLLCH
SAM!!
GHUUUU.

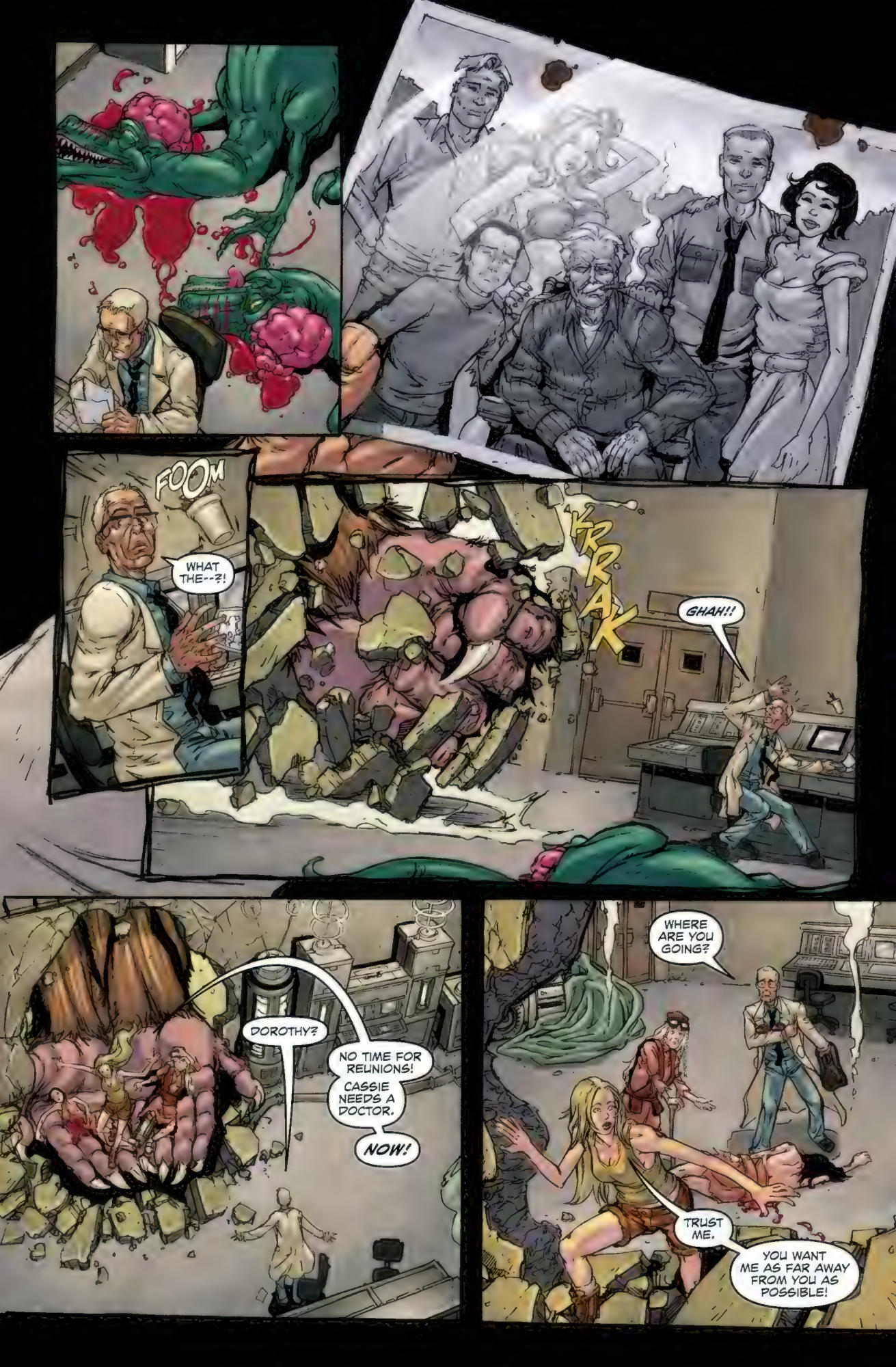
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE DEAD.
AND AFTER... AFTER WHAT WE DID, I DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD HANDLE THAT.
CASSIE, CASSIE, CASSIE...
NO PARENTS TO REBEL AGAINST.
NO MOTHER TO ANGER.
SO THE MOMENT YOU FOUND A WAY TO REBEL AGAINST YOUR OWN RULES, YOU TOOK IT.
YOU LOVED SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HAVE HATED.
S--SAM?
WE HAVE RULES TO SEPARATE US FROM THE BEASTS.
TO MAKE US GOD'S MOST ELITE CREATIONS.
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BREAKING RULES ALWAYS BRINGS--
CASSIE!

CONSEQUENCES.
SHUNK
OWW.
YOU SON OF A--!!
SHE CAME ALL THIS WAY FOR YOU!
SHE WAS GOING TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING!!
SHE TRUSTED YOU!!
CATHERINE CURIO. I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR RETURNING MY KNIFE.
AH!
SWOK
THIS IS FAMILIAR.
YOUR WIDE BLUE EYES. THE UTTER SHOCK.
THE SATISFYING RESISTANCE OF YOUR SOFT FLESH AS MY BLADE SINKS INTO YOUR--
THWOK
GRROA!

AND THIS, DEAR VLADIMIR-- IS IT VLADIMIR OR VLADISLOV?
NO MATTER. THIS IS THE CURE TO ALL THAT AILS YOU.
MICHIGAN.
REALLY?
ACTUALLY NO.
I'VE BEEN REFINING MY BEDSIDE MANNER, AND OCCASIONALLY I GET CARRIED AWAY WITH THE POSITIVE HYPERBOLE.
HRRRM.
THIS WILL MAKE YOU RELATIVELY SYMPTOM FREE FOR BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY-SIX HOURS.
IT'LL ONLY WORK ONE TIME, SO YOU'LL WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU USE IT ONLY WHEN ABSOLUTELY IMPERATIVE.
IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN IT'S TOO PAINFUL TO CONTINUE THE HUNT, BUT YOU HAVEN'T RETRIEVED IT YET.
HUNT?
THE HUNT FOR THE *OLDEST LIVING MEMBER* OF YOUR FAMILY.
YOU'LL NEED A SAMPLE OF HIS OR HER BLOOD FOR ME TO SYNTHESIZE A CURE FOR YOUR *CONDITION*.
GOOD DAY, MR. POOCH, MR. VLADIMIR!
IT IS... VLADISLOV.

KRRK
OH JEEZ. I'M SO SORRY, CASSIE. THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.
HUNH.
INCOMING!
WHAT NOW?
PWEE--!
SPLAK
IT'S A GIFT.
FROM THE BEAST.
PKOW
KRRKSH
FOR YOU, CATHERINE.

YOU NEED TO GET CASSIE BACK TO THE LAB--NOW.
YOU'RE THE ONLY WAY SHE CAN GET THERE IN TIME. SHE'S BLEEDING OUT.
THE BEAST WANTS ME, NOT HER. NOT YOU.
TAKE HER AND GO. I'LL STAY.
THROOOM
KRRSH
GO!!
SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
THIS ISN'T A MOVIE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAVE ME!
NO! DON'T!!
THRRACHOOM
GOSH DARN IT. YOU'RE EVEN MORE STUBBORN THAN POOCH!


FOOM
WHAT THE--?!
KRRAK
GHAH!!
DOROTHY?
NO TIME FOR REUNIONS!
CASSIE NEEDS A DOCTOR.
NOW!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TRUST ME.
YOU WANT ME AS FAR AWAY FROM YOU AS POSSIBLE!

GET US THE H-E-DOUBLE POPSICLE STICKS OUT OF HERE!
JUMP, BIG MONKEY!
JUMP!!
THWIP
OOK?
POOP ON A POOP!
SHREEE!!
RRRRGGHHH!!
AH!
NO WAY AM I GIVING MY V-CARD TO YOU, BEAST!

LET HIM GO, 'CONDA! I'LL LEAD HIM TO THE BRIDGE!
NSTER BAIT STUDIOS
IT WON'T SUPPORT HIM!
AND WE'LL BOTH FALL A THOUSAND FEET TO OUR DEATHS. YAY.
CASE ONE-ZERO-ONE-NINE: THE LAST CASE OF CAT CURI--
OOF!
OH GOD.
FACING DEATH AND A ONE-HUNDRED-FOOT-LONG SPIDER, YET YOU SHOW NO FEAR.
THAT IS, UNTIL YOU SEE ME.

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?
I AM AKAKIOS, OF COURSE.
YES. AKAKIOS OF PANOPOLIS.
LITTERATOR. ALCHEMIST.
KEEPER OF THE BLACK FLAME THAT LIGHTS OUR WAY.
FATHER OF THE PURIFIERS.
NO, YOU AREN'T!
YOU'RE SAMHAIN.
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, ASHAMED OF HIS PAST AS A PET ASSASSIN.
YOU CAME HERE TO PURGE ALL THAT EVIL GOBBLEDY-GOOK FROM YOUR SYSTEM ONCE AND FOR ALL!
"GOBBLEDY-GOOK"? WHAT FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS IS NOTHING LESS THAN A TRUE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES.
DISEASES OF THE BODY, THE MIND, OR OF THE SOUL. I EMBODY AN END TO INFERIORITY.
MY PANACEA WOULD HAVE ALLOWED ME TO CONTINUE MY MISSION OF PURIFICATION ACROSS A THOUSAND YEARS.

IF NOT FOR THE WITCH.
HER UNHOLY SORCERY SEARED MY MIND.
SHE STOLE MY MEMORIES AND ALLOWED ENEMIES FROM WITHIN MY OWN RANKS TO TURN ME INTO ONE OF THE PALADINS I HAD ONCE COMMANDED.
I BECAME A CONFLICTED CREATURE, LOOKING FOR A REASON--AND FINDING IT IN DESTROYING MY FORMER FOLLOWERS. I FOUND IT IN "LOVE." I FOUND IT IN A MASK.
BUT THE MASK HAS BEEN LIFTED. I SEE WITH MY TRUE EYES.
AND I SEE A WORLD THAT WILL BELONG TO AKAKIOS.
THAT'S TOO BAD.
YOU STABBED ME. PUT ME IN A COMA.
YOU WERE MY BOOGEYMAN.
BUT I WAS ALMOST STARTING TO LIKE YOU.
CHA ROOM
NO.
OH NO NO NO...
BY THE LIGHT!
JEEZ.

HRRRRRRAAAAA.
MONSTER BAIT STUDIOS
AHHHHHHH!!
KRRSH
HNNH!

THWP
TCH
KRASH
AAAGGHHK!!
GHHH--

POOP.
POOP.
POOP.
SPLOOTCH
ALMOST...
YES!
KRAK
AHHHHH!!

OH GOD. CASSIE!
HHH-HOLD ON.
AHH--UNNNHH!!
EVIL SAM!
I'VE GOT EVIL SAM!!
CASSIE. PULL ME UP.
I'M... UNHG... I'M HURT. BADLY.
I'M SORRY... SO SORRY I HURT YOU.
THE DARKNESS-- WHEN I WAS DYING, IT OVERTOOK ME.

CASSIE...D-DON'T L-LISTEN TO HIM-- UNGH.
WAIT! IN ME...IS STILL THAT INCORRUPTIBLE PURITY... THE GOODNESS...
ALL I NEED...IS YOU. YOUR STRENGTH. YOUR BEAUTY.
YOU SAVED ME BEFORE.
YOU CAN SAVE ME AGAIN. I NEED YOU, CASSANDRA.
CAT...
...DUCK.
PKOW
OH...

OH, CASSIE. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY.
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU TH--
CAT. STOP. DON'T THANK ME.
"WE DIDN'T WIN."
ARE YOU...?
YOUR WOUND.
DON'T.
"I'M FINE.
"DOC CARPENTER FIXED ME RIGHT UP."
THE END.

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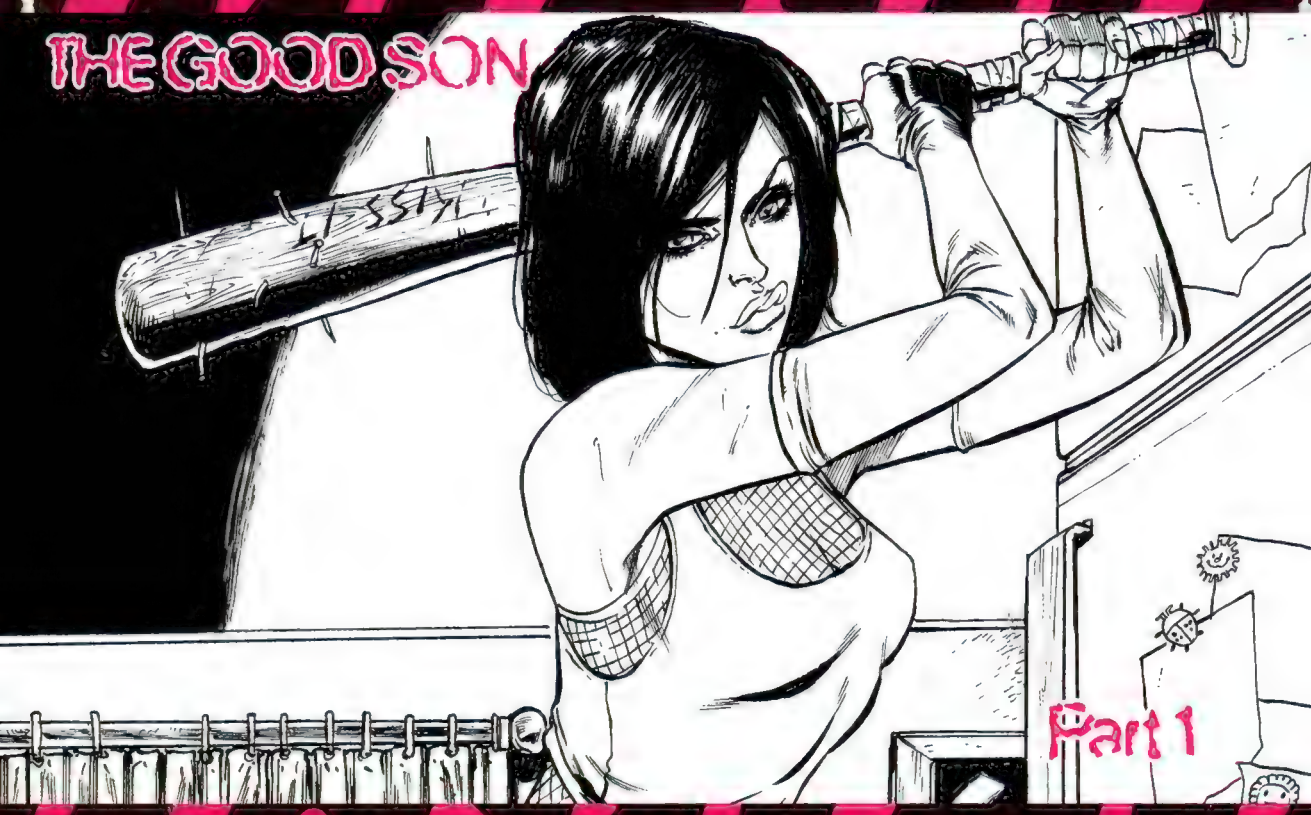
THE GOOD SON



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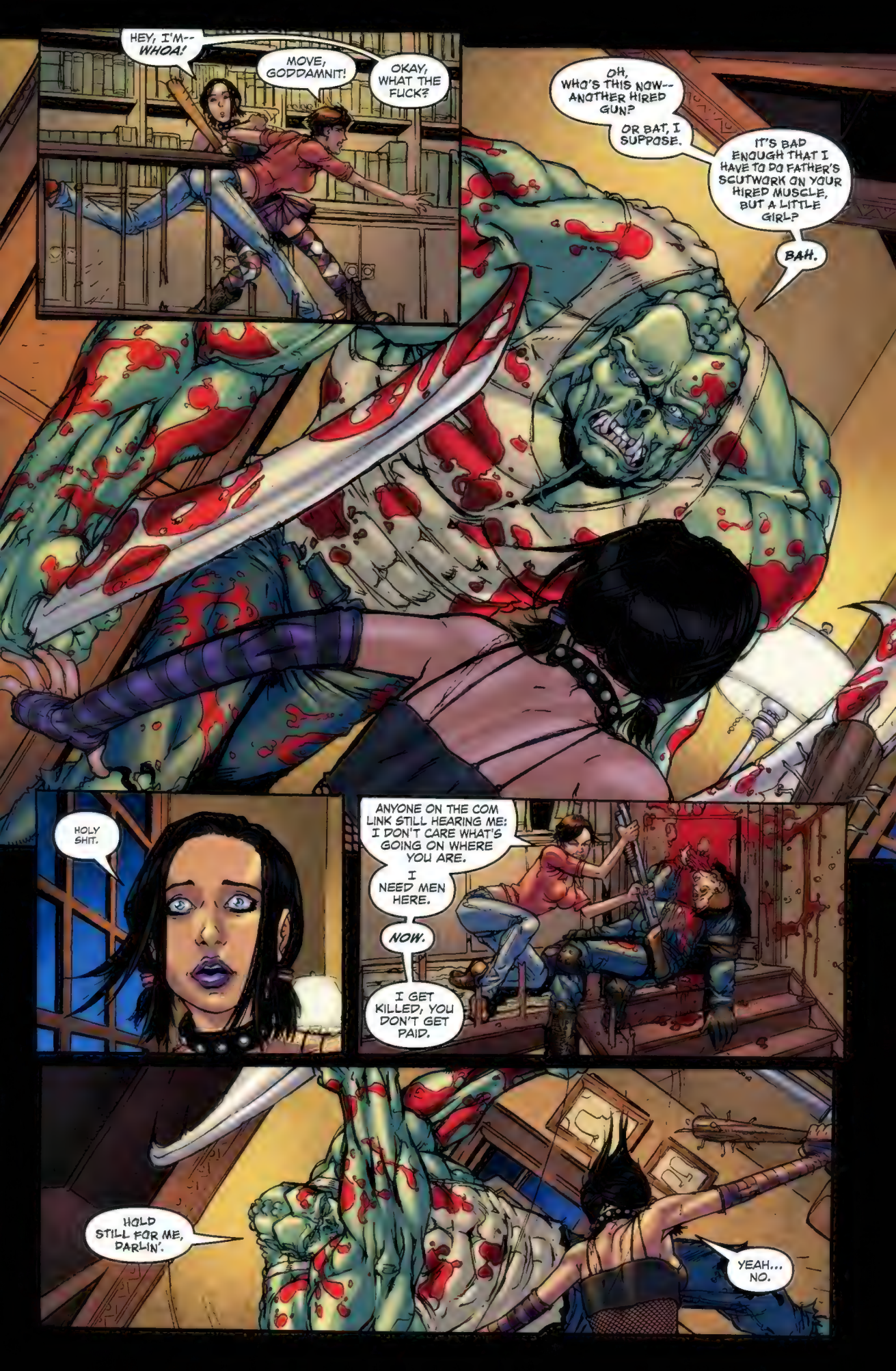
"THE BUTCHER WAS MY FAMILY."
"NO, YOUR REAL FAMILY, VLAD."
"THE BUTCHER WAS MY REAL FAMILY, CASSANDRA. LIKE YOU.
JESUS, JOHN.
STOP BEING SO J--
"THERE WERE WOMEN. SAID THEY WERE FAMILY...
SHIT!
AH, JOHNNY. SO RUDE.
"THE BEANE SISTERS, SHE CALLED THEM."
"SHE?"
"SHE WAS... A FRIEND."
"I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS BEFORE ME?"
"HRRRM..."

AH.
SHE'S NOT GOING TO STOP. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
EVEN IF YOU KILL ALL OF US. THE TRUTH WILL GET OUT.
"THEY WERE...
OH, THERE'S NO IF ABOUT IT, JOHNNY.
NO IF AT ALL.
"...NOT GOOD PEOPLE."
WE ARE GOING TO KILL YOU ALL.
URGH.
AND THAT BITCH WILL LEARN...
...TO NEVER FUCK WITH THE FAMILY.
"I'D SAY THAT'S PRETTY MUCH...

...THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT DUDE--THAT'S, LIKE, A BEANE TRADEMARK.
NOBODY KNOWS HOW THEY DO IT.
ACCORDING TO THIS BLOG--
IT'S...YOU KNOW WHAT? NEVER MIND.
THIS IS THE FIRST THING THAT CAME UP WHEN I GOOGLED "BEANE" AND "CHICAGO."
WHAT IS A BLOG?
WHAT IS GOOGLED?
ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?
WHAT IS FUNNY?
HILARIOUS. ANYWAY, THIS BLOG SAYS THAT THE BEANES HAVE BEEN AT THE TOP OF THE CHICAGO UNDERWORLD FOR FORTY YEARS.
SERIOUSLY. WHO SAYS "UNDERWORLD" ANYMORE?
NOBODY KNOWS A DAMN THING ABOUT THEM, EXCEPT THAT THEY'RE BRUTAL.
THIS WAS THE FATHER OF THE CHICK WHO RUNS THE SITE...
...OR SO SHE SAYS. I THINK THAT'S ONE OF THE MOSIAC MAN'S VICTIMS, ISN'T IT, VLAD?
HRRRRRM. WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE WOMAN?
AH, LET ME SEE. ABOUT... OKAY.
SAYS HER NAME'S MARIANTHI AGYROS.
MARI?!

SO, THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, THEN?
THAT IS MARI. MARI!
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE EXCITED. AND I'M NOT AT ALL ANNOYED THAT YOU NEVER ACTUALLY FELT LIKE MENTIONING HER.
MARI... NEEDED HELP. FOR BEANES.
AFTER I HELPED HER, SHE...WAS NOT MY FRIEND ANYMORE.
TYPICAL.
WELL, "FRIEND" OR NOT, THIS AGYROS CHICK IS OUR BEST BET FOR FINDING OUT MORE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY.
WE DO NOT KNOW IF BEANES ARE MY FAMILY.
NO, WE DON'T. BUT THEY'RE THE ONLY LINK WE HAVE TO WHOEVER THAT MIGHT BE.
SO UNLESS YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA OF WHERE TO START, I GUESS I'M GOING TO GO TALK TO YOUR FRIEND.
IF SHE'S NOT ALREADY DEAD.
HER ADDRESS IS RIGHT THERE ON THE BLOG.
IF THE BEANES ARE AS BAD AS SHE SAYS, SHE IS EITHER THE DUMBEST GIRL IN CHICAGO OR SHE JUST WANTS TO GET KILLED.
OR BOTH.
I WILL COME WITH YOU.
YOU WILL STAY IN THAT BED.
THE RIDE HERE ALMOST KILLED YOU.
THE SERUM FROM STRANGE DOCTOR WITH THE FUNNY EYE--
WILL MAKE YOU HEALTHY FOR A DAY.
BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE TO FIND THE BEANES AND FROM THERE, YOUR FAMILY, IF THAT'S NOT THEM.
VLAD, I'LL BE FINE. I'M JUST GOING TO TALK TO HER.
WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?
KISS

THE HOME OF MARIANTHI AGYROS.
SUBTLE.
AAAAAAAIIEEE!!
TERRIFIC.
"WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?" SHE SAID.
OKAY, I AM CLEARLY LATE TO THE PARTY HERE.
AAAAAAAAAA!!
I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME.


HEY, I'M-- WHOA!
MOVE, GODDAMNIT!
OKAY, WHAT THE FUCK?
OH, WHO'S THIS NOW-- ANOTHER HIRED GUN?
OR BAT, I SUPPOSE.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT I HAVE TO DO FATHER'S SCUTWORK ON YOUR HIRED MUSCLE, BUT A LITTLE GIRL?
BAH.
HOLY SHIT.
ANYONE ON THE COM LINK STILL HEARING ME: I DON'T CARE WHAT'S GOING ON WHERE YOU ARE.
I NEED MEN HERE.
NOW.
I GET KILLED, YOU DON'T GET PAID.
HOLD STILL FOR ME, DARLIN'.
YEAH... NO.

OOOOFFFF
MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU.
MAYBE YOU ARE GOING TO BE FUN.
SHITFUCK.
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU STUPID BITCH.
YOU'RE FUCKING UP THE PLAN.
SPOILED, UNGRATEFUL...
URRRM. BETTER.
FUCK!
ARRRGH!
BOOM
I SAID TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.

AH, WHY'D YOU HAVE TO RUIN THE FUN THERE, MARI?
YOUR BOYS HERE HAVEN'T SHOWN ANY SPIRIT.
THIS ONE LOOKED TO BE MORE OF A CHALLENGE.
OH, JUST SHUT UP.
BOOM
NON-LETHAL ROUNDS? FOR ME?
I'M TOUCHED.
BUT I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE APPRECIATE WHAT I AM.
FUCK.
FUCK.
FUCK.
FUCK.
KACHUNK
LOVE TO.
MAYBE AFTER?
WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEBODY A THIRD OF YOUR OWN SIZE?

HURK!
FEEL FREE TO PASS OUT ANY TIME NOW.
I WANT HIM ALIVE IF YOU CAN.
WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?
FUCK THE GIRL.
STOP THE FUCKING MONSTER!
BOOM
YOU BITCH!
GURRRK
RRRAAAHAHAH!
SHIT.
AH, YOU BASTARDS. YOU THINK THAT'S ENOUGH?
FOR COLIN BEANE?
AN INSULT-- THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
I SAID--
YEAH, TO HELL WITH TAKING HIM ALIVE.
AND I QUIT.

OKAY, SO WE DON'T END THIS TODAY.
STOP SHOOTING. YOU'RE ALL FIRED.
HEH. YOU KNOW, THAT WAS ALMOST FUN.
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, MARI!
WHY AREN'T YOU CHASING THEM?
WHAT PART OF "WE QUIT" ARE YOU NOT CLEAR ON?
OR YOU FIRING US?
MORECI SECURITIES WILL SEND YOU OUR FINAL BILL.
YOU CANNOT BEGIN TO PAY ME ENOUGH TO FIGHT GIANT MONSTERS AND CRAZY VAMPIRES, NO MATTER HOW HOT.
PAY?
TO FIGHT MONSTERS?
DAMN IT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?
I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR FREE.

WHO ARE YOU?
I'M CASSIE HACK.
I KILL MONSTERS.
YOU KNOW MY FRIEND-- VLAD.
VLAD?
YOU MEAN, VLAD VLAD?
TALL GUY, GAS MASK, TALKS FUNNY?
YEAH, VLAD VLAD. HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.
AND I'M THINKING THAT YOU COULD USE OURS, TOO.
I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP.
YEAH...
...YOU'VE CLEARLY GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL HERE.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY THE TINY ONE IS ORANGE.
AND WHAT KIND OF NAME IS SNOOKI?
WE CAME BACK BECAUSE...
...WE NEED TO FIND HIS FAMILY.
YOU THINK THE BEANES ARE HIS FAMILY?
MS. MARI!
WHAT IS THIS? HE'S A FUCKING CRIPPLE.
I DON'T NEED A CRIPPLE.
I NEED VLAD THE MEATMAN, VLAD THE MONSTER WHO TOOK APART THE BEANE SISTERS LIKE THEY WERE MADE OF WET CARDBOARD...
:OOOOFFF:
...NOT THIS.
IF YOU CAN STOP, FOR ONE SINGLE MINUTE, BEING A COMPLETE BITCH TO THE GUY WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE, I WILL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON.
FIRST, THOUGH, HOW ABOUT YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP AND HELP?
I AM SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU, MARI.
YEAH.
I LIKE YOUR HAIR. LIKE A BOY!
UH, THANKS.
I--I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I SAID. AND THAT YOU'RE SICK.
I DIDN'T MEAN...

SO, YEAH, VLAD IS SICK.
WE NEED TO FIND HIS FAMILY TO--
THE BUTCHER IS FAMILY.
--HIS BIOLOGICAL FAMILY TO GET HIM BETTER.
YOU'RE SURE THE BEANES ARE HIS FAMILY?
WE WEREN'T SURE BEFORE. VLAD DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS PARENTS.
BUT I'M SURE NOW.
YOU DIDN'T NOTICE A SLIGHT FAMILY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN VLAD AND THE BIG GUY BACK THERE, WHEN YOU WERE SHOOTING AT ME?
SHOOTING AT HER?
I WASN'T SHOOTING AT HER! I WAS SHOOTING AT HIM.
BESIDES, THEY WEREN'T LETHAL ROUNDS.
THEY STILL FUCKING HURT.
I DO NOT LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE SHOOT CASSANDRA.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO.
THAT WHOLE THING JUST WENT SOUTH AS SOON AS COLIN SHOWED UP.
WHO'S THAT--THE BIG GUY?
YES.
COLIN BEANE.
BRONSON BEANE'S SON AND HEIR APPARENT.
BUT I WAS EXPECTING SHANDY. HER, WE COULD HAVE HANDLED.
BRONSON DOESN'T SEND COLIN OUT VERY OFTEN.
I GUESS I SHOULD BE FLATTERED.
APPARENTLY, I'M AN ACTUAL THREAT NOW.
AH, SO YOU WERE SETTING A TRAP.
YEAH. I LAUNCHED THE BLOG TO EXPOSE THE BEANES AFTER THEY KILLED MY DAD AND TOOK OVER HIS TERRITORY.
THE BEANES STARTED KILLING ANYONE WHO WORKED FOR ME, SO I STARTED FIGHTING BACK MORE DIRECTLY.
WE'VE BEEN STALEMATED FOR MONTHS.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE BEANES ARE, AND I'M RUNNING OUT OF MONEY.
I WAS GETTING USED TO THE IDEA OF YOU AND VLAD HELPING ME OUT.
I'VE HEARD ABOUT A SHIPMENT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HIJACKING.
BUT WITH VLAD LIKE THIS...
DON'T WORRY.
VLAD IS GOING TO BE KICKING ASS AND TAKING NAMES IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
THIS STUFF WILL HAVE HIM AT FULL STRENGTH FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OR SO. PLENTY OF TIME TO DO WHAT WE NEED TO DO.

IF YOU IDIOTS DON'T GET THIS UNLOADED SOON, I AM GOING TO GET BORED.
AND I DON'T BELIEVE THAT WE EVER DID FIND ALL OF BOB'S BITS AFTER THE LAST TIME I GOT BORED.
HEY, DID ANY OF YOU HEAR...
...SOMETHING--?
STEVE?
YOU OKA--?
=URGG=
THUNK
NOPE.

AH, THE GIRL.
MY BROTHER WAS QUITE TAKEN WITH YOU.
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING A NICE LONG TALK WITH HIM.
PREFERABLY WITH PLIERS.
SO...
...YOU'D BE THE PRODIGAL, THEN?
YOU ARE COMING WITH US.
I WAS HOPING YOU'D COME WITH US.
WE'RE FAMILY, VLAD, AND FAMILY BELONGS TOGETHER.
YOU ARE NOT MY FAMILY.
SURELY YOU WOULDN'T HIT YOUR AUNTIE?
AND A GIRL, AT THAT.
NO...
THUNK
...BUT SHE WOULD.

SOON.
SHE'S FAKING.
I COULD SHOOT HER.
I WONDER IF MY CAR INSURANCE COVERS BULLET HOLES?
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
I THINK I'M STILL GOING TO SHOOT HER.
PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT HER.
OH, FINE.
SEE?
HE DOES LOVE HIS DEAR AUNTIE.
OH, JUST FUCK OFF.
HAH. I CAN'T BELIEVE I WAS TAKEN DOWN BY THE LIKES OF YOU.
COLIN WILL NEVER LET ME LIVE IT DOWN.
IS BEING CHAINED UP IN THE BACK OF HER VAN NOT PROOF ENOUGH FOR YOU THAT WE CAN HANDLE YOUR TYPE ANY DAY OF THE WEEK?

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'VE WON.
NOT YET. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU SOMEPLACE FAR FROM PRYING EYES AND LISTENING EARS, SO WE CAN FIND OUT EXACTLY WHERE YOU CALL HOME, SHANDY.
POOR LITTLE MARI. YOU'RE GOING TO END UP IN CHUNKS JUST LIKE YOUR PAPA.
MY FATHER IS GOING TO EAT YOU ALIVE.
YOU LITTLE CU--
NO, DON'T DO IT.
LET ME.
HAH HAHA HA HAHAHAH!
YOU REALLY DON'T GET HOW DEEP IN THE TOILET YOU ARE, DO YOU?
DON'T YOU THINK IT WAS ODD MY BOYS DIDN'T HAVE ANY GUNS?
NO.
DAMNIT. NO!
FUCK!
WHAT?
A BUG. THERE HAS TO BE-- SHIT, THERE IT IS.
THEY'RE TRACKING HER, IT'S A...

"...TRAP!!"
CRNNNNCH
CRUNK
DAMN IT.
=UGH= EVERYONE STILL IN ONE PIECE?
WE MEET AGAIN.
I MISSED YOU.
I HAVE THAT EFFECT ON ALL THE HORRIBLE PSYCHOPATHS.
=URFFF=

CASSANDRA?
MARI?
I DO LOVE A DATE THAT PLAYS ALONG.
THE DREGS OF THIS CITY RARELY PUT UP ANY SORT OF DECENT FIGHT.
BARELY WORTH MY TIME.
CASSANDRA, HOLD ON!
OF COURSE, IT'D BE EASIER ON YOU IF YOU WOULDN'T STRUGGLE, BUT I DON'T FIGURE YOU FOR THE TYPE, THANK CHRIST.
DOES ANYONE IN YOUR FAMILY EVER STOP TALKING?
RRRRRRR.

RRRRGGHH!
NOW, DON'T GO INTERRUPTING MY BROTHER.
HE GETS SO GRUMPY WHEN HIS PLAY TIME IS SPOILED.
VLAD, YOU OKAY?
PAY ATTENTION.
I DON'T WANT THIS TO END PREMATURELY.
KILL... YOU.
NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
CARE TO TRY AGAIN?
FUCK YEAH.

FUCKING FUCKER!
THERE WE GO.
NIGHTY-NIGHT, DEAR NEPHEW.
NON-LETHAL, BUT NOT, ALAS, NON-PAINFUL.
BLAM
NO!
THWOK
:OOOOFFF:
LOOK, COLIN: A SOUVENIR.
SHE WAS MINE!
FATHER SAID TO BRING THEM ALL.
IF YOU SNACK NOW, YOU'LL HAVE NO APPETITE WHEN IT'S TIME FOR DINNER.
TUMP

THE BEANE ESTATE.
TAKE IT OFF.
VLAD, SAY HELLO...
...TO YOUR GRANDFATHER.
HELLO, LAD. MY NAME IS BRONSON BEANE AND I AM VERRA HAPPY TO MEET YE.
WE HA' MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.
WHERE IS CASSANDRA?
WHERE IS MARI?
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THA'.
YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE JOINING US SHORTLY...
"...FOR DINNER."
TO BE CONTINUED!

HACK/SLASH

BAD GRANDPA!

20
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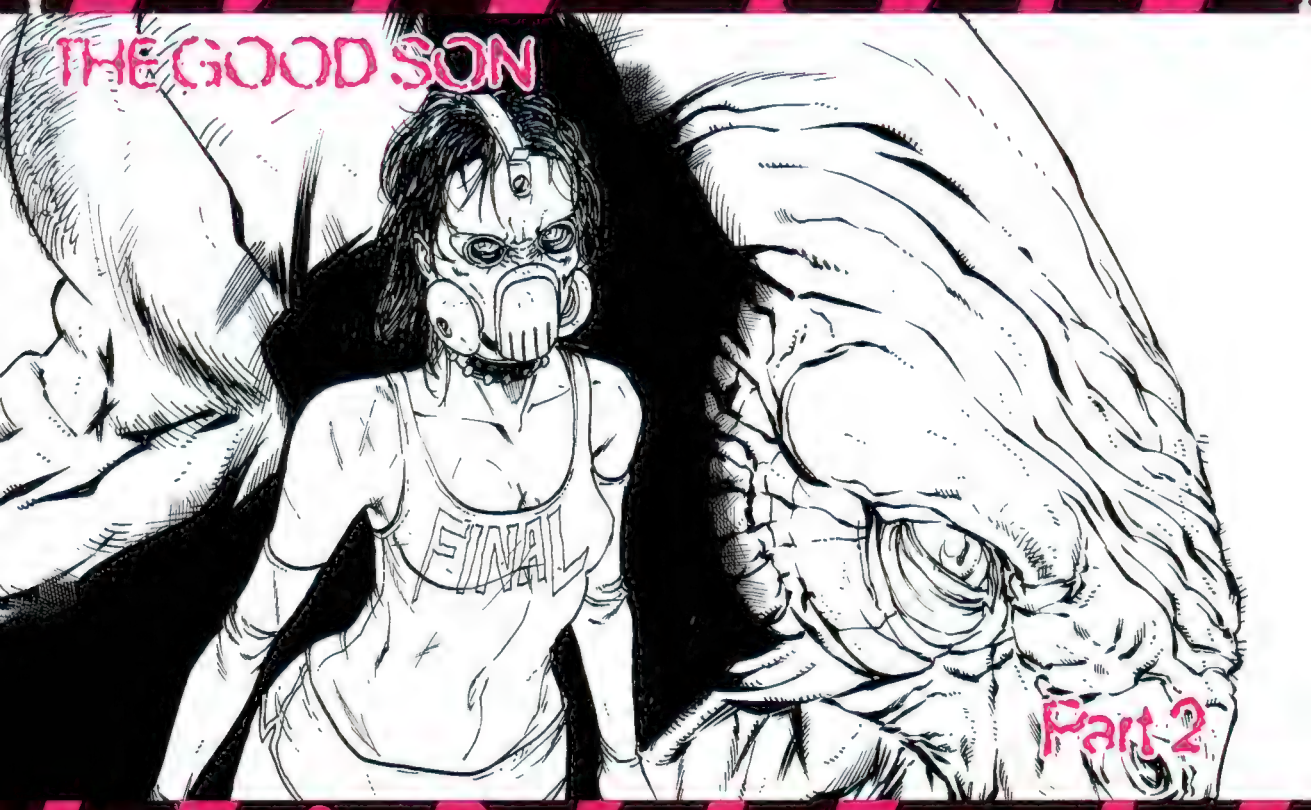

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YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
OH, I AM JUST A SIMPLE MAN, AND I DINNAE UNDERSTAND MUCH.
BUT THIS--?
THIS, I UNDERSTAND, MISS.
NO.
ARE YE DONE BEGGING THEN, MISS?
MISTER BEANE, YOU MISUNDERSTAND...
YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, MISTER BEANE.
NO.
...I WASN'T BEGGING YOU.

I WAS WARNING YOU.
I BELIEVE IN FAIR PLAY.
STAY BACK! I DINNAE CARE WHAT YE ARE.
YOU DON'T WANT TO RUN? TO BEG?
TO PLEAD FOR YOUR LIFE?
TO HELL WITH THA'!
YOU'RE NOT LIKE MOST MEN, ARE YOU, ALEXANDER?
PERHAPS I SHALL GRANT YOU A BOON, THEN.
*AT FIRST, OUR ANCESTOR THOUGHT THA' HIS NIGHT OF PLEASURE WAS HIS REWARD, AND FAIR ENOUGH.
*AND THEN HE THOUGHT THA' IF HE HADNAE IMBIBED QUITE SO MANY SPIRITS, HE WOULDNAE BE SEEING SPIRITS.

*BUT SHE, WHATE'ER SHE WAS, WAS REAL. AND HER BOON? SAWNEY SOON FOUND OUT WHAT THA' TRULY WAS.
*HER BOON WAS POWER. THE POWER TO TAKE. THE POWER TO KILL. SHE MADE HIM BETTER. SHE MADE HIM MORE THAN A MAN.
*OF COURSE, THA' POWER CAME WITH CERTAIN DIETARY REQUIREMENTS.
*THA' NE'ER BOTHERED SAWNEY.
*EVENTUALLY HE DECIDED IT'D BE SELFISH TO KEEP ALL THA' POWER TO HIMSELF, SO SAWNEY TOOK A WIFE.
*WHEN HE SAW HIS GOLDEN DAUGHTERS, HE KNEW THA' HE HAD TO KEEP THE BLOOD STRONG.
AND SO THE BEANES PASSED INTO MYTH AND LEGEND. BUT THE BLOOD DID REMAIN STRONG...

...AS YE CAN CLEARLY SEE FROM MY DEAREST DAUGHTER AND SON.
OR RATHER, HER SON.
BROTHER AND SISTER.
DEAR BROTHER DOESN'T LIKE IT WHEN YOU POINT OUT HE IS ALSO MY DEAR BOY.
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
I SUPPOSE NOT.
COLIN HERE IS SAWNEY COME AGAIN, SAYS FATHER.
I DO NOT CARE.
YOU CAN CONTINUE TO FUCK YOURSELVES.
I WILL NOT BE INVOLVED IN YOUR MADNESS.
ALSO, I AM GOING TO KILL YOU ALL.
AH, WELL, THA'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG.
YE ARE SICK, VLAD, BECAUSE YE HAVENAE BEEN EATING A PROPER DIET.
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF EATING ANYONE.
I AM NOT A MONSTER.
IF YOU DON'T EAT YOUR VITTLES, YOU WON'T GROW TO BE BIG AND STRONG LIKE COLIN.

SO EAT UP.
NO.
AH, I SEE THA' BUTCHER OF YOURS RAISED YE SOFT. JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER.
BUT YOU'VE DONE QUITE WELL, DESPITE THA'.
YOU'D BE A FINE ADDITION TO OUR BREEDING STOCK.
SO HAVE A BITE AND COME HOME TO YOUR FAMILY.
NO.
AH. THAT'S THE WRONG ANSWER.
I AM NOT GOING TO JOIN YOU.
YOU ARE NOT FAMILY.
CAN I KILL HIM NOW, THEN?
HAH. NOT JUST YET. I EXPECTED AS MUCH FROM THE LIKES OF HIM.
IT'S THE BAD BLOOD.
I--
GURKKK!

PtOoo
AH, LAD, YE SHOULDNAE WASTE YOUR FOOD.
WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.
SINCE YE WON'T JOIN US READILY, I'LL MAKE YE AN OFFER.
I AM NOT INTERESTED.
OH, I THINK YE ARE.
THE OFFER IS THIS: FIGHT COLIN HERE.
IF YE WIN, YE CAN LEAVE.
WHAT ABOUT CASSANDRA AND MARI?
AH, RIGHT. THA'.
SHANDY DEAR, GO START PREPARATIONS FOR THE MAIN COURSE.
I WANT TO WATCH.
YE ALWAYS DO. GO.
I SUGGEST, VLAD, THA' IF YE WANT THE GIRLS RELATIVELY INTACT, SAY YES.
OF COURSE, IF YOU'D RATHER ABSTAIN, COLIN CAN SLIT YOUR THROAT RIGHT HERE.
TRUTH BE TOLD, IT DOESNAE MATTER MUCH TO ME WHICH OPTION YE CHOOSE. YE AND THE LITTLE WHORES ARE DEAD EITHER WAY.
SO WHAT SAY YE?
YES.

OH, MAN. I REALLY NEED TO STOP DRINKING ON WEEKDAYS.
WELL, HELL.
MARI? YOU STILL WITH ME?
BECAUSE I COULD USE A HAND HERE IF YOU'RE NOT DEAD.
OKAY. DEAD CHICK. TIED UP. HALF-EATEN CORPSES. NO VLAD, NO WEAPONS.
ON THE UPSIDE, I'VE STILL GOT ALL MY PARTS. WHICH IS NICE.

UNNNN!
HOLY FUCKITYFUCK! YOU'RE ALIVE.
AHHHHHHH!
MARI, IT'S CASSIE! STOP SCREAMING. I'M ON YOUR SIDE.
ACTUALLY, SHE'S PROBABLY SCREAMING ABOUT ME.
I SAID FATHER WAS GOING TO EAT YOU ALIVE, MARIANTHA.
I DIDN'T SAY IT WOULD BE ALL AT ONCE. SO I'LL LET YOU CHOOSE.
WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU?
PERHAPS THE OTHER EYE, SO YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU.
HEY, BITCH!
HOW ABOUT YOU COME OVER HERE AND SEE IF YOU CAN CHEW WHAT YOU BITE OFF?
FAIR ENOUGH. YOU LOOK PRETTY DELICIOUS.
AND I CAN ALWAYS HAVE MARI FOR LEFTOVERS.
GET OFF ME!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN SORT OF MY TYPE.
MMMMM.

THAT'S-- YOU HAVE THE BLACK BLOOD.
IT'S SO...
...SWEET!
I AM NOT A DAMN--
--JUICEBOX!
I NEED IT!
LET GO OF ME.
SO, YOU WANT TO GO KILL THE REST OF THEM NOW?
...
YES.
LET ME!
LET...
ME...

LIKE THE BALLROOM?
WE HAVE SURPRISINGLY FEW BALLS THESE DAYS, SO IT'S GOOD TO BE GETTING SOME USE OUT OF THE ROOM.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE READY THEN?
HAH. DO YOU WANT ME TO WEAR A BLINDFOLD SO THAT THIS LASTS MORE THAN A MINUTE?
OVERCONFIDENCE DOESNAE BECOME YE, BOY.
MERELY STATING A FACT, FATHER.
HRRRM.
I'LL OFFER ONCE MORE, AND ONLY ONCE: STAY WITH US. YE CANNAE BEAT COLIN, BUT YE HAVE POTENTIAL. SHAME TO WASTE THA'.
THE BUTCHER WAS FAMILY. CASSANDRA IS FAMILY.
YOU? YOU ARE JUST ANOTHER MONSTER.
I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MONSTERS.
BLAH BLAH BLAH. YES, WE GET IT. MONSTERS, EVIL, ETCETERA. CAN WE PLEASE GET THIS GOING?
I'VE WAITED FAR TOO LONG FOR MY NEXT DATE WITH THE GIRL.
AYE, I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO.
SHAME SHANDY ISNAE BACK YET.
SHE DOES ENJOY THIS SORT OF THING.
BEFORE YE GO, LAD, I FEEL I'D BE DOING YE A DISFAVOR IF I DIDNAE TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER.

YOU...
HAH, NO.
YOUR MOTHER--WELL, SHE HAD A SOFT HEART.
I KEPT HER AWAY FROM THE REAL BUSINESS OF THE FAMILY.
SHE WAS MORE COMFORTABLE BEHIND A CALCULATOR THAN A KNIFE.
*YOUR DA' WORKED FOR ME. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO HIRE HIS KIND, BUT HE HAD A GOOD REPUTATION. HE ALSO HAD AN EYE FOR PRETTY YOUNG BLONDES.
AFTER SHE FOUND OUT THEY WERE HAVING YE, THEY TRIED TO LEAVE THE FAMILY. COULDNAE HAVE THA'. HE DIED BEGGING, YE KNOW...
...AND THEY THREW YE AWAY AS SOON AS THEY GOT A LOOK AT YE.
I GUESS EVEN FOOLS AND COWARDS CAN SEE THE TRUTH.
NO!
NO.
HAHAHAHA.

AH, TEMPER.
WELL?
BETTER.
NOT GOOD, MIND, BUT BETTER.
DIE!

:OOOOF:
THIS IS THE END OF YOU.
IS IT NOW?
WELL, LET'S SEE.
YOU'RE GOOD WITH THESE BLADES, YEAH?
AND YOU'RE STRONG TOO.
:HRRRG:
NO, YOU ARE. GIVE YOURSELF SOME CREDIT.
THE BEANE SEED IS POWERFUL, EVEN IN A HALF-BREED LIKE YOU.
ALAS...
...NOT STRONG ENOUGH.

ONCE AGAIN, NEVER LEARNING TO TIE A PROPER SHOELACE KNOT PROVES TO BE A WINNING STRATEGY.
SUCK IT, MOM.
MARI, YOU STILL FIRED UP? BECAUSE I COULD REALLY USE KILLS-WITH-HER-TEETH MARI, NOT VEGETABLE MARI.
SHE TOOK MY EYE.
YOU TOOK HER JUGULAR. SEEMS LIKE A FAIR TRADE.
NOW...
...THE TRICKY PART.
I TOTALLY NEED TO THANK LISA FOR THOSE PILATES DVDS.
DOES IT HURT?
...
RIGHT, SORRY.
SWEET, I GOT WHAT I NEED.
LET'S GO.

I GUESS THE BEANES DON'T LIKE SERVANTS IN THE HOUSE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?
NO.
TERRIFIC.
OH, SWEET.
COME TO MAMA.
THESE ARE MINE.
MARI, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE DO--
THESE ARE MINE.
OOOOOKAY.
AND I WANT MORE THAN ONE JUGULAR IN RETURN.

ENOUGH!
NICELY DONE.
BUT COMING AT ME WHILE MY BACK IS TURNED?
HARDLY SPORTING.
CRUNCH
RMMMMM.
RRRRRRRRR.
FUCK! THAT STINGS, YOU KNOW.
SLITCH

TIME TO GET SERIOUS.
YES. IT IS TIME TO END THIS.
FUNNY...
...THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY.
STOP GIGANTOR McUGGO, OLD MAN, OR GET A SECOND SMILE.
ERMMM.
THERE WE GO.
FUCKNUTS. I SAID--
YES...

...I HEARD YOU.
SONOFABITCH!
NNNRRAAAWRR!
HEH. ATTACKING THE WEAK OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR, EH?
CASSANDRA!
I DINNAE CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE CHICAGO UNDERWORLD ON MY LOOKS AND PLEASANT DISPOSITION ALONE, GIRL.
SHURK!
BASTARD!

YES. I AM A BASTARD.
AND IF THIS IS FAMILY, THEN I AM HAPPY TO BE A BASTARD.
I AM GOING TO KICK YOUR ASS SO HARD YOU'LL NEED TWO DAMN WHEELCHAIRS.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY.
FUCKING LOSER.
THE BUTCHER TAUGHT ME MANY THINGS.
HOW TO BE A MAN. HOW TO BE GOOD.
AND OF COURSE...
SLUCH
...HOW TO CUT.
NO!

THE BUTCHER SHOWED ME TO USE THE BLADES.
HE TAUGHT ME TO USE THEM TO MOVE MY BODY.
PLEASE...
NO. I FORBID THIS. YOU CANNAE KILL HIM.
YOU WILLNAE.
SHLURK
TO EASE THE PAIN.
NO!
I...I WILL...
THUMP
HOW ABOUT A BIG OL' CAN OF...
...SHUT THE FUCK UP!
KRAK
STUPID CANNIBALS WITH THEIR STUPID HUNGER, TRYING TO EAT ME.
I SWEAR I WILL POUND YOU UNTIL YOU NEED A--
THWOK THWOK THWOK
CASSANDRA.

DO NOT KILL HIM.
THE FUCKER WAS GOING TO EAT ME.
WE NEED HIM.
RIGHT. SHIT. FINE.
AND I DO NOT NEED TO KILL HIM.
I GET THAT. BUT I WANT TO KILL HIM.
KILL... KILL YOU.
REALLY WANT TO KILL HIM.
A MAN...A GREAT MAN... ONCE SAID WE DO NOT ALWAYS GET WHAT WE WANT.
MICK JAGGER?
BUTCHER.
YOU WANT TO KILL HIM, BUT YOU DON'T NEED IT.
WE CAN'T LET HIM LIVE.
HE'S STILL GOT FUCK-TONS OF MONEY AND, YOU KNOW, A CRIMINAL EMPIRE.
I DID NOT SAY THAT HE WOULD LIVE.
I NOW HAVE THE BLOOD FROM HIM WE CAME TO GET.
MARI?
FEEL FREE TO SCREAM, OLD MAN.
HAVE FUN.

ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALRIGHT?
THE DOCTOR WITH THE FUNNY EYE SAID I SHOULD NOT HAVE ANY MORE DIFFICULTIES.
AND YOU DON'T FEEL THE URGE TO CONSUME ME OR ANYTHING?
NO.
YOU WOULD BE TOO STRINGY, I THINK.
I SEE THE SERUM CAME WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR.
THIS IS HIM?
YEAH, ONCE WE FOUND OUT HOW HE DIED AND WHEN, IT WAS PRETTY EASY FOR CHRIS TO TRACK HIM DOWN.
HELLO, FATHER.
DO YOU NEED TO BE ALONE OR ANYTHING?
I AM FINE, CASSANDRA.
IT IS GOOD TO KNOW WHERE YOU COME FROM.
ROBERT LUCAS
BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I THINK, TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
I AM NOT A BEANE. I AM NOT A MONSTER.
THEY ARE WHERE I COME FROM.
BUT THIS MAN, MY MOTHER, BUTCHER.
THEY ARE WHO I AM.
THAT'S IT?
YES.
WELL... OKAY.
GOOD.
YOU'RE IMAGINING ME AS A GIANT STEAK AREN'T YOU?
NO.
WELL, THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW.
GIANT HOT DOG.
THE END.

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THE CASE OF THE KILLER AND THE QUESTING KING

WRITTEN BY JAMES LOWDER ART BY MATT MERHOFF

COLORS BY CARLOS BADILLA LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY TIM SEELEY

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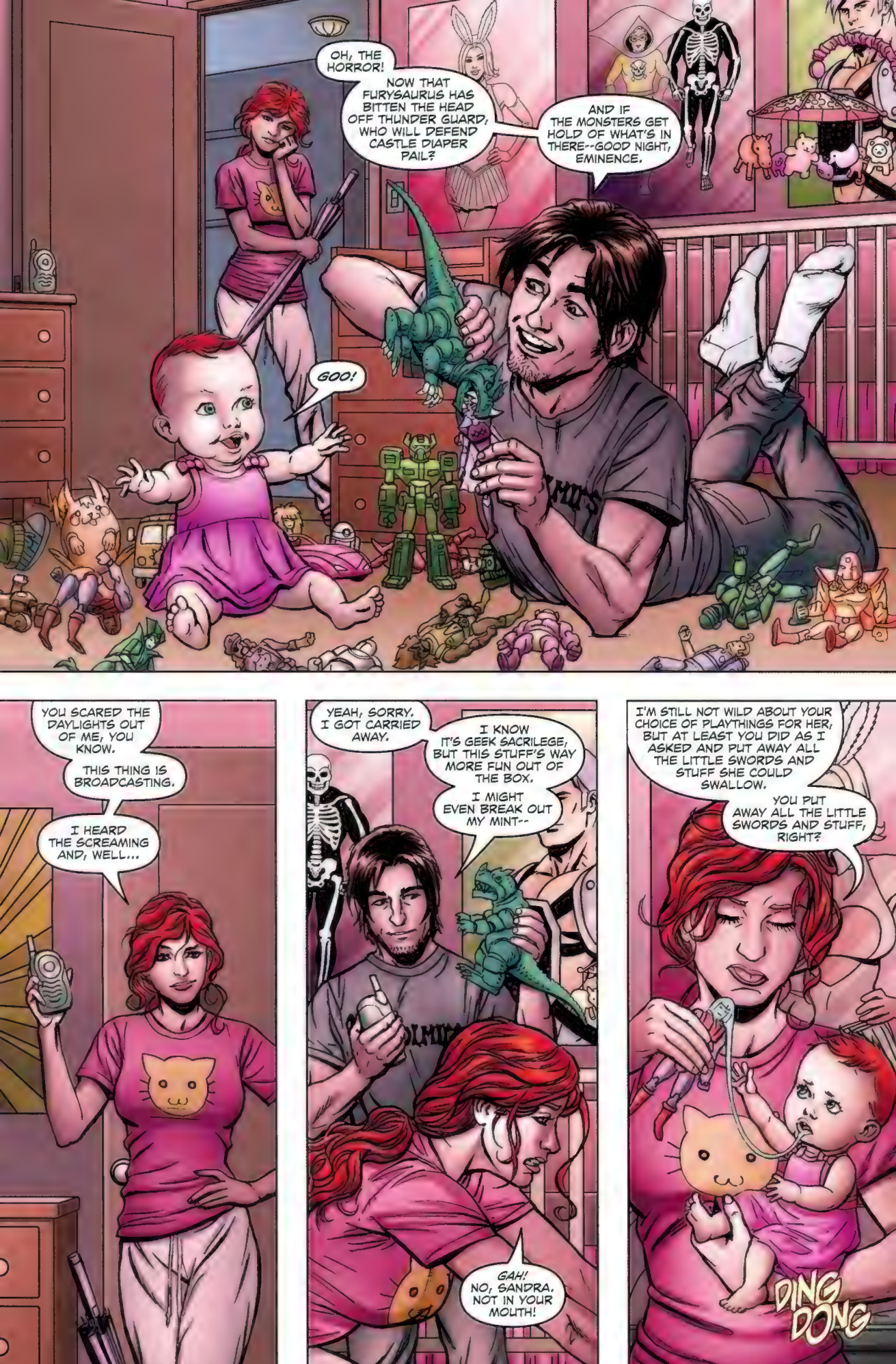
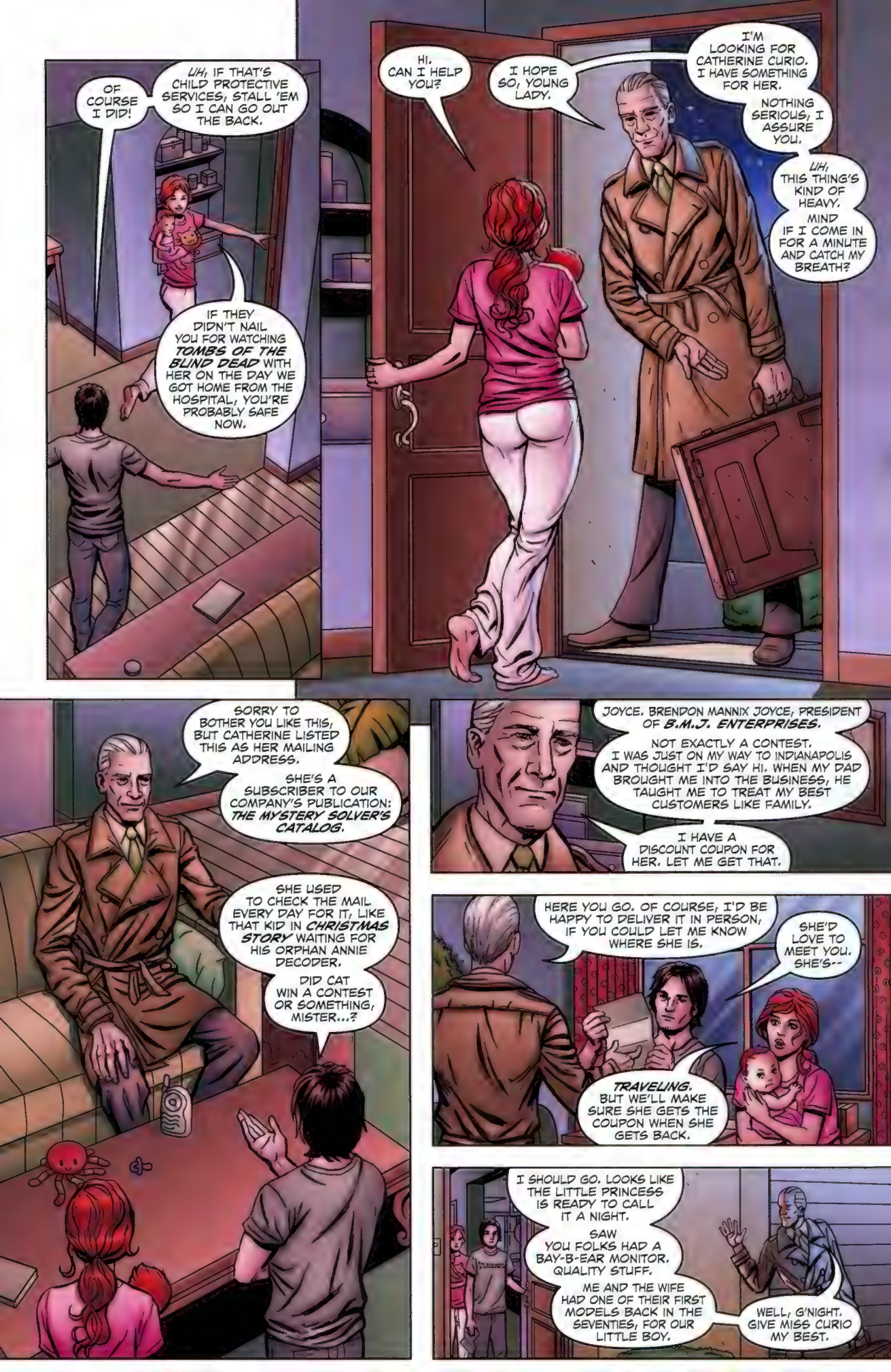
EMINENCE, INDIANA.
BZZZT
RRAAAAHHH!!
AAAAHH! THE THING'S GOT HER!
I'M COMING, CHRIS!
I'M HERE! WHAT IS--?
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

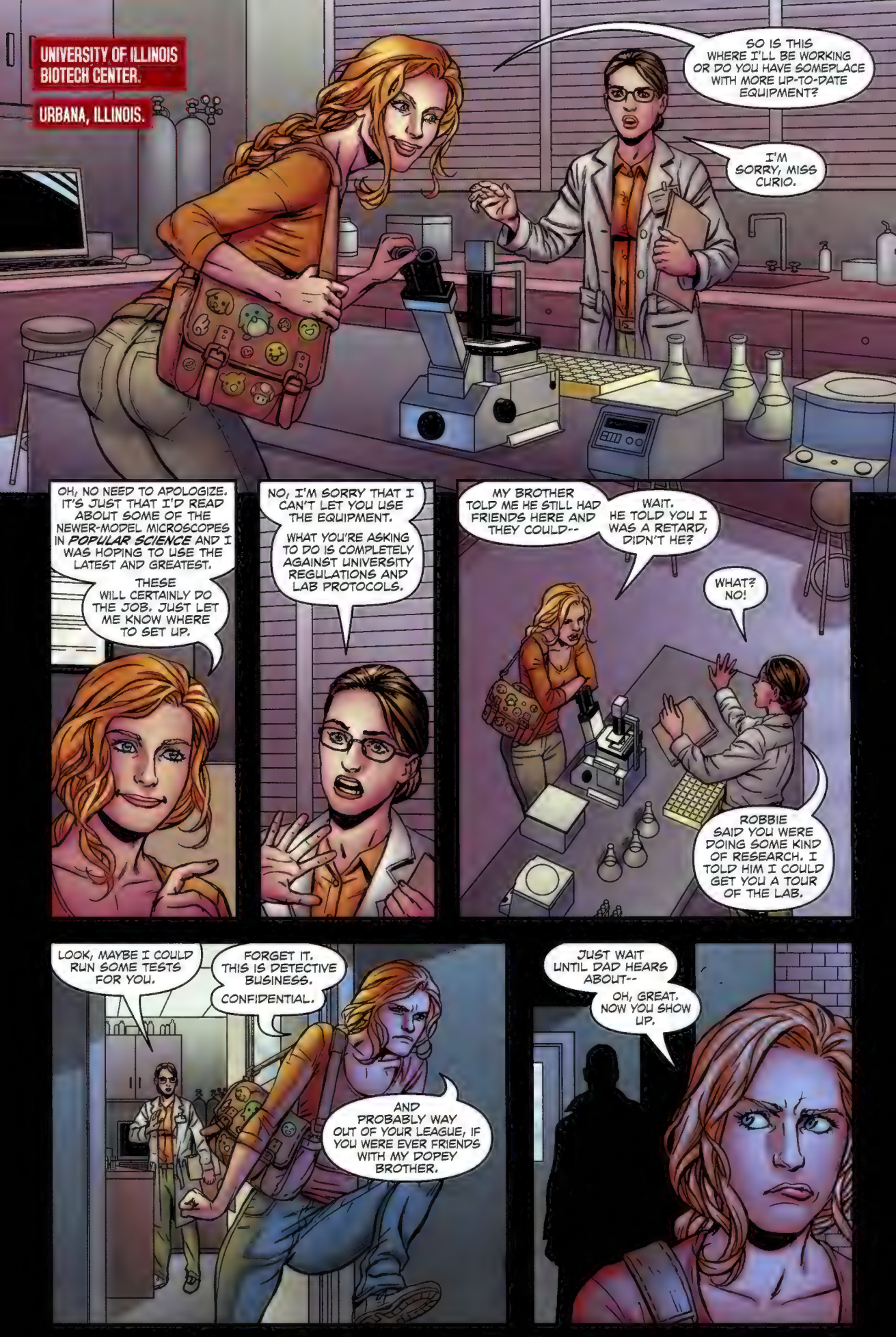

OH, THE HORROR!
NOW THAT FURYSAURUS HAS BITTEN THE HEAD OFF THUNDER GUARD, WHO WILL DEFEND CASTLE DIAPER PAIL?
AND IF THE MONSTERS GET HOLD OF WHAT'S IN THERE--GOOD NIGHT, EMINENCE.
GOO!
YOU SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME, YOU KNOW.
THIS THING IS BROADCASTING.
I HEARD THE SCREAMING AND, WELL...
YEAH, SORRY. I GOT CARRIED AWAY.
I KNOW IT'S GEEK SACRILEGE, BUT THIS STUFF'S WAY MORE FUN OUT OF THE BOX.
I MIGHT EVEN BREAK OUT MY MINT--
GAH! NO, SANDRA. NOT IN YOUR MOUTH!
I'M STILL NOT WILD ABOUT YOUR CHOICE OF PLAYTHINGS FOR HER, BUT AT LEAST YOU DID AS I ASKED AND PUT AWAY ALL THE LITTLE SWORDS AND STUFF SHE COULD SWALLOW.
YOU PUT AWAY ALL THE LITTLE SWORDS AND STUFF, RIGHT?
DING DONG

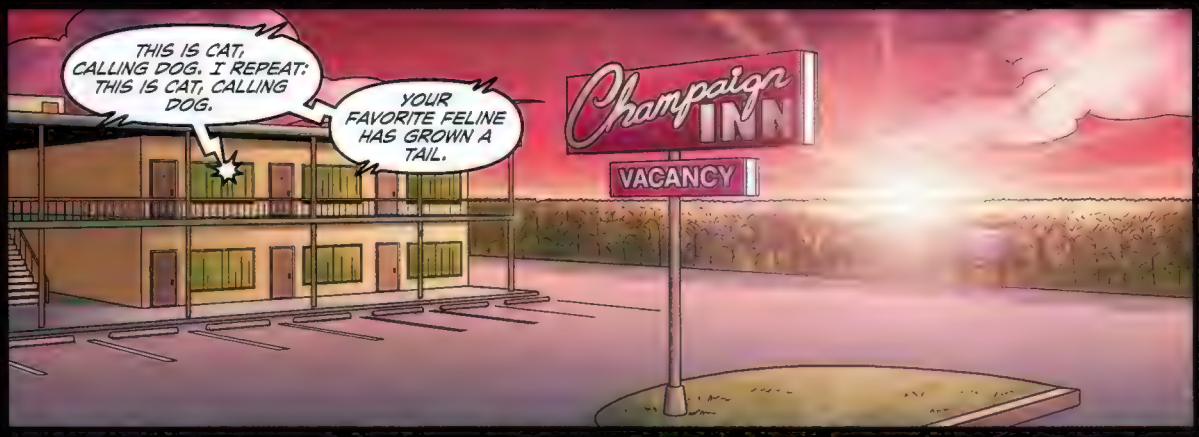

OF COURSE I DID!
UH, IF THAT'S CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES, STALL 'EM SO I CAN GO OUT THE BACK.
IF THEY DIDN'T NAIL YOU FOR WATCHING TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD WITH HER ON THE DAY WE GOT HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL, YOU'RE PROBABLY SAFE NOW.
HI. CAN I HELP YOU?
I HOPE SO, YOUNG LADY.
I'M LOOKING FOR CATHERINE CURIO. I HAVE SOMETHING FOR HER.
NOTHING SERIOUS, I ASSURE YOU.
UH, THIS THING'S KIND OF HEAVY.
MIND IF I COME IN FOR A MINUTE AND CATCH MY BREATH?
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS, BUT CATHERINE LISTED THIS AS HER MAILING ADDRESS.
SHE'S A SUBSCRIBER TO OUR COMPANY'S PUBLICATION: THE MYSTERY SOLVER'S CATALOG.
SHE USED TO CHECK THE MAIL EVERY DAY FOR IT, LIKE THAT KID IN CHRISTMAS STORY WAITING FOR HIS ORPHAN ANNIE DECODER.
DID CAT WIN A CONTEST OR SOMETHING, MISTER...?
JOYCE. BRENDON MANNIX JOYCE, PRESIDENT OF B.M.J. ENTERPRISES.
NOT EXACTLY A CONTEST. I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO INDIANAPOLIS AND THOUGHT I'D SAY HI. WHEN MY DAD BROUGHT ME INTO THE BUSINESS, HE TAUGHT ME TO TREAT MY BEST CUSTOMERS LIKE FAMILY.
I HAVE A DISCOUNT COUPON FOR HER. LET ME GET THAT.
HERE YOU GO. OF COURSE, I'D BE HAPPY TO DELIVER IT IN PERSON, IF YOU COULD LET ME KNOW WHERE SHE IS.
SHE'D LOVE TO MEET YOU. SHE'S--
TRAVELING. BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE SHE GETS THE COUPON WHEN SHE GETS BACK.
I SHOULD GO. LOOKS LIKE THE LITTLE PRINCESS IS READY TO CALL IT A NIGHT.
SAW YOU FOLKS HAD A BAY-B-EAR MONITOR. QUALITY STUFF.
ME AND THE WIFE HAD ONE OF THEIR FIRST MODELS BACK IN THE SEVENTIES, FOR OUR LITTLE BOY.
WELL, G'NIGHT. GIVE MISS CURIO MY BEST.

OUT ALREADY.
SHE REALLY WAS TIRED.
HEY, IT WAS NICE OF THE CATALOG GUY TO STOP BY LIKE THAT.
VLADIMIR'S
NICE? MORE LIKE WEIRD.
NOT UNDEAD-ANIMALS-ATTACKING-US WEIRD, BUT YOU THINK HE WOULD HAVE CALLED FIRST, INSTEAD OF DRIVING ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.
WE'D BETTER WARN CAT, JUST TO BE SAFE.
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND PARANOID...
...BUT MISTER JOYCE SEEMS LIKE HE'S UP TO SOMETHING.
THE B.M.J. BLACK CATALOG SIGNAL INTERCEPTOR IS OVERKILL FOR THIS PART OF THE MISSION.
THOSE BAY-B-EAR MONITORS ARE AWFUL. NO SCRAMBLING, POOR SHIELDING. AND THEY'VE GOT THEM CRANKED UP SO HIGH I COULD PROBABLY LISTEN IN ON A CAR RADIO ACROSS THE STREET AND HEAR WHAT THEY SAY IN ANY ROOM.
BUT THE INTERCEPTOR ALSO WORKS WITH CELL PHONES, AND THAT WILL BE THEIR NEXT MOVE.
I'D BETTER CALL HER RIGHT NOW.
TARGET'S PHONE NUMBER AND CURRENT LOCATION ACQUIRED.
HI, CAT? LISA. LISTEN, THERE WAS SOMEONE HERE LOOKING FOR YOU, AND I THINK YOU SHOULD BE ON YOUR GUARD.
BMJ SPY GOODS
Customer Order Records:
Catherine Curio
"LIKE SHOOTING COMMIES IN THE KREMLIN," AS MY FATHER USED TO SAY.
RED-BAITING BASTARD THAT HE WAS.

GUYANA, SOUTH AMERICA.
SNIF SNIF
CRRNCH

RROOAAWWGK!
NNNHH.
GRRRUUHH.


UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS BIOTECH CENTER.
URBANA, ILLINOIS.
SO IS THIS WHERE I'LL BE WORKING OR DO YOU HAVE SOMEPLACE WITH MORE UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT?
I'M SORRY, MISS CURIO.
OH, NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE. IT'S JUST THAT I'D READ ABOUT SOME OF THE NEWER-MODEL MICROSCOPES IN POPULAR SCIENCE AND I WAS HOPING TO USE THE LATEST AND GREATEST.
THESE WILL CERTAINLY DO THE JOB. JUST LET ME KNOW WHERE TO SET UP.
NO, I'M SORRY THAT I CAN'T LET YOU USE THE EQUIPMENT.
WHAT YOU'RE ASKING TO DO IS COMPLETELY AGAINST UNIVERSITY REGULATIONS AND LAB PROTOCOLS.
MY BROTHER TOLD ME HE STILL HAD FRIENDS HERE AND THEY COULD--
WAIT. HE TOLD YOU I WAS A RETARD, DIDN'T HE?
WHAT? NO!
ROBBIE SAID YOU WERE DOING SOME KIND OF RESEARCH. I TOLD HIM I COULD GET YOU A TOUR OF THE LAB.
LOOK, MAYBE I COULD RUN SOME TESTS FOR YOU.
FORGET IT. THIS IS DETECTIVE BUSINESS. CONFIDENTIAL.
AND PROBABLY WAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, IF YOU WERE EVER FRIENDS WITH MY DOPEY BROTHER.
JUST WAIT UNTIL DAD HEARS ABOUT--
OH, GREAT. NOW YOU SHOW UP.


THIS IS CAT, CALLING DOG. I REPEAT: THIS IS CAT, CALLING DOG.
YOUR FAVORITE FELINE HAS GROWN A TAIL.
Champaign INN
VACANCY

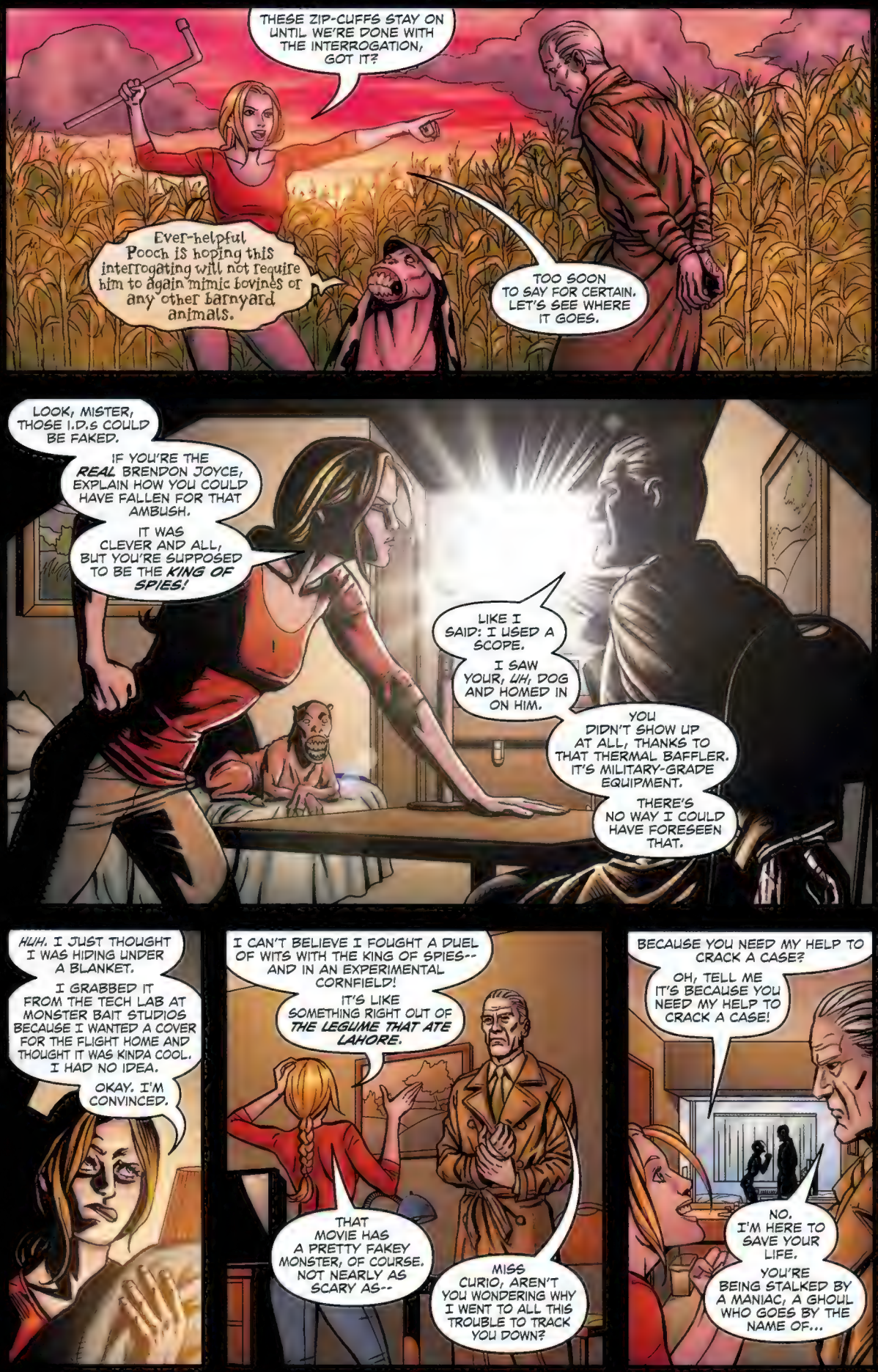
OPERATION BOY BLUE NOW IN EFFECT.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DOG.

Humble Pooch feels distinctly like an idiot enacting this plan.
And unlike Operation Sing a Song of Sixpence, there is not even delicious pie to be had when we are done.

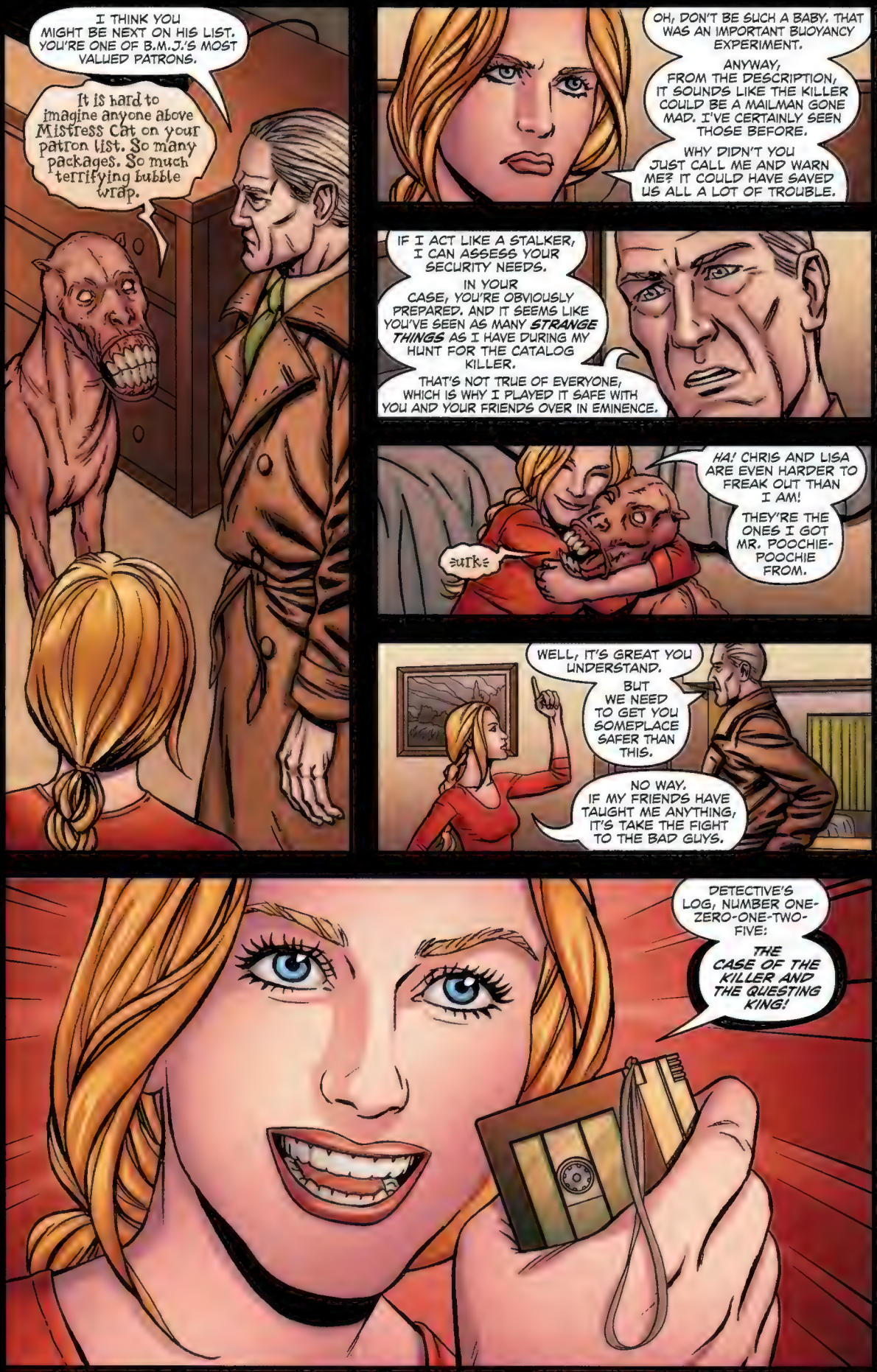
THAT'S IT, STALKER-MAN. KEEP UP WITH ME.

MISTER POOCHIE-POOCHIE AND I HAVE A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU.
CAT & DOG
INVESTIGATIONS

CURIO IS SLOW ENOUGH THAT I GLIMPSE HER DISAPPEARING INTO THE CORN.
SHE'S SETTING UP FOR AN AMBUSH.
I'VE COME PREPARED FOR THAT.
THE B.M.J. BLACK CATALOG COMBAT SIGHT.
THERMAL CAPABILITY. WORKS GREAT, DAY OR NIGHT.
AND THERE SHE IS. GONE TO GROUND ALREADY, ALL BY HERSELF.
FRANKLY, I EXPECT BETTER FROM B.M.J. CUSTOMERS.
WELL, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
Mooo! Oh mooo!
WHAT THE--?
HA! GOTCHA, CREEP!
THWUD
H--UGH!


THESE ZIP-CUFFS STAY ON UNTIL WE'RE DONE WITH THE INTERROGATION, GOT IT?
Ever-helpful Pooch is hoping this interrogating will not require him to again mimic bovines or any other barnyard animals.
TOO SOON TO SAY FOR CERTAIN. LET'S SEE WHERE IT GOES.
LOOK, MISTER, THOSE I.D.s COULD BE FAKED.
IF YOU'RE THE REAL BRENDON JOYCE, EXPLAIN HOW YOU COULD HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT AMBUSH.
IT WAS CLEVER AND ALL, BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE KING OF SPIES!
LIKE I SAID: I USED A SCOPE.
I SAW YOUR, UH, DOG AND HOMED IN ON HIM.
YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP AT ALL, THANKS TO THAT THERMAL BAFFLER. IT'S MILITARY-GRADE EQUIPMENT.
THERE'S NO WAY I COULD HAVE FORESEEN THAT.
HUH. I JUST THOUGHT I WAS HIDING UNDER A BLANKET.
I GRABBED IT FROM THE TECH LAB AT MONSTER BAIT STUDIOS BECAUSE I WANTED A COVER FOR THE FLIGHT HOME AND THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA COOL. I HAD NO IDEA.
OKAY. I'M CONVINCED.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I FOUGHT A DUEL OF WITS WITH THE KING OF SPIES-- AND IN AN EXPERIMENTAL CORNFIELD!
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING RIGHT OUT OF THE LEGUME THAT ATE LAHORE.
THAT MOVIE HAS A PRETTY FAKEY MONSTER, OF COURSE. NOT NEARLY AS SCARY AS--
MISS CURIO, AREN'T YOU WONDERING WHY I WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO TRACK YOU DOWN?
BECAUSE YOU NEED MY HELP TO CRACK A CASE?
OH, TELL ME IT'S BECAUSE YOU NEED MY HELP TO CRACK A CASE!
NO. I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE.
YOU'RE BEING STALKED BY A MANIAC, A GHOUL WHO GOES BY THE NAME OF...

"...THE CATALOG KILLER.
"HE STEALS A COMPANY'S MAILING LIST, THE INTERNAL ONE THAT TELLS HOW LONG SOMEONE HAS BEEN A SUBSCRIBER AND HOW MUCH THEY'VE ORDERED, AND THEN HE KILLS OFF THE MOST VALUED CUSTOMERS. BASHES THEIR HEADS IN.
"NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHY HE DOES IT. HE HATES CONSUMERS, MAYBE.
"I TRIED TALKING TO THE POLICE, BUT IT GOT ME NOWHERE. EVERY TIME THEY GET CLOSE, THE CATALOG KILLER VANISHES. IT'S LIKE HE'S SOME KIND OF PHANTOM.
"THAT'S WHY MY CUSTOMERS--WHY YOU--NEED MY HELP...


I THINK YOU MIGHT BE NEXT ON HIS LIST. YOU'RE ONE OF B.M.J.'S MOST VALUED PATRONS.
It is hard to imagine anyone above Mistress Cat on your patron list. So many packages. So much terrifying bubble wrap.
OH, DON'T BE SUCH A BABY. THAT WAS AN IMPORTANT BUOYANCY EXPERIMENT.
ANYWAY, FROM THE DESCRIPTION, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE KILLER COULD BE A MAILMAN GONE MAD. I'VE CERTAINLY SEEN THOSE BEFORE.
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST CALL ME AND WARN ME? IT COULD HAVE SAVED US ALL A LOT OF TROUBLE.
IF I ACT LIKE A STALKER, I CAN ASSESS YOUR SECURITY NEEDS.
IN YOUR CASE, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY PREPARED. AND IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE SEEN AS MANY ***STRANGE THINGS*** AS I HAVE DURING MY HUNT FOR THE CATALOG KILLER.
THAT'S NOT TRUE OF EVERYONE, WHICH IS WHY I PLAYED IT SAFE WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OVER IN EMINENCE.
HA! CHRIS AND LISA ARE EVEN HARDER TO FREAK OUT THAN I AM!
THEY'RE THE ONES I GOT MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE FROM.
SURKE
WELL, IT'S GREAT YOU UNDERSTAND.
BUT WE NEED TO GET YOU SOMEPLACE SAFER THAN THIS.
NO WAY. IF MY FRIENDS HAVE TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE BAD GUYS.
DETECTIVE'S LOG, NUMBER ONE-ZERO-ONE-TWO-FIVE:
THE CASE OF THE KILLER AND THE QUESTING KING!

OUTSIDE OF KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS.
WELL, POOP. IF NO ONE'S HERE, I'M SORRY WE LEFT POOCH BACK AT THE MOTEL.
NO, IT'S STILL FOR THE BEST.
IF SOMEONE SHOWS UP HERE, WE'LL HAVE A HARD ENOUGH TIME EXPLAINING OURSELVES, LET ALONE YOUR DOG.
PROFESSOR KAUFMANN IS JUST BELOW YOU ON TOTAL ORDERS FROM THE COMPANY.
WE'D BETTER GO IN AND LOOK AROUND.
CAT & DOG INVESTIGATIONS

WOW, LOOK AT ALL THAT GREAT STUFF! PARABOLIC AMPLIFIER. GLASS CUTTER.
OOOO. WHAT'S THAT?

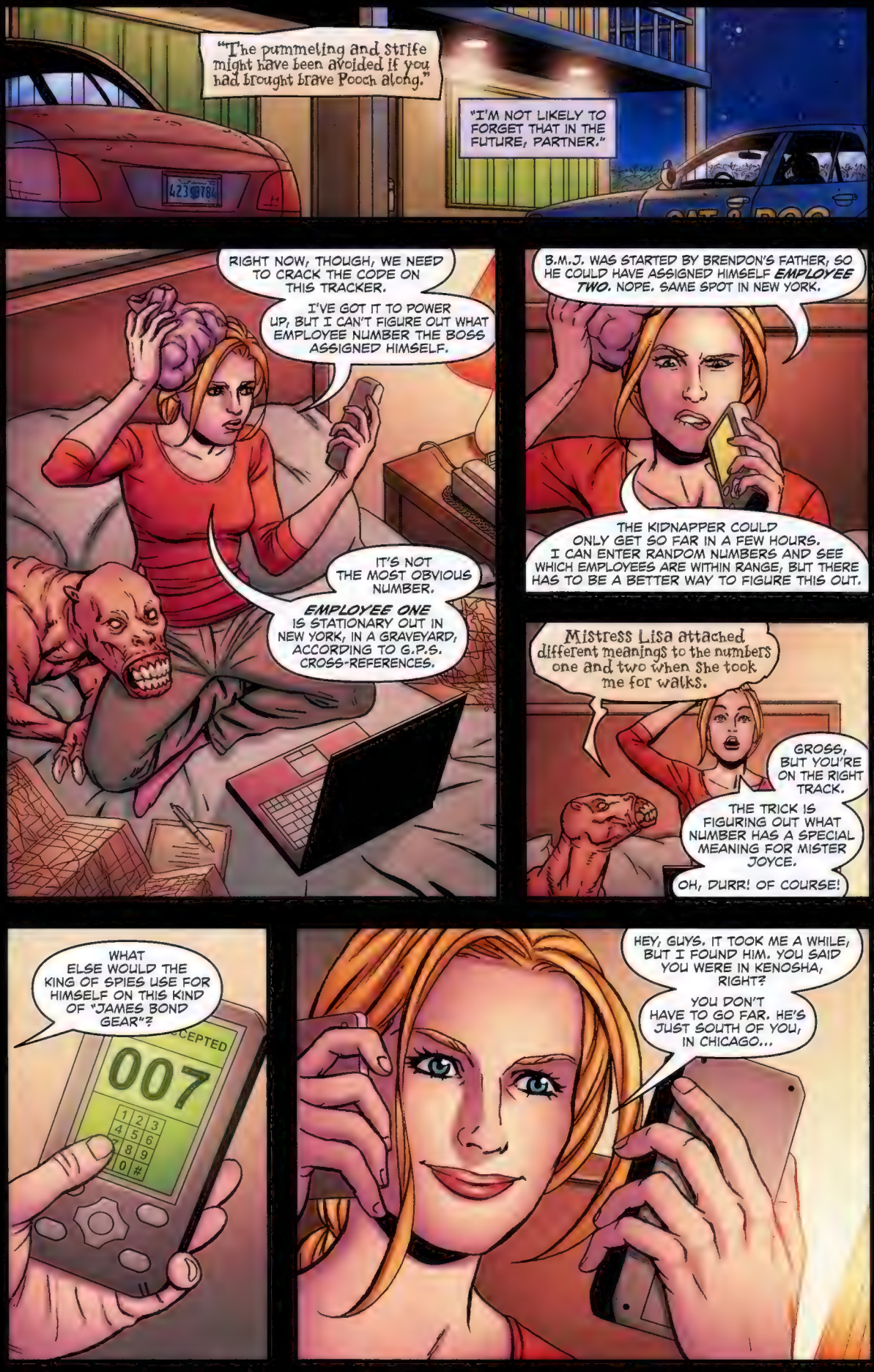
AN EXPERIMENTAL TRACKING DEVICE. REAL JAMES BOND-TYPE GEAR, FROM MY PRIVATE CATALOG.
I USE IT TO KEEP TRACK OF DELIVERIES AND EVEN THE WHEREABOUTS OF SOME OF THE TOP B.M.J. MANAGEMENT.
THERE ARE PHONE APPS THAT CAN DO THAT SORT OF THING NOW, BUT THIS WAS REVOLUTIONARY FOR ITS TIME, BACK WHEN MY SON DESIGNED IT.

IS YOUR SON STILL CREATING COOL THINGS FOR YOU?
NO, HE'S... MOVED ON.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT JOB WOULD BE BETTER THAN WORKING FOR B.M.J. AND DESIGNING THINGS FOR THE THE MYSTERY SOLVER'S CATALOG.
I'M THRILLED JUST TO SEE A PROTOTYPE. TO BE YOUR KID AND DESIGNING THIS STUFF--WOW.

LOOK, WE SHOULD GET INSIDE.
THIS IS THE B.M.J. BLACK CATALOG AUTOMATED LOCKSMITH.
YOU DO THE HONORS.

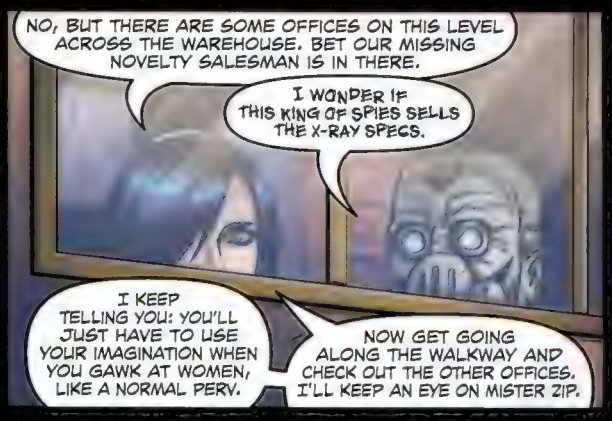
THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN A STANDARD-ISSUE PICK!
CATHERINE, THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD. I CHECKED ON THE PROFESSOR LAST WEEK AND HE SAID HE'D BE AROUND.
I'LL LOOK UPSTAIRS. YOU HEAD TO THE BASEMENT.
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
BMJ
SHEESH. THIS GUY DOES ORDER A LOT OF STUFF FROM THE CATALOG.
YOU'RE LUCKY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT UP...
UGH!
WHUMP
...NOT YET, ANYWAY.
THWUD
ALL RIGHT, JOYCE, YOU FUCKER.
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.
AND I'M TELLING YOU, TURA SANTANA WOULD HAVE KICKED ALL THEIR ASSES.
BZZT BZZT
VLAD? I KNOW CASSIE SAID I SHOULD ONLY CALL IF THERE'S AN EMERGENCY.
AND THAT I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE EMERGENCIES.
BUT, PLEASE, JUST PUT ME ON SPEAKER.
I WAS WORKING WITH SOMEONE AND HE'S BEEN TAKEN. I FOUND A CLUE THAT SHOULD HELP ME TO LOCATE HIM.
IF HE'S EVEN STILL ALIVE...
...BUT I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP.
SCREW YOUR LITTLE MYSTERIES, CAT. WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A REAL SICKO UP HERE. HE'S BEEN SLAUGHTERING AND GUTTING NURSES.
A SLASHER GRABBED MY FRIEND, TOO, MISS SELF-IMPORTANT!
THIS FRIEND OF MINE--HE'S THE KING OF SPIES, AND HE TRUSTED ME LIKE I WAS HIS KID.
YOU TWO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO WANT TO HELP YOUR FATHER, RIGHT?!


"The pummeling and strife might have been avoided if you had brought brave Pooch along."
"I'M NOT LIKELY TO FORGET THAT IN THE FUTURE, PARTNER."
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, WE NEED TO CRACK THE CODE ON THIS TRACKER.
I'VE GOT IT TO POWER UP, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT EMPLOYEE NUMBER THE BOSS ASSIGNED HIMSELF.
IT'S NOT THE MOST OBVIOUS NUMBER.
EMPLOYEE ONE IS STATIONARY OUT IN NEW YORK, IN A GRAVEYARD, ACCORDING TO G.P.S. CROSS-REFERENCES.
B.M.J. WAS STARTED BY BRENDON'S FATHER, SO HE COULD HAVE ASSIGNED HIMSELF EMPLOYEE TWO. NOPE. SAME SPOT IN NEW YORK.
THE KIDNAPPER COULD ONLY GET SO FAR IN A FEW HOURS. I CAN ENTER RANDOM NUMBERS AND SEE WHICH EMPLOYEES ARE WITHIN RANGE, BUT THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER WAY TO FIGURE THIS OUT.
Mistress Lisa attached different meanings to the numbers one and two when she took me for walks.
GROSS, BUT YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
THE TRICK IS FIGURING OUT WHAT NUMBER HAS A SPECIAL MEANING FOR MISTER JOYCE.
OH, DURR! OF COURSE!
WHAT ELSE WOULD THE KING OF SPIES USE FOR HIMSELF ON THIS KIND OF "JAMES BOND GEAR"?
007
HEY, GUYS. IT TOOK ME A WHILE, BUT I FOUND HIM. YOU SAID YOU WERE IN KENOSHA, RIGHT?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO FAR. HE'S JUST SOUTH OF YOU, IN CHICAGO...

"...IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN OLD WAREHOUSE, FROM WHAT THE G.P.S. DATA SAYS."

YUP. LOOKS LIKE THE SAME GUY I FOUGHT.
FUNNY, I THOUGHT HE WAS A NUTJOB WHO DECIDED THE POST OFFICE WAS AN EVIL PLOT, NOT A REAL SLASHER.
WHATEVER. I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO KICK HIS ASS AGAIN-- HARD.
DID YOU SEE THE FRIEND OF CATHERINE THE KILLER TOOK AWAY FROM HER?


NO, BUT THERE ARE SOME OFFICES ON THIS LEVEL ACROSS THE WAREHOUSE. BET OUR MISSING NOVELTY SALESMAN IS IN THERE.
I WONDER IF THIS KING OF SPIES SELLS THE X-RAY SPECS.
I KEEP TELLING YOU: YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION WHEN YOU GAWK AT WOMEN, LIKE A NORMAL PERV.
NOW GET GOING ALONG THE WALKWAY AND CHECK OUT THE OTHER OFFICES. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON MISTER ZIP.

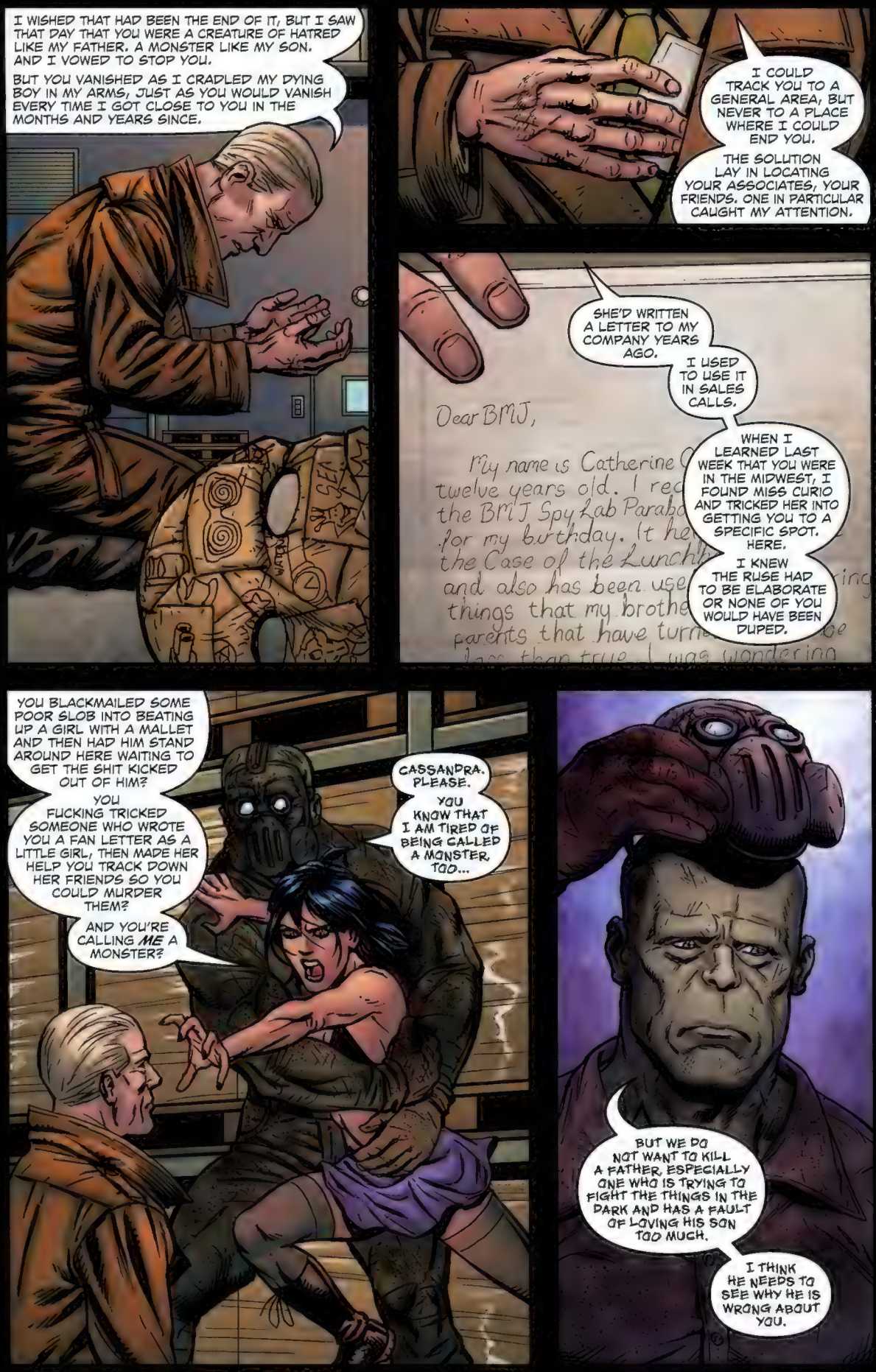
IT IS GOOD TO HEAR CASSANDRA JOKE...

...THERE HAS BEEN TOO MUCH ANGER IN HER SINCE THE JUNGLE.

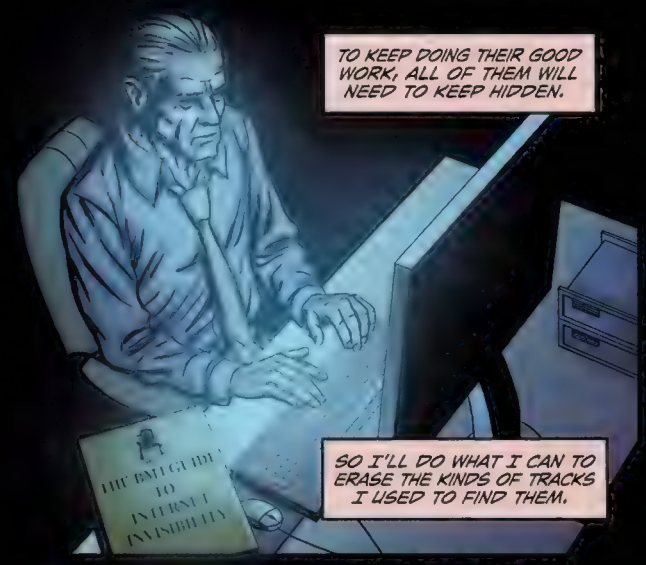
ZZZAK

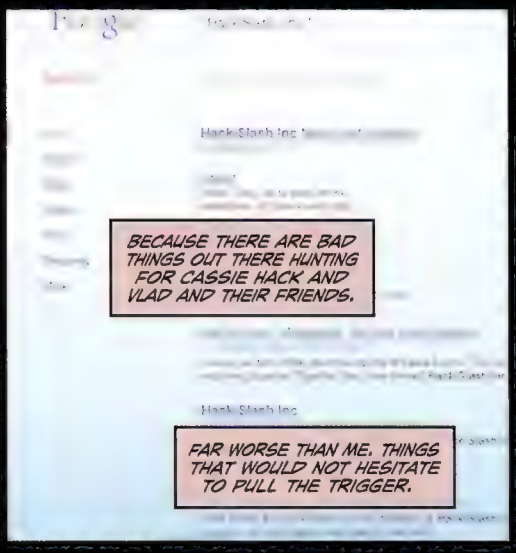
SHIT, THERE GO THE LIGHTS.
GUESS IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
SURPRISE, ASSHOLE!
JEEZ, AT LEAST MAKE THIS A CHALLENGE.
PLEASE! I'M SORRY I HIT THE GIRL THAT HARD!
I'M SORRY I ORDERED ALL THAT STUFF AND COULDN'T PAY!
HUH? WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?
B.M.J. BLACK CATALOG COMBAT SIGHT.
GOD. SHE'S EVEN MORE UNHINGED THAN LAST TIME.
RRAAAAAARRGH!
KRRSH
OH NO.

KPOW
I'LL JUST RETURN IT ALL. EVERY LAST BOX!
VLAD?
HERE IS THE KING OF SPIES.
HE TRIED TO COOK ME WITH A DOOR KNOB AND WAS READYING TO SHOOT YOU WHEN I FOUND HIM.
HIS GUN IS NOW BROKEN.
SWELL. I'M SURE HE CAN TELL US ABOUT THAT POOR BASTARD WHO JUST RAN OFF.
HE WASN'T A SLASHER. HE WASN'T EVEN THE GUY I TOOK DOWN A FEW YEARS AGO.
YOU HAVE EXACTLY ONE MINUTE TO SPILL YOUR GUTS.
THE MAN IN THE COSTUME WAS NAMED KAUFMANN. I TOLD HIM I'D CLEAR THE DEBT HE'D ACCRUED WITH B.M.J. IF HE HELPED ME SCARE SOME CRIMINALS WHO'D BEEN THREATENING ME.
THE CATALOG KILLER YOU MET BEFORE WAS SOMEONE ELSE.
MY SON, BUCKLEY.
HE WAS A MONSTER. MY FATHER TURNED HIM INTO ONE.
"MY FATHER GREW UP AFRAID OF THE SOVIETS. HE CARRIED HIS HATRED OF THEM LIKE A DISEASE--A PLAGUE HE SPREAD WHEREVER AND WHENEVER HE COULD.
"BEFORE HE DIED, THE MISERABLE OLD BASTARD INFECTED MY SON.
"BUT BUCKLEY DIDN'T JUST RANT ABOUT COMMIES. HE STOLE MAILING LISTS AND STARTED KILLING PEOPLE WHO ORDERED 'SUSPECT' THINGS FROM CATALOGS: SEX TOYS, COPIES OF *THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO*, EVEN SOME OF THE SPY GEAR SOLD BY B.M.J.
"MY LOVE WASN'T ENOUGH TO SAVE HIM, TO STOP HIM FROM HURTING OTHERS.
"BUT YOU DIDN'T FAIL. I KNOW. I WAS THERE WHEN YOU KILLED HIM.


I WISHED THAT HAD BEEN THE END OF IT, BUT I SAW THAT DAY THAT YOU WERE A CREATURE OF HATRED LIKE MY FATHER. A MONSTER LIKE MY SON. AND I VOWED TO STOP YOU.
BUT YOU VANISHED AS I CRADLED MY DYING BOY IN MY ARMS, JUST AS YOU WOULD VANISH EVERY TIME I GOT CLOSE TO YOU IN THE MONTHS AND YEARS SINCE.
I COULD TRACK YOU TO A GENERAL AREA, BUT NEVER TO A PLACE WHERE I COULD END YOU.
THE SOLUTION LAY IN LOCATING YOUR ASSOCIATES, YOUR FRIENDS. ONE IN PARTICULAR CAUGHT MY ATTENTION.
SHE'D WRITTEN A LETTER TO MY COMPANY YEARS AGO.
I USED TO USE IT IN SALES CALLS.
WHEN I LEARNED LAST WEEK THAT YOU WERE IN THE MIDWEST, I FOUND MISS CURIO AND TRICKED HER INTO GETTING YOU TO A SPECIFIC SPOT. HERE.
I KNEW THE RUSE HAD TO BE ELABORATE OR NONE OF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN DUPED.
Dear BMJ,
YOU BLACKMAILED SOME POOR SLOB INTO BEATING UP A GIRL WITH A MALLET AND THEN HAD HIM STAND AROUND HERE WAITING TO GET THE SHIT KICKED OUT OF HIM?
YOU FUCKING TRICKED SOMEONE WHO WROTE YOU A FAN LETTER AS A LITTLE GIRL, THEN MADE HER HELP YOU TRACK DOWN HER FRIENDS SO YOU COULD MURDER THEM?
AND YOU'RE CALLING ME A MONSTER?
CASSANDRA. PLEASE.
YOU KNOW THAT I AM TIRED OF BEING CALLED A MONSTER, TOO...
BUT WE DO NOT WANT TO KILL A FATHER, ESPECIALLY ONE WHO IS TRYING TO FIGHT THE THINGS IN THE DARK AND HAS A FAULT OF LOVING HIS SON TOO MUCH.
I THINK HE NEEDS TO SEE WHY HE IS WRONG ABOUT YOU.

MONSTERS DO NOT SHOW MERCY, OF COURSE. AND THEY DO NOT FIGHT FOR OTHERS.
KISS IT
CASSIE HACK AND VLAD SHOW ME THE ONES THEY FIGHT FOR. THE PEOPLE THEY SAVE...
AND THE PEOPLE THEY CANNOT.
I KNOW NOW THAT THEY ARE NOT LIKE MY FATHER OR MY SON. THEY HAVE FRIENDS WHO TRULY LOVE THEM.
AND DEVOTED IF... CHALLENGED ALLIES, WHO DESERVE MY APOLOGIES AND MY ASSISTANCE.
BMJ SEX GOODS
BLACK CATALOG


TO KEEP DOING THEIR GOOD WORK, ALL OF THEM WILL NEED TO KEEP HIDDEN.
THE BAD GUY'S GUIDE TO INTERNET INVISIBILITY
SO I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO ERASE THE KINDS OF TRACKS I USED TO FIND THEM.


Hack/Slash Inc
BECAUSE THERE ARE BAD THINGS OUT THERE HUNTING FOR CASSIE HACK AND VLAD AND THEIR FRIENDS.
Hack/Slash Inc
FAR WORSE THAN ME. THINGS THAT WOULD NOT HESITATE TO PULL THE TRIGGER.

MAYBE I CAN HELP SHIELD THEM FROM THOSE TRUE MONSTERS AND KEEP THEM SAFE...

...EVEN IF ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

THE END.

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CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

HACK/SLASH/REPEAT

WRITTEN BY STEVE SEELEY & MICHAEL MORECI ART BY EMILIO LAISO

COLORS BY ROSARIO COSTANZO LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A TIM SEELEY COVER B EMILIO LAISO

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WHY DON'T YOU DIE ALREADY?!
DIE!
DIE!
DIE!
JUST STAY DEAD...

UM... CASSANDRA?
WE CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS.
WE CAN'T KEEP KILLING THIS BASTARD, RUNNING FROM THE POLICE, THEN TRACKING HIM DOWN SO WE CAN KILL HIM AGAIN.
GET YOUR MACHETES. WE'RE TAKING THIS THING'S ARMS AND LEGS, AND MAILING THEM TO INDIA.
WE HAVE ALREADY REMOVED HIS LIMBS.
THEN WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!
ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING *EXTRA.*
WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SNAKES SHOULD WORK HERE, TOO:
"CUT OFF THE HEAD."

CASSANDRA, YOU MIGHT NOT BE THINKING STRAIGHT.
OH YEAH? AND WHY'S THAT?
GO AHEAD, SAY IT.
I KNOW YOU'RE DYING TO.
I THINK THAT MAYBE THIS SLASHER HAS GOTTEN TO YOU.
REALLY?
THE PAST EIGHTEEN HOURS HAS BEEN MY LIFE, COMPRESSED INTO ONE HORRIFYING GROUNDHOG DAY:
KILL, EVADE, REPEAT.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THIS IS TROUBLING!
YEAH, RIGHT. YOU JUST THINK I'M ALL WET AND EAGER TO CUT OFF SOMEONE'S--
SNAP
WHAT WAS THAT?

YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW GOOD OUR BULLETS ARE AT CHASING DOWN PERPS.
WHATEVER. JUST TAKE US IN. WE COULD USE A BREAK WHILE YOU GUYS DEAL WITH THIS.
WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN.
DEPUTY BLAKE, PLEASE TAKE OUR SUSPECTS INTO CUSTODY.
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE--
AW, DAMN IT.
LISTEN TO ME, SANDERS.
I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY THE MEDICAL EXAMINER ON THE TRANSPORT.
UNDERSTOOD?
YES, SIR.
THEN, MAKE SURE THAT THE M.E. KNOWS TO KEEP THIS BODY LOCKED IN COLD STORAGE AT ALL TIMES.
UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS THE CORPSE TO BE REMOVED FROM STORAGE.
NO CIRCUMSTANCES.

YOU GOING TO SET UP THE INTERROGATION ROOM FOR OUR TWO SUSPECTS?
Sheri
SUSPECTS? ALL I HAVE ARE TWO GUILTY PARTIES.
JUST A MATTER OF A JUDGE HAMMERING DOWN HIS GAVEL TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL.
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, ARE YOU?
I MEAN, AS FAR-FETCHED AS THEIR STORY IS, ISN'T THERE A CHANCE THAT MAYBE-- MAYBE--THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?
ALL THESE MURDERS WE'VE SEEN LATELY, THEY'VE BEEN TOO... UNUSUAL.
BLAKE, WHEN YOU'RE SHERIFF, YOU CAN INTERROGATE WHOEVER YOU LIKE.
Sheriff
BUT I'VE GOT THIS THING CALLED INSTINCT, AND IT'S SCREAMING THOSE TWO FREAKS ARE GUILTY AS SIN. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.
I'M SORRY, SHERIFF.
MY INSTINCT TELLS ME SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING ON HERE, AND IT'S OUR JOB TO--
IT'S OUR JOB TO KEEP THIS TOWN SAFE, AND WE'VE DONE THAT TONIGHT.
IF I WERE YOU, I'D KEEP MY INSTINCTS TO MYSELF AND LEAVE THIS MATTER BE.
UNDERSTOOD?
YEAH.
UNDERSTOOD.

I BROUGHT YOU TWO SOMETHING TO EAT.
I'M PRETTY SURE THE MEAT IS BOLOGNA.
PRETTY SURE.
I'M GUESSING WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET A PHONE CALL.
YOU GOT SOMEONE TO CALL?
THAT'S IT? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY?
WHAT'S THERE TO SAY?
WE'VE ALREADY BEEN TRIED AND CONVICTED.
WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR CIGARETTES AND BLINDFOLDS.
I JUST WANT TO SLEEP.

LOOK, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, SO LET ME GET TO THE POINT:
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING TO THAT BODY AND WHY.
LIKE YOU'D BELIEVE US.
GO GET A SCARY CAMPFIRE STORY SOMEWHERE ELSE.
HUMOR ME.
WE'VE BEEN KILLING HIM, AND WE'VE HAD TO DO IT ENOUGH TIMES TO KNOW THAT WHEREVER HE IS...

"...HE WON'T BE STAYING DEAD FOR LONG."
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, I KNOW.
THE BODY IS UNDENIABLY DEAD. NO PULSE, NO HEARTBEAT.
YET I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER: WHAT IF...?
THE BODY SEEMS TO LOOK BETTER, LESS DAMAGED, THAN WHEN I FIRST SAW IT.
IF THIS WERE TRUE, THE IMPLICATIONS WOULD BE ASTOUNDING.
CELLS AND TISSUE THAT POSSESSED THE ABILITY TO REGENERATE AFTER ALL OTHER BODY FUNCTIONS CEASED!
BUT THIS IS ALL... IT'S CRAZY TALK.
THERE IS SIMPLY NO WAY THAT CAN HAPPEN.

"OKAY, DEPUTY. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT ME AND VLAD HAVE BEEN DOING TO THAT *THING*?
"FIRST WE WENT WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED SLICE AND DICE. DIDN'T HOLD, DESPITE HIM LOSING SOME IMPORTANT ORGANS.
"THEN WE GOT A LITTLE MORE AGGRESSIVE.
"NAME A METHOD, WE PROBABLY TRIED IT.
"THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND, I ADMIT...
BUT WE JUST COULD NOT KEEP THAT FUCKER DOWN.

WITCHCRAFT.
AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THIS LOCAL LEGEND SAYS.
HRRRM. LEGENDS ARE NOT A RELIABLE SOURCE FOR TRUTH.
I CAN ONLY TELL YOU WHAT I'VE HEARD.
FOR YEARS, PEOPLE HAVE WHISPERED THAT ONE OF THE TOWN'S MOST POWERFUL FAMILIES GAINED THEIR STATUS THROUGH MAGIC. THE DARK ARTS.
THEY SUPPOSEDLY CAST A SPELL ON THEIR CHILD TO GIVE HIM THE GIFT OF EVERLASTING LIFE.
BUT THE YOUNG MAN VANISHED SOME YEARS BACK AND HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.
RIGHT. NOT TOUGH TO FIGURE THIS ONE OUT.
THEY FAILED TO READ THE FINE PRINT ON THE SPELL AND THE GIFT TURNED OUT TO BE A CURSE.
CARNAGE ENSUED.
LOTS OF UNEXPLAINED DEATHS, RIGHT?
SO YOU KNOW WE'RE NOT THE BAD GUYS AND YOU REALIZE THAT THERE'S STRANGE SHIT GOING ON.
ARE YOU GOING TO REMOVE YOUR THUMB FROM YOUR ASS AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
I DON'T *KNOW* ANYTHING. AT LEAST I DIDN'T BEFORE NOW.
SHERIFF RITTER CONSIDERS IT HIS DUTY TO SERVE THE TOWN'S ELITE, SO HE'S KEPT THIS ALL UNDER PRETTY TIGHT WRAPS.
BUT IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO DEAL WITH THIS MONSTER RATHER THAN WORKING SO HARD TO KEEP THE TOWN IN THE DARK.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, SHERIFF, BUT DO YOU NEED ME TO RUN TO THE M.E.'S OFFICE AND GET HIS REPORT?
WHAT FOR? VICTIM IS DEAD, BEATEN TO DEATH BY A COUPLE OF PSYCHOPATHS.
THE END.
IT'S NOT LIKE THE M.E. IS GOING TO BUST IN HERE AND TELL US SOMETHING WE DON'T ALREADY KNOW.
THOOM
JESUS, HARRY.
WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?!

NO...NO, THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ALIVE... SOMEBODY, HELP!
HELLLLPPP!!
THUD

OH, GOD. NOW WHAT?
UH, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WHAT IS OBVIOUS IS THAT THIS MAN SHOULD LET US OUT SO WE CAN FIGHT THE LOCAL LEGEND.
YOU SOUND LIKE THE DIPSHITS I QUESTION AROUND HERE WHO TALK ABOUT HEARING GUNSHOTS AND THEN RUNNING TOWARD THEM.
STAYING IN THIS CELL IS PROBABLY THE SMARTEST, SAFEST THING YOU CAN DO.
SAFE AND SMART ISN'T EXACTLY OUR THING.
OPEN THE CELL AND LET US DO WHAT WE DO BEST.
YEAH? AND WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT YOU AND YOUR BOSS CAN'T DO. WHAT YOU *WON'T* DO.

SO I GUESS THAT IDIOT HARRY LEFT YOU OUT OF THE COLD TOO LONG, BUT FUN TIME'S OVER NOW, BOY.
YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE: IT'S TIME TO GET YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU BELONG.
WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY, OR WE CAN--
THUNK
HYUK!
SHLJK

WHAT HERE IS SO SPECIAL TO KILL THIS SLASHER FOR GOOD?
THAT'S THE THING, VLAD...
...WE'RE NOT GOING TO KILL THIS SLASHER.
AH HA!
WE'RE GOING TO CAPTURE HIM.
I HATE TO ASK, CASSANDRA, BUT WHAT IF THIS DOESN'T WORK?
THEN I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT OUR LIMITS REALLY ARE.

POLICE
POLICE
WHY AM I NOT SPEEDING FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE?
PROBABLY BECAUSE IT WOULD BE THE SANE THING TO DO.
RRAAAAHH!
SHLUNK

NEVER AGAIN.
DID YOU HEAR ME, GRUESOME?
NEVER AGAIN!
HOLY SHIT. TALK ABOUT PERFECT TIMING!
HOW DID YOU GUYS KNOW HE WOULD--
WAIT, DID YOU USE ME AS BAIT?
LOOK, THE IMPORTANT THING IS HE'S DOWN FOR THE COUNT.
NOW IT'S TIME TO FINISH HIM OFF.

RRRMMMM...
IT'S GOING TO BE A NICE DAY.
THE PEOPLE YOU MURDERED OVER THE YEARS, THEY'RE MISSING THIS-- FOREVER.
AND THEIR FAMILIES: A DAY LIKE THIS WON'T BE SOMETHING THEY'LL ENJOY FOR A LONG TIME.
MAYBE NEVER AGAIN.
I GUESS THESE SHITTY, TERRIBLE THINGS... YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU.
A BUNCH OF RICH ASSHOLES DO SOME BLACK MAGIC ON A BABY, AND LOOK WHAT THEY GET.

DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU ASK FOR IT OR NOT.
IT'S WHAT HAPPENS.
OKAY. THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF.
MPPPHH!
MMPPHHH!
YEAH, PLEADING ISN'T GOING TO GO FAR WITH ME.
THINK OF IT THIS WAY: SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST DESTINED FOR SHIT THEY DON'T WANT.
THIS RIGHT HERE: THIS IS YOUR FATE.
DEAL WITH IT.

THIS IS STILL NOT A GOOD IDEA.
I TOLD YOU: YOU'RE TOO BIG TO GO IN A BOAT THAT SIZE.
BESIDES, THAT WAS SOMETHING I HAD TO DO ON MY OWN.
WE'RE PARTNERS. WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED WHERE I COULD NOT REACH YOU?
THEN THAT WOULD BE THAT.
YOU GET ALL MY STUFF.
HUURM. THAT IS NOT FUNNY.
AND YOU HAVE NO GOOD STUFF.
LOOK, VLAD, THIS THING WE DO... THERE'S A REASON IT DOESN'T COME WITH A BENEFITS PACKAGE.
YOU ARE SPEAKING LIKE YOU CANNOT AVOID THE BAD ENDINGS.
I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT.
NEITHER DO YOU.
MAYBE, BUT AT LEAST NOTHING'S INEVITABLE UNTIL IT HAPPENS, RIGHT?

YOU KNOW THAT THE EVERLASTING MAN WILL DETERIORATE BENEATH THE WATER...
...ENOUGH THAT HE WILL GET OUT OF THOSE CHAINS.
YEAH, I KNOW.
THIS WILL KEEP HIM DOWN FOR A WHILE, BUT HE'LL COME BACK.
"MAYBE ME AND YOU WILL STILL BE DOING THIS WHEN HE DOES."
FIN!

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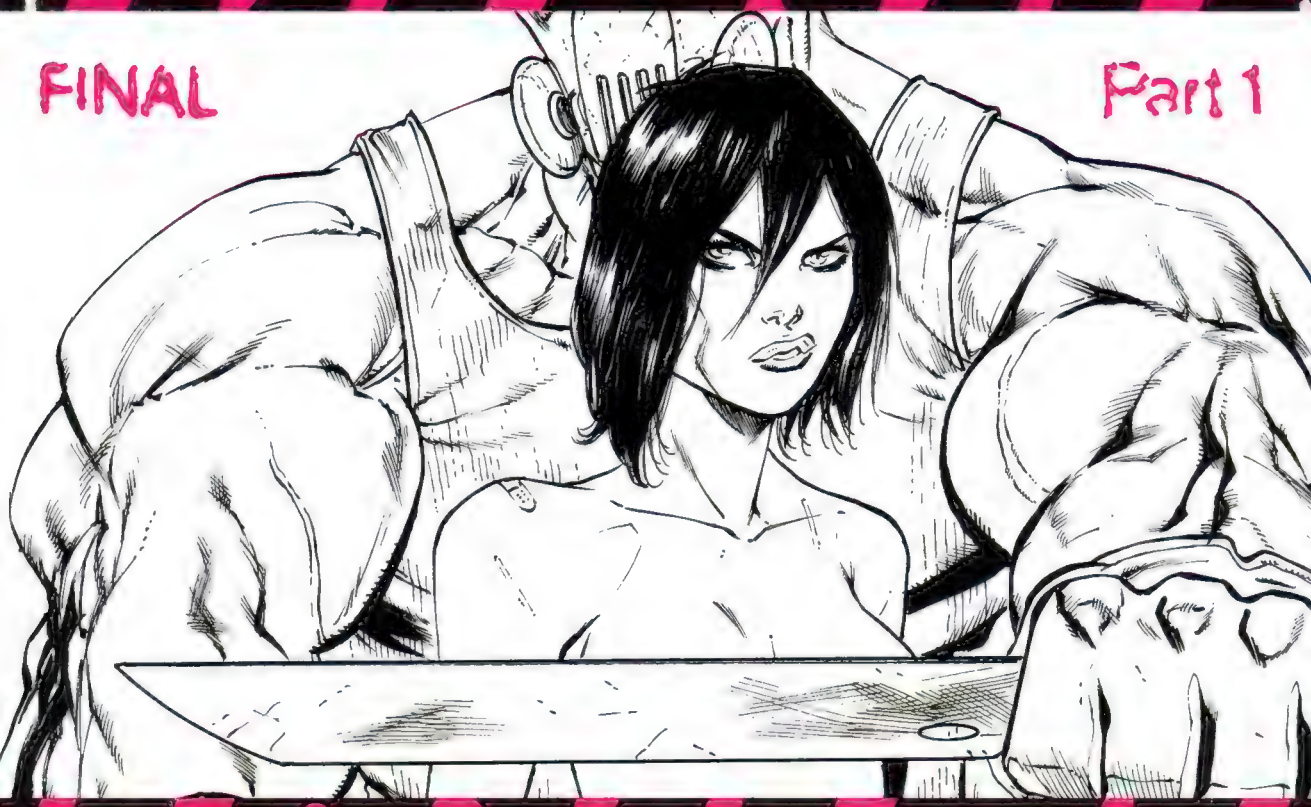
FINAL

Part 1



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HEAR ME, MY CHILDREN!
LOOK TO THE SKY!
HEAR ME! I AM AKAKIOS. THE MURDER MESSIAH.
YOUR FATHER.
YOUR GOD.
THIS WORLD IS AT ITS END. WE HAVE ASKED THE BACCHANALIANS TO COME TO US. TO ADMIT THEIR SINS.
AND THEY HAVE DENIED US!
GO! LET THE CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS KNOW SALVATION COMES ONLY AT AKAKIOS'S HAND!
MAY THE LIGHT OF THE BLACK FLAME ILLUMINATE YOUR WAY!
THOSE WHO DENY OUR GIFT WILL BE HARVESTED LIKE THE ANIMALS THEY ARE!
GHUH!!

GIMME A BURP, GIMME A BURP, GIVE ME A BIG FAT BURP. BUT KEEP THE POOP INSIIIIIIDE.
YOUR PARTICULAR STYLE OF LULLABY IS GOING TO WARP OUR DAUGHTER'S BRAIN.
WOAH! WATCH IT THERE, AVA.
VERY SQUISHY PACKAGE HERE.
I...I'M SORRY...
HEY, ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING. I--
SERIOUSLY, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU JUST SAW A GHOST.
YOU GONNA BE OKAY?
Y--YES. I'M SORRY.
I JUST NEED TO BE ALONE.
UH... OKAY.
BRP.
SNF...
GOT A BURP, GOT A BURP, AND AN EXTRA-SPECIAL SURPRIIIIISE.

CAMPGROUND ROCKBONE.
DONIPHAN, NEBRASKA.
MMM. YEAH.
GODDAMN, YOU'RE HOT. I JUST WISH I COULD SEE YOU BETTER.
LESS TALK, MORE TOUCH.
HRRR.
HMM. YEAH.
WAIT. DID YOU HEAR THAT?
LIKE HEAVY BREATHING?

RRRAH! CASSANDRA, I AM HERE!!
SHIT.
AHHHHHH!!
I WILL CHASE HIM TOWARD ROAD. YOU FOLLOW AROUND THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.
NEXT TIME YOU WILL TELL ME WE ARE HUNTING SLASHERS, YES?
FOR NOW, WE MUST RUN! HE IS ESCAPING!
TO HELP ME DECIDE HOW OFTEN TO STAB HIM, TELL ME HOW MANY CHEERLEADERS HE HAS KILLED AT THIS CAMPSITE.
NONE, VLAD.
THEN HE WORKS FOR SOMEONE? HE IS FISH MONSTER IN MAN-SKIN WHO WILL LEAD US TO MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT, YES?
NOPE.
THIS WAS NOT A TRAP FOR A MURDERER?
LIKE FOR DAN THE CATCHER'S MASK KILLER?
NO.
IT WAS-- HURRM...
YEAH.
OH.

HUURM. I AM SORRY TO KEEP ASKING, BUT I AM NOT VERY MUCH UNDERSTANDING.
WE CAME TO NEBRASKA NOT TO HUNT A SLASHER AT ALL?
WE CAME FOR A... BOY?
NO, WE CAME TO MEET UP WITH CAT CURIO TO DISCUSS "IMPORTANT FINDINGS."
HIM I MET ON THE INTERNET. HIS PICS WERE KIND OF HOT AND HE HAD DECENT ENOUGH TASTE IN MUSIC.
WE WERE COMING HERE ANYWAY, SO...
HRRM. BUT YES, I SEE THAT.
THE PART I AM CONFUSED BY...
YOU SEE, YOU WERE MAKING IT WITH A BOY YOU DO NOT KNOW, TREATING IT LIKE IT A NOT-BIG THING.
AND, FOR YOU, ALL TOUCHING WITH OTHER HUMANS IS TERRIFYING AND BAD, AND--
ARE YOU A FISH MONSTER IN GIRL-SKIN WORKING FOR MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT?!
LOOK, VLAD. THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU, BECAUSE IT'LL COME UP EVENTUALLY.
I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU SOONER, BUT THERE WAS THE THING WITH YOUR FAMILY AND THEN...IT JUST NEVER SEEMED LIKE THE RIGHT TIME.
I TOLD YOU ABOUT HOW WE TRIED TO CURE SAM. HOW IT WORKED FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE.
ABOUT HOW HE...WENT BAD.
YES. BECAUSE OF THE EVIL BRAINO-DINOSAURS YOU HATE SO MUCH.
YEAH. WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE.
I--I SLEPT WITH SAM. WE... WE HAD SEX.

HURR.
HURRRRR.
RRRRAAAAGH!
KRRRSH

GIVE ME THAT.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAVE THESE FOR THE BAD GUYS.
HRRM.
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T HAVE SEX WITH SOMEONE ELSE.
GERTRUDE, REMEMBER?
YES. I REMEMBER.
AND I REMEMBER THAT I DID IT FOR YOU.

WHEN I WAS ILL, I ASKED SAMHAIN TO LOOK OUT FOR YOU. HE PROMISED HE WOULD.
I CAME TO TRUST HIM BECAUSE YOU DID.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE NOT THE GOOD JUDGE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE.
THAT YOU WERE BLINDED BY... ATTRACTIONS.
THAT YOU WOULD CHOOSE HANDSOME OVER UGLY.
THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT TO YOU?
IT'S JUSTIFICATION OF WHY WE DON'T FUCK, RIGHT?
BECAUSE I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN WHAT'S ON THE OUTSIDE?!
THAT'S FUCKING BULLSHIT.
YOU WANNA KNOW WHY I SLEPT WITH SAMHAIN?
BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT THE FUCK THAT WAS-- THE RELATIONSHIP, THE ATTRACTION, ALL OF IT.
I UNDERSTOOD IT FROM DAY ONE.
HE WAS THE GUY I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO LIKE.
EVERY TEENAGE GIRL'S DREAM: THE BAD BOY HER PARENTS WOULD HATE.
A PERFECT REBELLION.
EVEN BETTER THAN THAT, HE WAS SOMEONE I COULDN'T GET KILLED.
AFTER HAVING GEORGIA ATTACKED, AFTER HAVING EVERY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS ENDANGERED, HE WAS THE ONE PERSON THAT NO ONE COULD USE AGAINST US.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND?
US!
THIS!!
ARE WE PARTNERS?
ARE WE FRIENDS?
DO WE GET TO GET UPSET WHEN ONE OF US FUCKS SOMEONE ELSE?
ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME AROUND, DOING HORRIBLE THINGS, JUST IN THE HOPE THAT I'LL GIVE IT ALL UP SO WE CAN SETTLE DOWN AND HAVE FUCKING BABIES?!

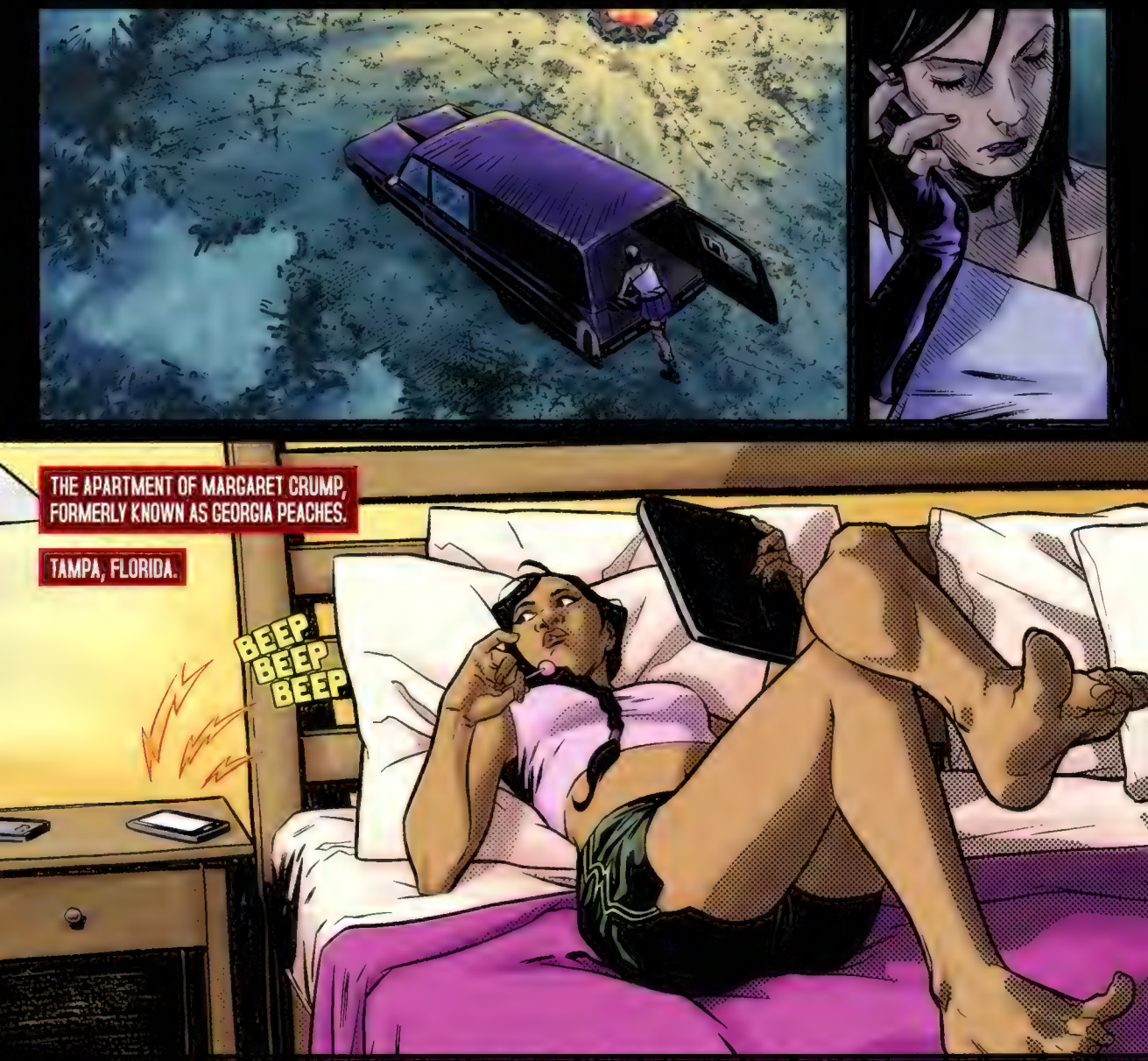
WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE, VLAD?
I DO NOT KNOW.
Mistress Cassie!
Master Vlad!!
It is me! It is Pooch!!
I HEARD THE SHOUTING FROM TWO SITES OVER.
IS THIS A BAD TIME?
Does no one remember lowly Pooch?
NO. IT'S FINE. WHAT'S UP, CAT?
Lowbeast of Nef? Groveling, pathetic thing who loves you both more even than his squeaky carrot toy?
I HAVE THAT INFORMATION I WANTED TO GO OVER WITH YOU, THE THINGS I THOUGHT WE SHOULDN'T COVER ON THE PHONE.
FINE. LET'S HEAD UP TO YOUR CAR.
Oh, lowly, most hated Pooch! He is forgotten like the chicken bone in Master Chris's yard. Oh, where is it?! It vexes his tiny mind.
POOCH. HERE.
GOOD BOY.

ARE YOU OKAY? YOU SEEM SQUIRRELY. LIKE, EVEN FOR YOU.
OH. HA. NO, I'M FINE.
WOODS, Y'KNOW? BUGS AND ALL THAT.
CAT & DOG
SO, WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?
HOW MUCH DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA?
CURE FOR SLASHERS. GIANT SNAKE-GORILLA. KIND OF HARD TO FORGET.
I MEAN AT THE VERY END.
AFTER SAMHAIN STABBED YOU AND YOU WERE WITH DOCTOR CARPENTER.
OH, YEAH. I WAS IN THE LAB AND HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO FIX ME UP QUICK.
AND THEN...
I... UH...
THE LAB'S ROOF CAVED IN WHEN GORILLACONDA WAS KILLED BY THE BEAST.
YOU AND DOROTHY GOT OUT. DOCTOR CARPENTER DIDN'T.
YOU CAUGHT ME WHEN THE BRIDGE COLLAPSED, THEN SHOT SAMHAIN SO HE WOULD FALL.
AND THAT STAB WOUND YOU HAD...
...IT WAS GONE. WHAT HAD BEEN A DEEP, NASTY CUT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A TINY SCAR.

BEFORE WE LEFT, I WENT BACK INTO THE LAB.
I FOUND A SYRINGE IN CARPENTER'S HAND, AND I GRABBED A SAMPLE.
IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO GET ACCESS TO THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT, BUT I ANALYZED THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE CONTENTS.
THEN I COMPARED THEM TO SAMPLES FROM MY B.M.J. UTILITY KNIFE, PINK, WHICH I HAD STUCK INTO SAMHAIN'S EYE.
IDENTICAL.
TO SAVE YOU FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH, DOCTOR CARPENTER INJECTED YOU WITH SAMHAIN'S "BLACK BLOOD."
AKAKIOS'S PANACEA.
SLASHER JUICE.
NO. THAT'S...
SAMHAIN TOLD ME THAT I HAD THE TAINT RUNNING THROUGH MY VEINS BECAUSE OF MY MOM.
EVERY SICK CREEP WHO FINDS OUT WHAT SHE WAS TRIES TO TELL ME THAT.
AND THEY WERE RIGHT. IT'S THERE. A PART OF YOUR BLOODLINE.
BUT THAT'S DORMANT. WHAT I SAW WAS ACTIVE.
VIRULENT, EVEN.
MAYBE YOU'VE NOTICED THAT YOUR RAGE IS MORE INTENSE LATELY. THE URGES ARE DARKER. IT'S OVERTAKING YOUR SYSTEM.
BULLSHIT.
I'VE BEEN CUT SINCE THE JUNGLE. STABBED. HURT.
I DIDN'T HEAL.

I APPRECIATE YOU DROPPING SOME SCIENCE ON ME, CAT, BUT YOU'RE FUCKING WRONG.
I'M NOT.
SLICH
AAGHG!
WHAT THE FUCK?!
HUNF! YOU'VE GOT A STRONG WILL!
YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST, MOST SUTBBORN PERSON I'VE EVER MET!

YOU'VE BEEN SELF-SUBLIMATING.
I'M GONNA SUBLIMATE YOUR GODDAMN ABILITY TO BREATHE, YOU LITTLE BITCH!!
LET YOURSELF HEAL!
GIVE IN!


THE APARTMENT OF MARGARET CRUMP, FORMERLY KNOWN AS GEORGIA PEACHES.
TAMPA, FLORIDA.
BEEP BEEP BEEP

HEY, MARGARET.
CASSIE. IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
YEAH. THANKS FOR PICKING UP. I KNOW THINGS GOT PRETTY MESSY THERE, Y'KNOW, AT THE END.
AT THE END? CASSIE, WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A BEGINNING.
THE PSYCHOTIC KILLERS DID GET IN THE WAY, DIDN'T THEY?

EVERYTHING IS GOOD? LIKE, NORMAL? BORING?
ONLY YOU WOULD THINK NOT HUNTING DOWN KOOKS IN MASKS WAS BORING.
THINGS ARE GOOD.
THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR. ALSO WHAT I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR.
SO, WHAT'S UP? DID SIX SIXX COME BACK?
OR, WORSE, THAT DALE CREEP?
DO YOU NEED ME FOR BAIT?
NO. NOTHING LIKE THAT.
GEORG-- MARGARET.
...
I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU. I...
I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU. FOR A LONG TIME.
FOREVER.
...
I KNOW.
IT WAS NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU, CASSIE. BUT I CAN'T--
THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME.
I'LL CALL YOU LATER, OKAY?

YEAH. NO RUSH GETTING BACK TO ME.
I'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.
KIND OF LATE FOR A CALL. EVERYTHING OKAY, BABY?
OH, YEAH.
JUST AN OLD FRIEND WITH BAD TIMING.
MMMM. GET YOUR LITTLE BUTT INTO THIS BED. RIGHT NOW.
I JUST GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER.
I THINK YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME, JESS. NOT A SUGGESTION!
AH! I'M ALL WET!
THAT'S JUST HOW I LIKE YOU.

CATHERINE. WHERE IS CASSANDRA?
OH, UH, I DUNNO. SHE TOOK OFF.
WHY?
I TOLD HER ABOUT HOW I FIGURED OUT SHE'D GOTTEN A TRANSFUSION WITH SAMHAIN BLOOD.
AND THEN I MENTIONED THAT IT'S LIKELY TO OVERTAKE HER SYSTEM, TURNING HER INTO A MINDLESS, HATEFUL KILLER.
ON THE UPSIDE, THERE'S A NICE PERCENTAGE OF INJURIES THAT SHOULD NO LONGER PRESENT MUCH OF A PROBLEM FOR HER. THINK OF THE SAVINGS ON BANDAGES AND FIRST AID CREAM.
YOU TOLD HER THIS?!
YES. IT'S QUITE IMPORTANT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? AND I DID THE RESEARCH. IT'S A FACT.
Meek but insightful Pooch knows what is coming. Yes, he does.
YOUR FACT MAY HAVE KILLED CASSANDRA!!

CASSANDRA!
THIS IS HOW IT HAS TO BE, VLAD. I AM WHAT I KILL. I'M SURE YOU SEE HOW THAT HAS TO GO.
NO... HNF. NO, YOU AREN'T.
YOU SAW HOW HARD SAMHAIN HAD TO FIGHT WHAT HE WAS.
BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE HOW FUCKING HAPPY HE WAS--*AKAKIOS* WAS--TO LET THAT FAÇADE GO.
PURE, EVIL, HATEFUL JOY.
I'M NOT GOING TO BE A *LIE*, VLAD.

YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD TO FIGHT BECOMING WHAT YOU HATE.
THIS CHANGES NOTHING.
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.
IT PUTS WHAT I KNOW I AM *INSIDE* ON THE *OUTSIDE*.
A FREAK.
A MONSTER.
THAT'S NOT YOU. YOU KNOW THIS.
YOU FEAR THAT YOU WILL BECOME A MURDERER. A SLASHER.
BUT YOU CARE *SO MUCH* FOR PEOPLE, FOR *YOUR FRIENDS*, THAT YOU HAVE PUSHED THEM ALL AWAY TO ENSURE THEY DID NOT GET HURT BECAUSE OF YOU.
YOU SUFFER ALONE TO ENSURE THEY LIVE, UNHARMED.
IT IS LIKE WE SHOWED THE SPY KING: YOU ARE A *PROTECTOR*.
A PROTECTOR?!
THERE WAS THIS WOMAN ONCE. HER WEAK AND INNOCENT DAUGHTER WAS TORMENTED BY CRUEL KIDS. SO THE WOMAN CUT THEM INTO LITTLE CHUNKS.
SHE SAID SHE DID IT TO PROTECT THE ONE THING SHE LOVED FROM THOSE OUTSIDERS. SHE SAID SHE KILLED THEM, VLAD...
FOR ME!

IF MY MOM HAD REALLY LOVED ME, REALLY CARED, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THOSE KIDS.
SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TURNED MY LIFE INTO A CIRCUS SIDESHOW FUCKING NIGHTMARE.
SHE SLAUGHTERED THOSE OUTSIDERS BECAUSE SHE WAS SICK AND EVIL, AND I WAS JUST AN EXCUSE.
NOW THERE'S ME, "PROTECTING" THE WEAK. BUT IT'S ALL JUST A COVER. AN EXCUSE, SO I CAN KILL WHAT I HATE.
I PUSH PEOPLE AWAY NOT TO SAVE THEM. I PUSH THEM AWAY BECAUSE I HATE THEM.
BUT WHAT HAPPENS NOW THAT I'M NOT EVEN ONE OF THEM?! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN EVERYONE IS AN OUTSIDER TO ME?!
WHAT'S MY EXCUSE NOW, VLAD?!
FINE. YOU WILL HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!
YOU INTEND TO BLOW YOURSELF UP, IN HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RETURN AS A SLASHER. IT PROBABLY WILL NOT WORK, BUT YOU SHOULD TRY.
AND SINCE YOU CARE NOT FOR ANYONE ELSE, YOU WILL NOT MIND IF I JOIN YOU.

WHAT WOULD IT MATTER TO YOU? AS LONG AS YOU KILL THE OBJECT OF YOUR HATE--IN THIS CASE, YOURSELF...
...WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF AN OUTSIDER DIES, YES?
YOU CARE NOTHING FOR ANYONE.
YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS.
YOU NEVER HAVE TO LOOK AT SOMEONE AND ASK...
...*WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE?*
LET GO.
LET ME GO!!
TSSSSSSS

LATER.
HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING?
DID YOU HAVE POOCH SNIFF ME OUT?
NO. I SAW THIS SIGN WHEN WE CAME IN.
HURR. I KNEW YOU WOULD CHOOSE DYNAMITE.
AND I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT DINOSAURS AFTER YOUR TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA, YES?
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO TAKE OUT ONE LAST DINO AS LONG AS YOU WERE AT IT. HRRM.
NOW I KNOW.
WHAT?
WHAT *THIS* IS.
TO BE CONTINUED...

HACK/SLASH
20
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CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY DRAWN BY ELENA CASAGRANDE

COLORS BY NATE LOVETT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A TIM SEELEY & DOMINIC MARCO COVER B ELENA CASAGRANDE

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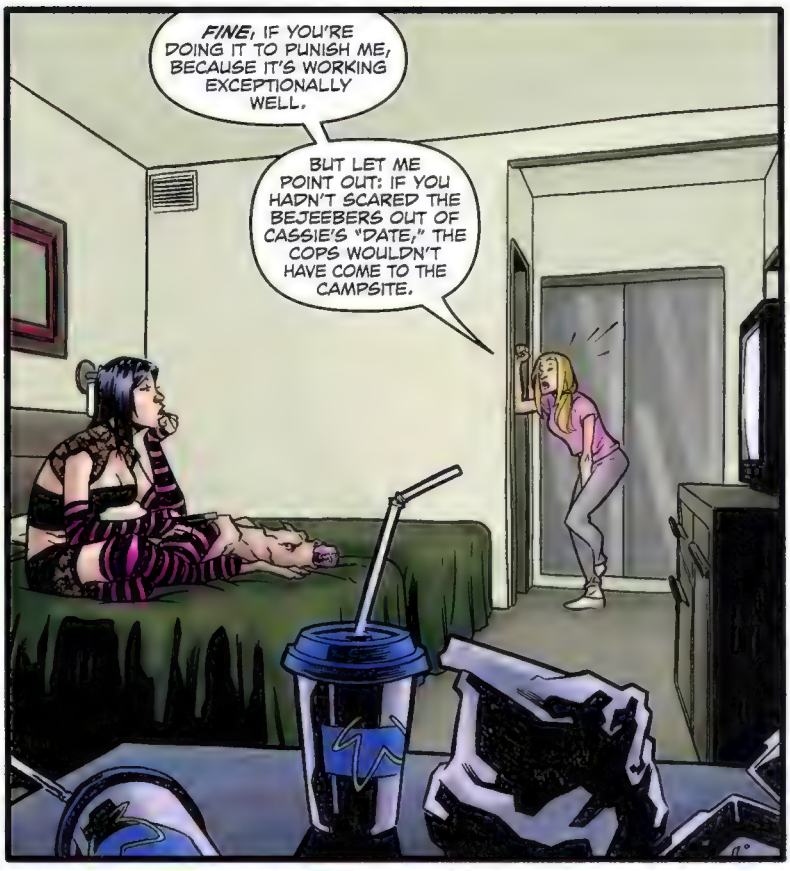
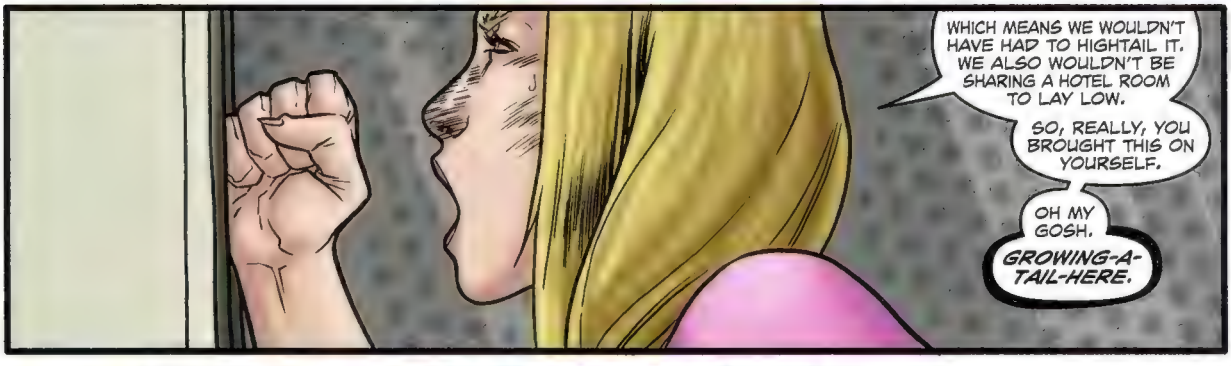
HEATH, TEXAS.
THE HOME OF RODERICK FETCH.
FOUNDER AND C.E.O., FETCH MEDIA.
SIX DAYS AGO.
...THE KIND OF SOCIALIST AGENDA NOT SEEN SINCE THE SOVIET ERA.
THIS REPORTER, FOR ONE, GRIEVES FOR THE LOSS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.
HEH HEH.
LIVE
FETCH NEWS
IN MEXICO
IN OTHER NEWS, AUTHORITIES IN MEXICO ARE REPORTING THAT THE STRING OF HEADLESS BODIES DISCOVERED ACROSS THAT COUNTRY OVER THE PAST THREE WEEKS IS NOT THE WORK OF FEUDING DRUGLORDS, AS PREVIOUSLY REPORTED...
INVESTIGATORS ARE NOW ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A LONE KILLER, BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS.
IT IS STILL UNCLEAR IF THIS MURDERER IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO THE MASKED FIGURE DUBBED "SUGAR SKULL MAN" BY FRIGHTENED LOCALS.
MR. FETCH! SECURITY BREACH IN QUADRANT TWO!
YES? ISN'T THAT WHY I HAVE YOU...

...AND TWELVE HUNGRY DOBERMANS?
RUH RUH RUH
ARR ARRR
THERE THEY ARE NOW.
BOW BOW-- YEEP!
HOOWWWWW--*
WHAT THE HELL?
THOOM
I HAVE CARRIED THIS WEAPON ACROSS ENTIRE COUNTRIES.
CERTAINLY I COULD HAVE JUST PICKED UP A NEW ONE. THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF BLADES IN THE WORLD.
BUT I AM NOTHING IF NOT NOSTALGIC.
RODERICK FETCH...
...YOU HAVE HELD THE REINS OF POWER FOR MANY YEARS.
BUT AKAKIOS HAS RETURNED. A NEW ERA BEGINS FOR...
...THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.

LOW PRICE INN.
OSKALOOSA, IOWA.
TODAY.
Low Price
Inn
"I KNOW YOU'RE DOING THIS ON PURPOSE!"
CABLE TV BBQ ESPN
FREE WI-FI/FRIDGE
MOTEL
RS18P08

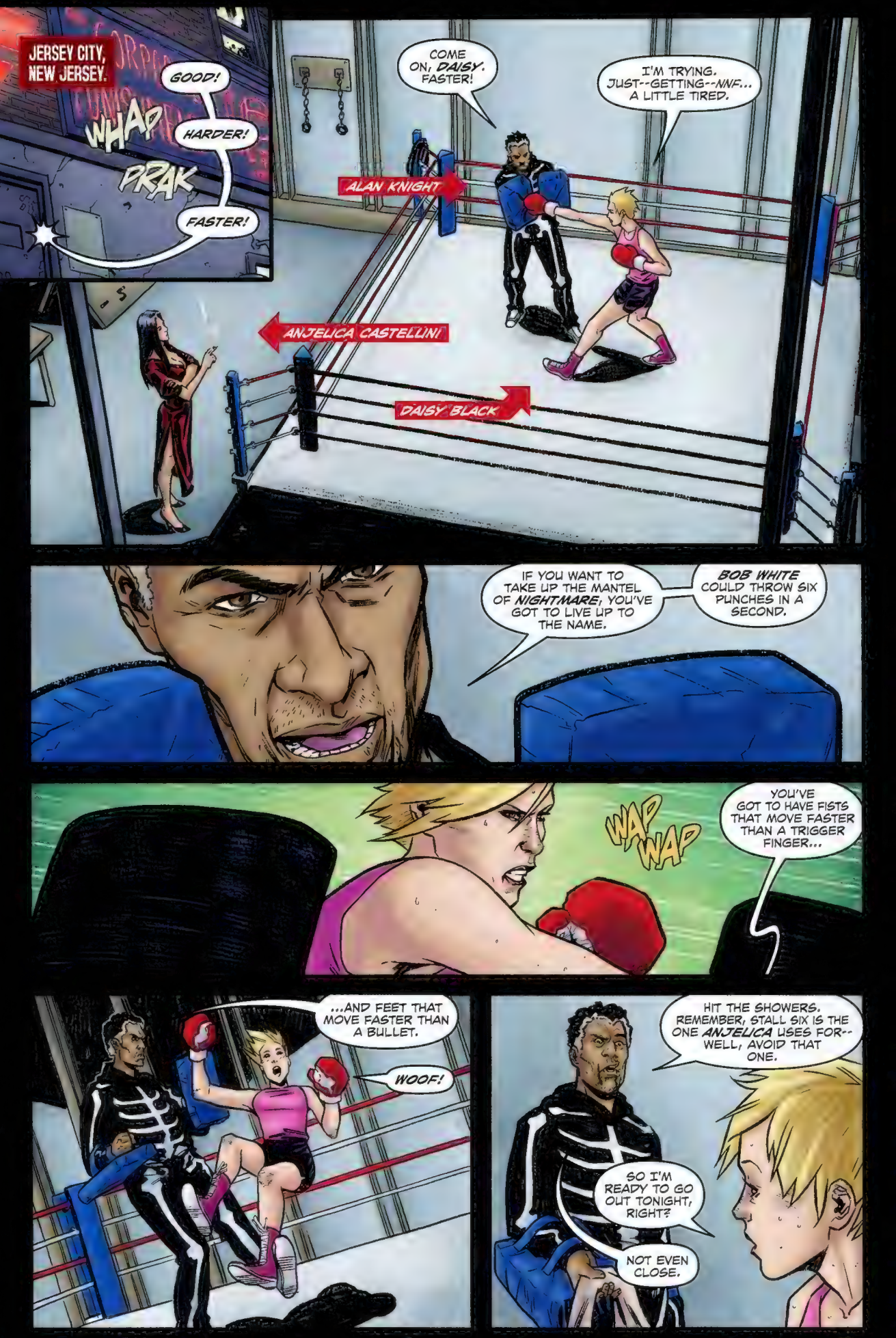

FINE, IF YOU'RE DOING IT TO PUNISH ME, BECAUSE IT'S WORKING EXCEPTIONALLY WELL.
BUT LET ME POINT OUT: IF YOU HADN'T SCARED THE BEJEEBERS OUT OF CASSIE'S "DATE," THE COPS WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO THE CAMPSITE.

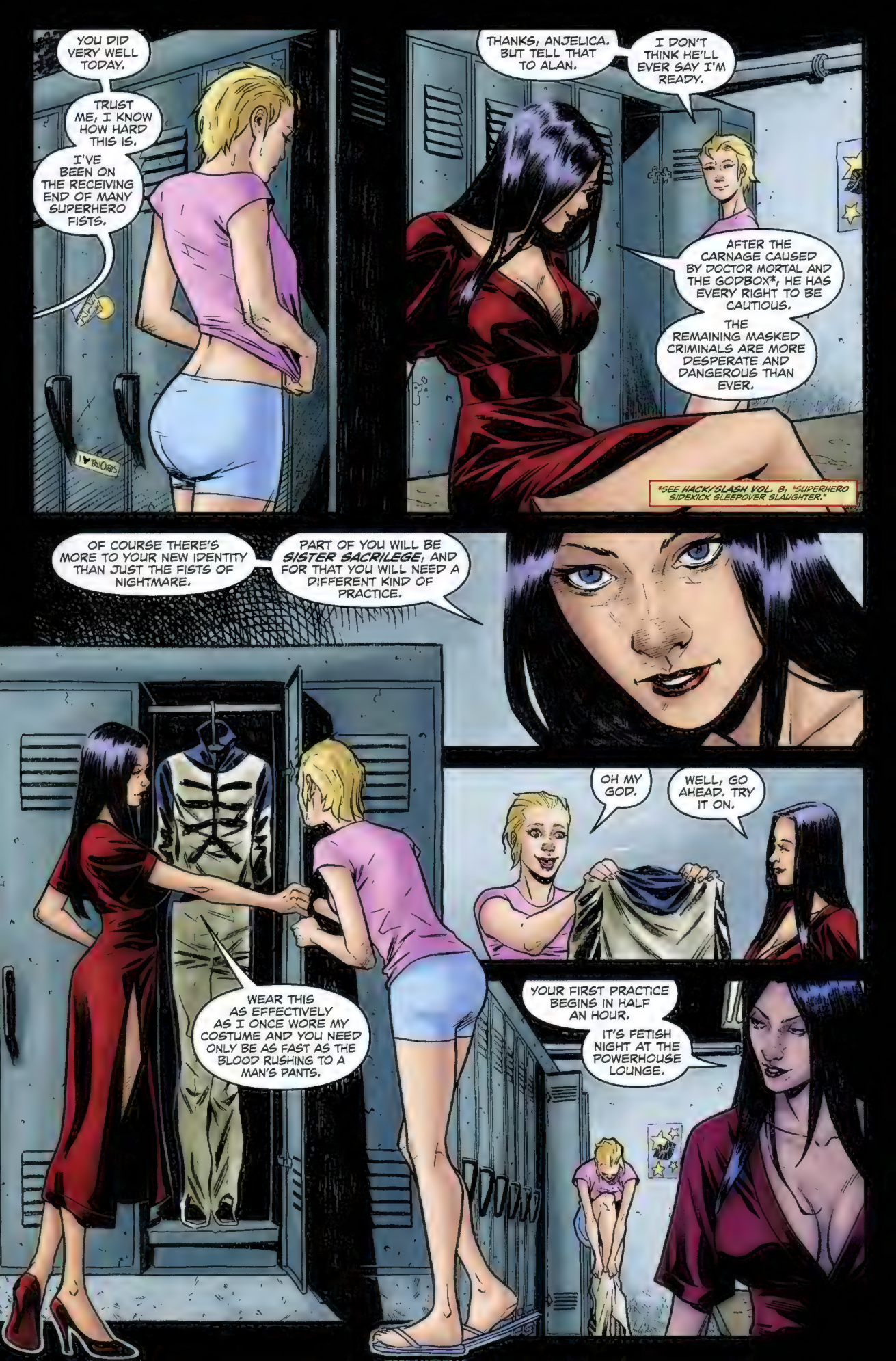

WHICH MEANS WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO HIGHTAIL IT. WE ALSO WOULDN'T BE SHARING A HOTEL ROOM TO LAY LOW.
SO, REALLY, YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF.
OH MY GOSH.
GROWING-A-TAIL-HERE.

IT IS ALL YOURS, CATHERINE.
HURR HURR.
AHHHHH!!
OH MY GOD!!
IT SMELLS LIKE BURNING HAIR AND BELLYBUTTON STINK!

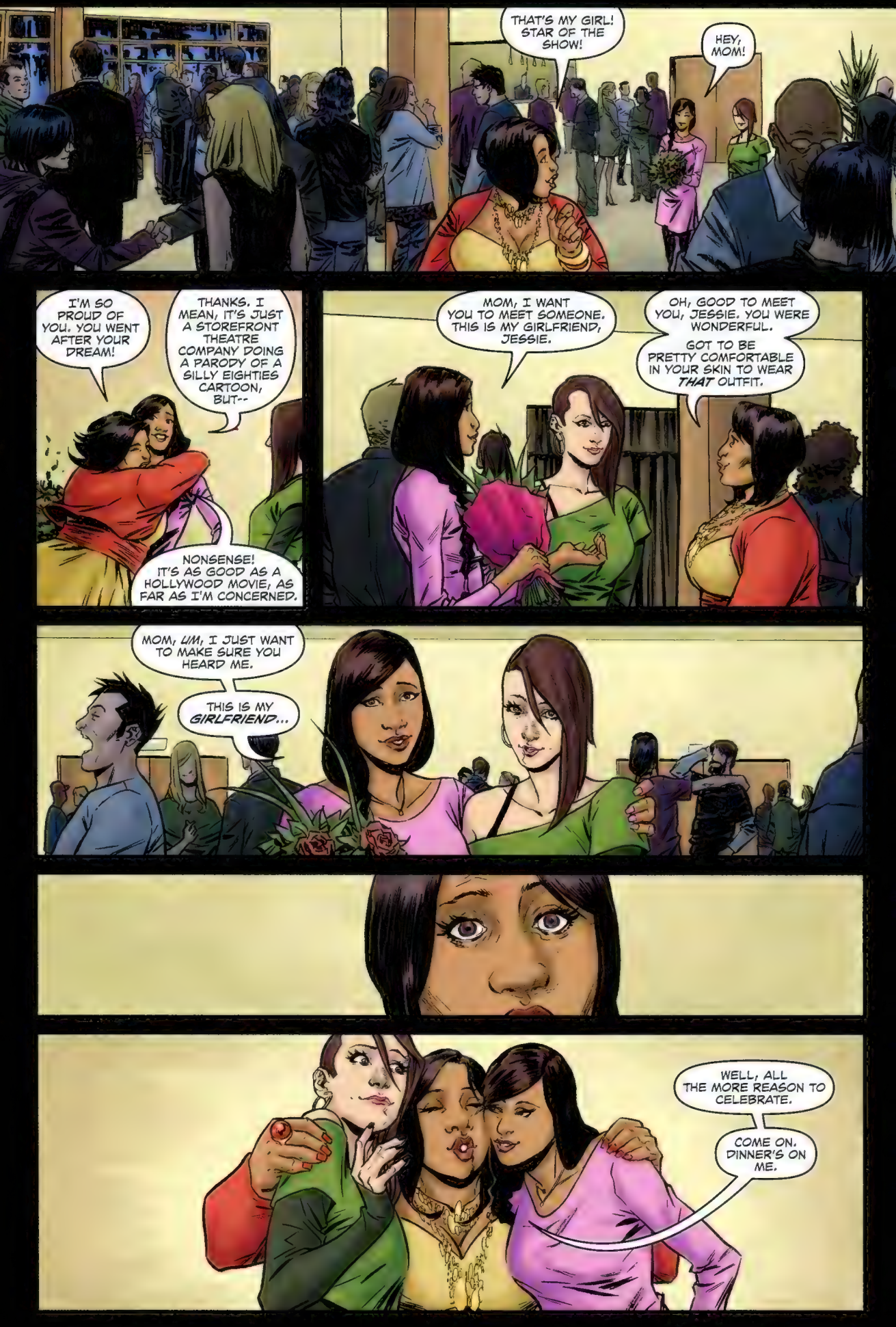
JEEZ. YOU VLAD BOMBED HER, DIDN'T YOU?!

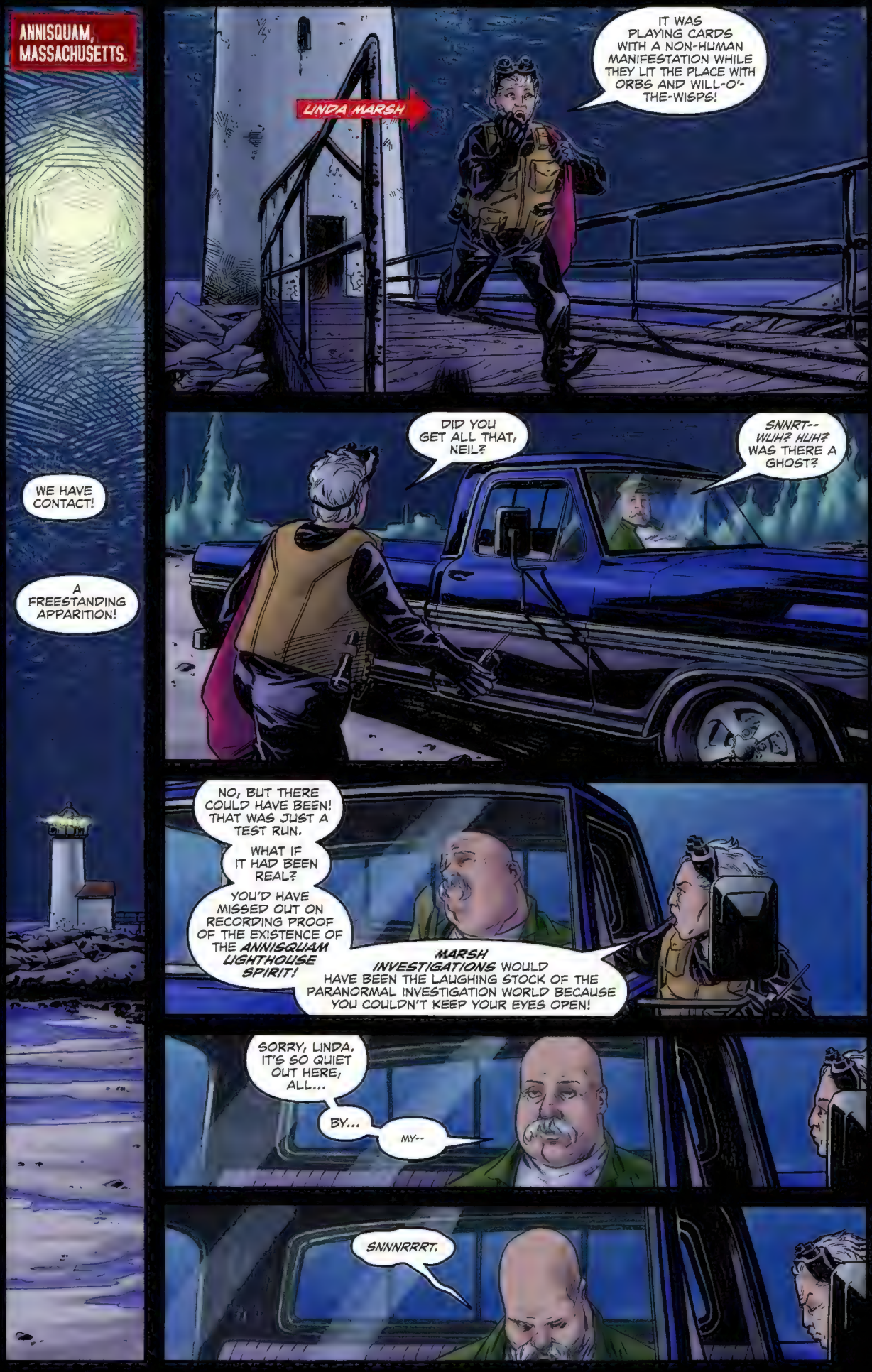
I APPRECIATE THE LOYALTY, BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T PUNISH CAT FOR THE THING I ALMOST DID TO MYSELF LAST NIGHT WITH THE DYNAMITE.
SHE WAS TRYING TO HELP.
Yesss. Big hands. Big petting.
CATHERINE DOES NOT THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BESIDES SOLVING THE MYSTERY, YES?
YEAH, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S HER FAULT.
HOW IS NOT CARING HOW HER SOLUTIONS AFFECT PEOPLE NOT HER FAULT?
SHE'S...I DUNNO, LIKE, KIND OF ASPERGER'S, Y'KNOW?
NO SOCIAL SKILLS TO SPEAK OF. NO CONCERN WITH WHAT OTHERS THINK OF HER. OBSESSED WITH LISTS AND FACTS.
IT'S LIKE YOUR APPEARANCE. OR MY PSYCHO-BITCH BLOODLINE.
SHE WAS JUST BORN THAT WAY.
SHE'S JUST LIKE US. SHE'S... SPECIAL.
HRM.
How is content and well-massaged Pooch special?
HM. WELL, YOU LOOK LIKE A BABY SWALLOWED A DOG.
OH, AND PETTING YOU IS LIKE GIVING A HANDJOB TO A FIVE-FOOT, UNCIRCUMCISED WIENER.
Yes! Special!


JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.
GOOD!
WHAP
HARDER!
PRAK
FASTER!
COME ON, DAISY. FASTER!
I'M TRYING. JUST--GETTING--NNF... A LITTLE TIRED.
ALAN KNIGHT
ANJELICA CASTELLINI
DAISY BLACK
IF YOU WANT TO TAKE UP THE MANTEL OF NIGHTMARE, YOU'VE GOT TO LIVE UP TO THE NAME.
BOB WHITE COULD THROW SIX PUNCHES IN A SECOND.
WAP WAP
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE FISTS THAT MOVE FASTER THAN A TRIGGER FINGER...
...AND FEET THAT MOVE FASTER THAN A BULLET.
WOOF!
HIT THE SHOWERS. REMEMBER, STALL SIX IS THE ONE ANJELICA USES FOR-- WELL, AVOID THAT ONE.
SO I'M READY TO GO OUT TONIGHT, RIGHT?
NOT EVEN CLOSE.

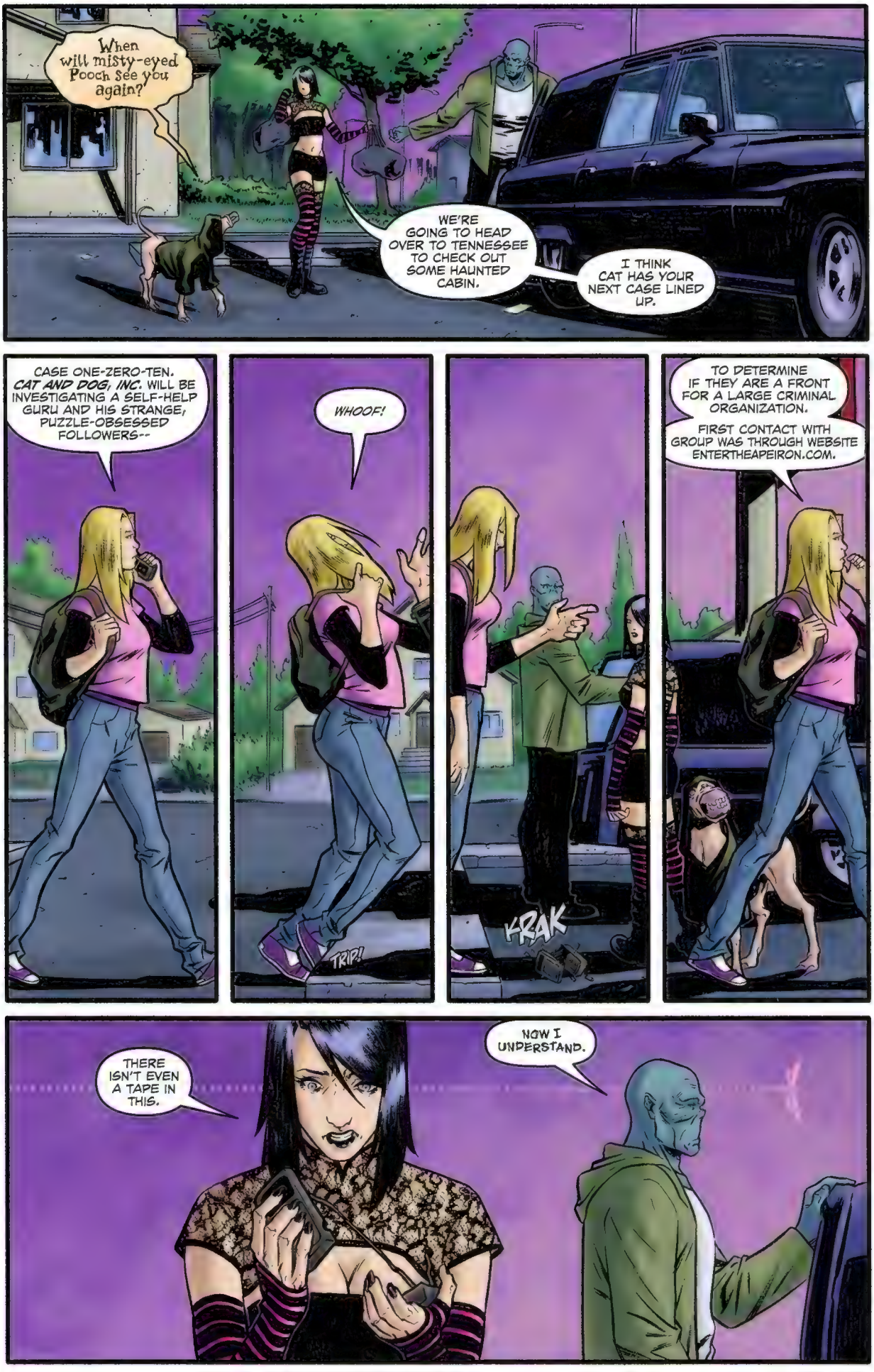

YOU DID VERY WELL TODAY.
TRUST ME, I KNOW HOW HARD THIS IS.
I'VE BEEN ON THE RECEIVING END OF MANY SUPERHERO FISTS.
THANKS, ANJELICA. BUT TELL THAT TO ALAN.
I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER SAY I'M READY.
AFTER THE CARNAGE CAUSED BY DOCTOR MORTAL AND THE GODBOX*, HE HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BE CAUTIOUS.
THE REMAINING MASKED CRIMINALS ARE MORE DESPERATE AND DANGEROUS THAN EVER.
*SEE HACK/SLASH VOL. 8, "SUPERHERO SIDEKICK SLEEPOVER SLAUGHTER."
OF COURSE THERE'S MORE TO YOUR NEW IDENTITY THAN JUST THE FISTS OF NIGHTMARE.
PART OF YOU WILL BE SISTER SACRILEGE, AND FOR THAT YOU WILL NEED A DIFFERENT KIND OF PRACTICE.
OH MY GOD.
WELL, GO AHEAD. TRY IT ON.
WEAR THIS AS EFFECTIVELY AS I ONCE WORE MY COSTUME AND YOU NEED ONLY BE AS FAST AS THE BLOOD RUSHING TO A MAN'S PANTS.
YOUR FIRST PRACTICE BEGINS IN HALF AN HOUR.
IT'S FETISH NIGHT AT THE POWERHOUSE LOUNGE.

YBOR CITY, FLORIDA.
NOT TO BE UNGRATEFUL, BUT CAN YOU GET OFF ME?
THUNDERGUARD
THANKS, THUNDERGUARD. YOUR SWORD HILT WAS POKING ME IN THE RIBS.
UH, RIGHT... SWORD.
HAH!
HA!
HAHA!
HAHAHAH!
HAH!
TOM MORTON AS SKULL MAN!
JESSIE BROCK AS WITCHY WOMAN!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CL
AND, AS LEETA, THE ONE AND ONLY MARGARET CRUMP!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
A.K.A. "GEORGIA PEACHES"


THAT'S MY GIRL! STAR OF THE SHOW!
HEY, MOM!
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. YOU WENT AFTER YOUR DREAM!
THANKS. I MEAN, IT'S JUST A STOREFRONT THEATRE COMPANY DOING A PARODY OF A SILLY EIGHTIES CARTOON, BUT--
NONSENSE! IT'S AS GOOD AS A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.
MOM, I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE. THIS IS MY GIRLFRIEND, JESSIE.
OH, GOOD TO MEET YOU, JESSIE. YOU WERE WONDERFUL.
GOT TO BE PRETTY COMFORTABLE IN YOUR SKIN TO WEAR *THAT* OUTFIT.
MOM, *UM*, I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU HEARD ME.
THIS IS MY *GIRLFRIEND*...
WELL, ALL THE MORE REASON TO CELEBRATE.
COME ON. DINNER'S ON ME.


ANNISQUAM, MASSACHUSETTS.
LINDA MARSH
IT WAS PLAYING CARDS WITH A NON-HUMAN MANIFESTATION WHILE THEY LIT THE PLACE WITH ORBS AND WILL-O'-THE-WISPS!
WE HAVE CONTACT!
A FREESTANDING APPARITION!
DID YOU GET ALL THAT, NEIL?
SNNRT-- WUH? HUH? WAS THERE A GHOST?
NO, BUT THERE COULD HAVE BEEN! THAT WAS JUST A TEST RUN.
WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN REAL?
YOU'D HAVE MISSED OUT ON RECORDING PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE ANNISQUAM LIGHTHOUSE SPIRIT!
MARSH INVESTIGATIONS WOULD HAVE BEEN THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION WORLD BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
SORRY, LINDA. IT'S SO QUIET OUT HERE, ALL...
BY...
MY--
SNNNRRRT.

=SIGH=
GUESS I'LL MAKE US SOME COFFEE.
I DUNNO, GERTRUDE.
IT DOESN'T FIT REAL WELL ANYMORE.
PINELLAS PARK, FLORIDA.
NO EXCUSES. IF I'M GOING TO DO THIS LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP THING, WE NEED TO KEEP IT SPICY.
I DRESS UP FOR YOU ALL THE TIME.
GERTRUDE HALL
ALRIGHT, YOU ASKED FOR IT.
IT'S SO WEIRD THAT WE USED TO WEAR STUFF LIKE THIS AND THOUGHT IT LOOKED MANLY.
OH MY GOSH! IT'S BROCK HELLFREES FROM FREES OVER!
SQUEEE!
NOW GET OVER HERE AND KISS ME, YOU SEXY THING.


When will misty-eyed Pooch see you again?
WE'RE GOING TO HEAD OVER TO TENNESSEE TO CHECK OUT SOME HAUNTED CABIN.
I THINK CAT HAS YOUR NEXT CASE LINED UP.
CASE ONE-ZERO-TEN. CAT AND DOG, INC. WILL BE INVESTIGATING A SELF-HELP GURU AND HIS STRANGE, PUZZLE-OBSESSED FOLLOWERS--
WHOOF!
TRIP!
KRAK
TO DETERMINE IF THEY ARE A FRONT FOR A LARGE CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION.
FIRST CONTACT WITH GROUP WAS THROUGH WEBSITE ENTERTHEAPEIRON.COM.
THERE ISN'T EVEN A TAPE IN THIS.
NOW I UNDERSTAND.

ALL THE PALADINS ARE IN PLACE.
NO SMALL TASK GETTING THEM POSITIONED AROUND THE COUNTRY IN SUCH A SHORT TIME.
IT'S NOT ABOUT THE EFFORT, BUT WHAT IT MEANS FOR OUR FAITH.
THIS IS THE FIRST STEP OF OUR NEW GENESIS.
MASTER AKAKIOS?
YOU WANTED US TO ALERT YOU WHEN THE CULLING WAS READY TO BEGIN.
YES. I AM HERE.
DEEP WITHIN MY HEALING POOL, I SWEAR I COULD SENSE MY PALADINS AS THEIR ANTICIPATION FOR THE KILL RISES.
IT SEEMS THAT THE MANY YEARS I SPENT AS AN AMNESIAC DID NOT AFFECT MY MASTERY OF THE ELEMENTS.
MY POTIONS HAVE HEALED MY FLESH AND BONES...
THOUGH IT WOULD SEEM THEY HAVE NOT BEEN AS EFFECTIVE ON MY TEETH, AT LEAST AS OF NOW.
NO MATTER.
WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT MY PROPHECIES AND PLANS HAVE BEEN REALIZED.
AND, AS CASSIE HACK AND HER FOLLOWERS HAVE ELIMINATED THE WEAK AND UNWORTHY FROM OUR HERD, SO, TOO, MUST I ACT AS THE LION.

GUHK!
SHLUNK
THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY HAS GROWN BLOATED.
ITS LEADERSHIP HAS BECOME SOFT.
WE HAVE BEEN INFILTRATED BY THE BORED AND RICH, THOSE WHO MISTAKE THEIR FINANCIAL SUPERIORITY FOR MORAL SUPERIORITY.
SHUNK
RODERICK FETCH. YOUR LONG SERVICE AND THE SUPPORT OF YOUR MEDIA CONGLOMERATE HAVE BEEN APPRECIATED.
I THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE.
W-WHAT? WAIT...
YOU DIRECTED MY USE AS THE LAMP'S PET ASSASSIN FOR MANY YEARS. YOU MADE ME INTO "*SAMHAIN*."
YOU KEPT ME CHAINED UP LIKE A DOG, UNLEASHED ONLY FOR THE HUNT.
HOW COULD I KNOW?! YOUR MEMORY WAS GONE!
NONE OF US RECOGNIZED YOUR TRUE IDENTITY!

AAAAHHGHK!
SHRRP
YOU SHOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THAT I AM NO MAN'S SLAVE.
I AM NOT SAMHAIN.
I AM AKAKIOS.
I DO NO ONE'S WILL. THIS WORLD DOES MINE.

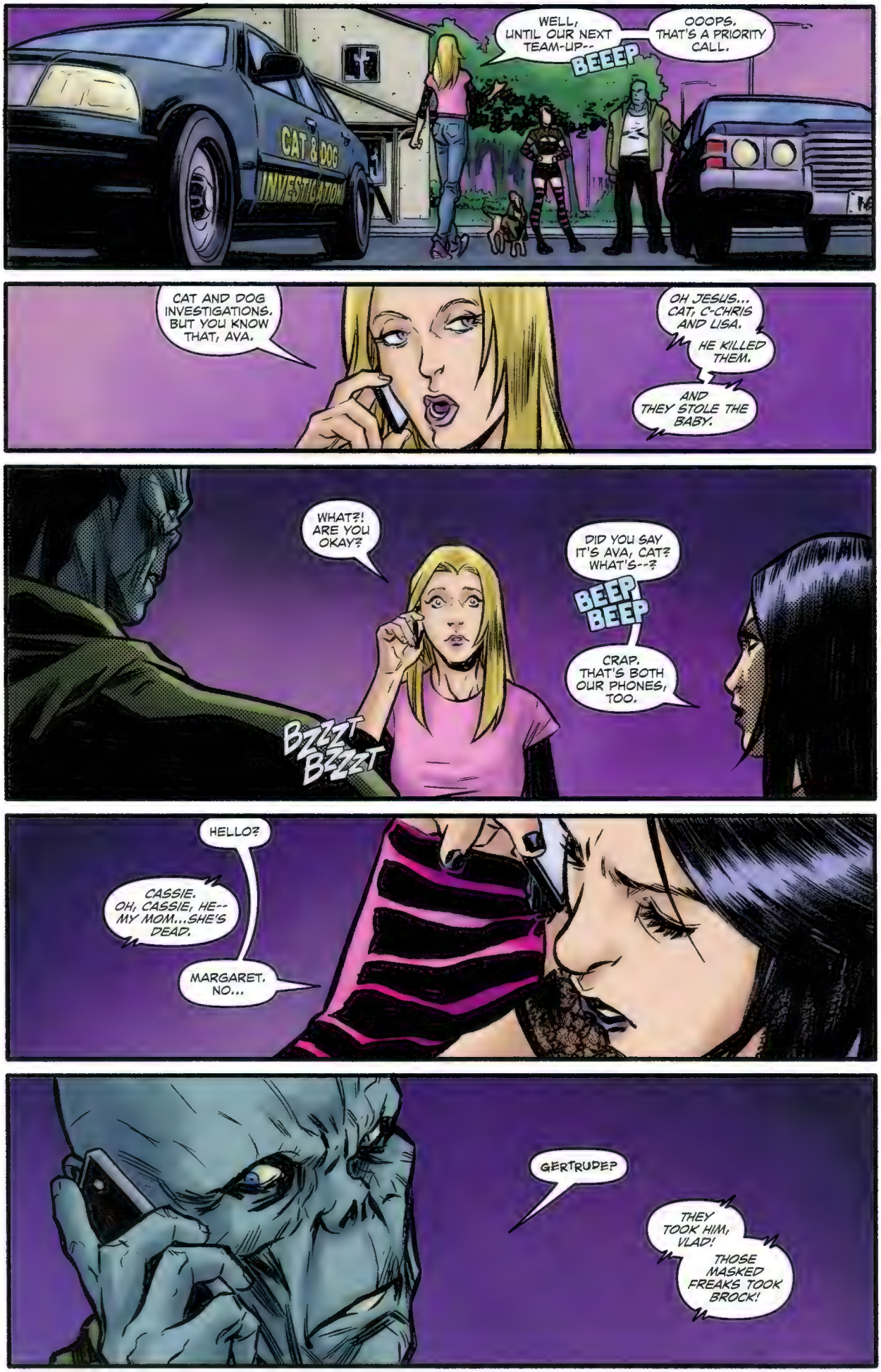
FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.
THANKS FOR THE RIDE BACK FROM JERSEY.
MY PLEASURE, MISS.
OH! ALAN, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D STILL BE UP.
I STARTED ON ANJELICA'S PART OF MY TRAINING TONIGHT.
I THINK I'M BETTER AT THIS, BUT I MEAN, HONESTLY, I'LL TAKE PUNCHING OVER FLIRTING ANY TIME.
ALAN?
ALAN?
ALAN?!

NO! LET HER GO, YOU FREAKS!
MARGARET! WHAT'S GOING ON--?
UGK...
MOM!
NEIL!
WITCH.
SINNERRRRR.
BROCK? WHERE'D YOU GO, BABE?
THAT GUY WAS DRESSED PRETTY FUNKY...
WAS HE A SUPERHERO?
I LOVE KILLING SUPERHEROES.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.
SAMHAIN. HE'S GOING TO KILL... SO MANY...
HE'S AK-AK-AKAKIOS. THE...FOUNDER OF THE BLACK LAMP SOC--
THE BLACK LAMP IS GOING TO RELEASE A TOXIN.
THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA.
OH GOD. I REMEMBER.

LISA! I REMEMBER WHAT MAGGIE TOLD ME!
IT WAS A SPELL THAT PASSED ON A MESSAGE...
...ABOUT THE FUTURE.
PUT HER DOWN!!
AH! BY AKAKIOS!
MM. ANOTHER PATIENT FOR ME TO TREAT?
I'D LIKE TO GET UNDER HER BEAUTIFUL SKIN.
NO. SHE IS TO BE LEFT ALIVE.
PITY. WELL, IT FELT GOOD TO STRETCH MY MUSCLES AGAIN ANYWAY.

ENJOY MY WORK, MISS.
AND, PLEASE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS.
CHRIS?
LISA?
OH NO.
NO NO NO NO.


WELL, UNTIL OUR NEXT TEAM-UP--
BEEEP
OOOPS. THAT'S A PRIORITY CALL.
CAT & DOG INVESTIGATION
CAT AND DOG INVESTIGATIONS. BUT YOU KNOW THAT, AVA.
OH JESUS... CAT, C-CHRIS AND LISA.
HE KILLED THEM.
AND THEY STOLE THE BABY.
WHAT?! ARE YOU OKAY?
DID YOU SAY IT'S AVA, CAT? WHAT'S--?
BEEP BEEP
CRAP. THAT'S BOTH OUR PHONES, TOO.
BZZT BZZT
HELLO?
CASSIE. OH, CASSIE, HE-- MY MOM...SHE'S DEAD.
MARGARET. NO...
GERTRUDE?
THEY TOOK HIM, VLAD!
THOSE MASKED FREAKS TOOK BROCK!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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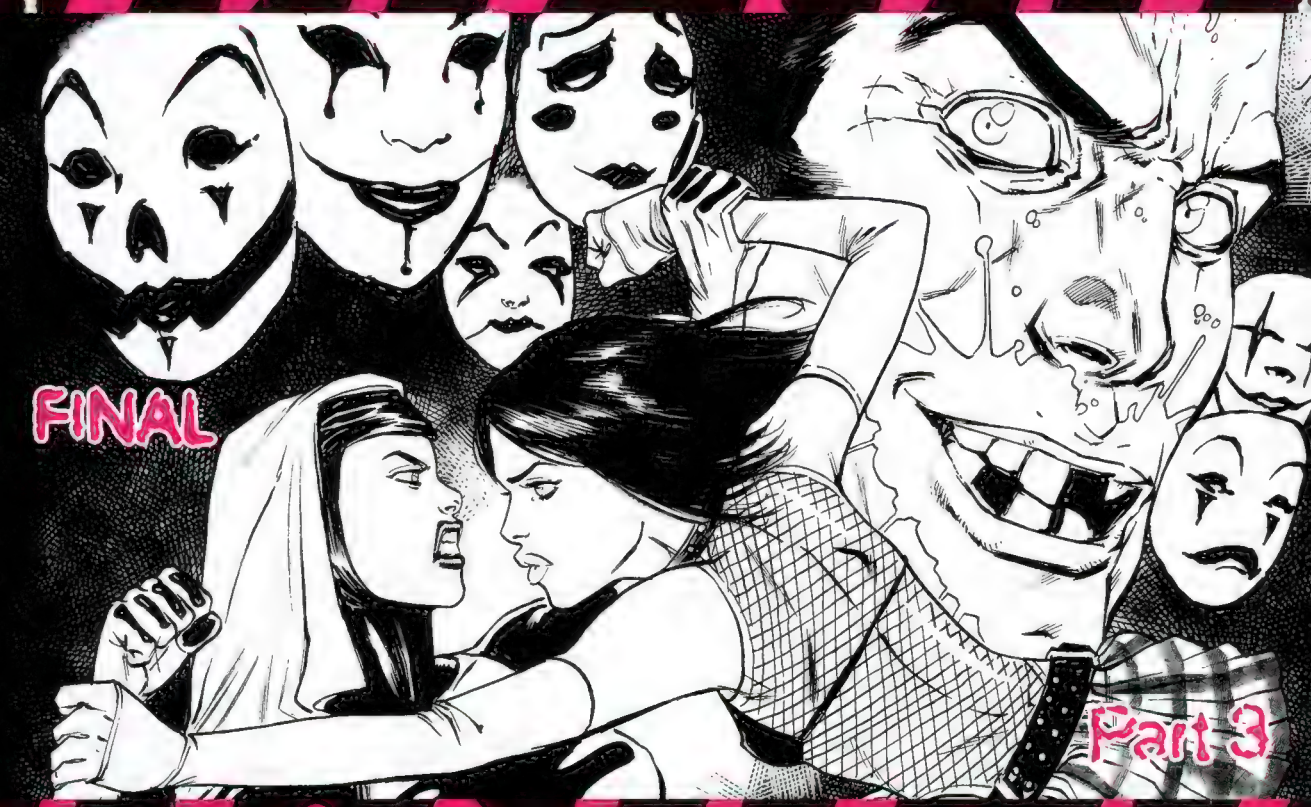
COVER B

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™



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COLORS BY NATE LOVETT LETTERS BY CRANK!

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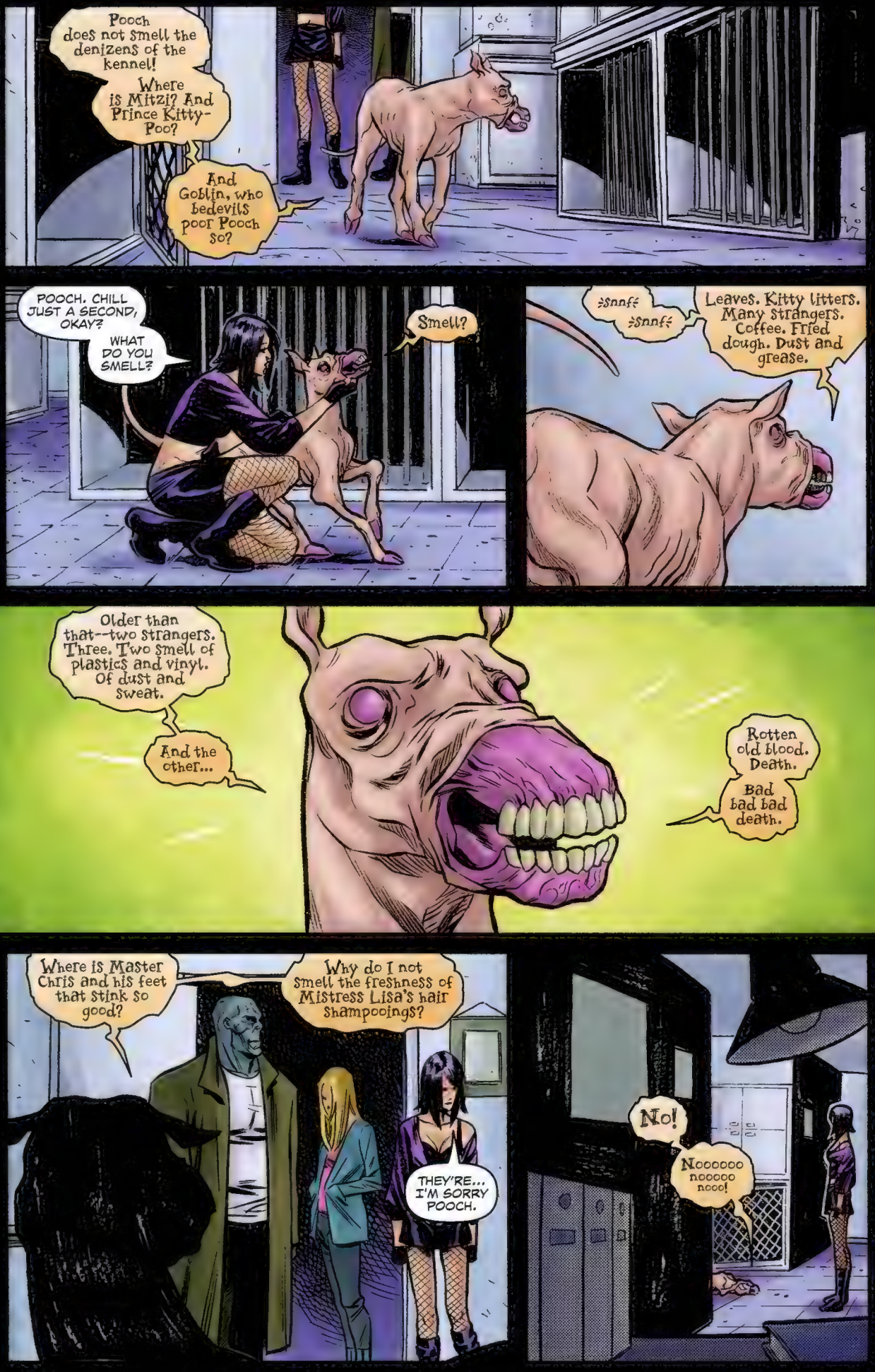
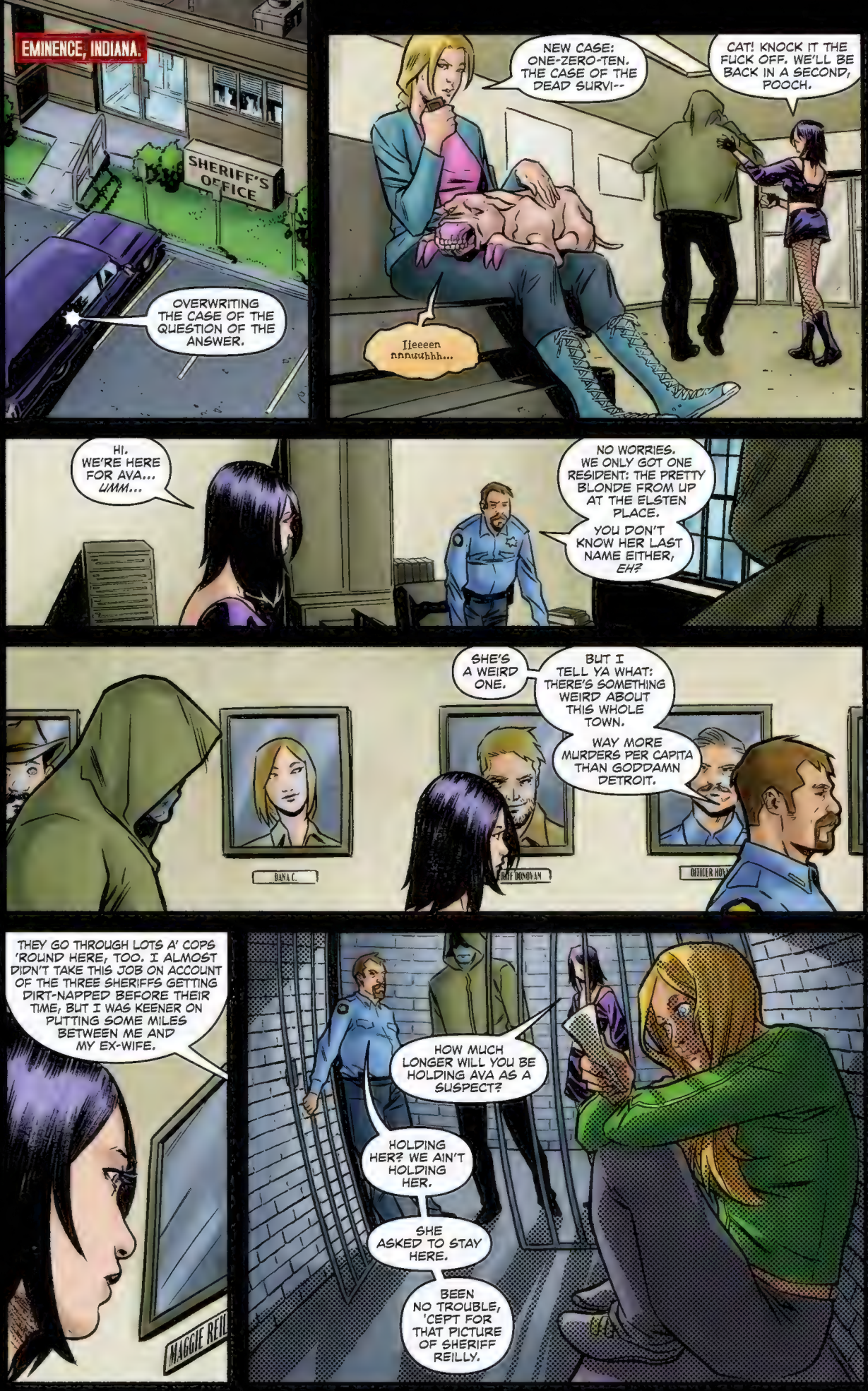
MY FAVORITE TIME OF ANY DAY IS THE FEW SECONDS JUST AFTER I WAKE UP.
IN THAT MOMENT, MY BRAIN IS STILL CLOUDED WITH DREAMS.
IN THAT TINY SPAN OF TIME, NOTHING MATTERS. YOU HAVE A VAGUE RECOLLECTION OF WHO YOU ARE, BUT THAT'S ALL. YOU HAVE NO PAST. NO MEMORY OF WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY BEFORE.
AND THEN COMES THE MOMENT THAT'S MY LEAST FAVORITE TIME OF THE DAY.
Oh, ecstatic Pooch is nearly leaping out of his goose-pimpled skin!
We go to visit Mistress Lisa and Master Chris!!
And the infant! Jubilant Pooch cannot wait to see the baby.
Oh, how it reminds him of the lowbeast broods, so wet and pink and shiny, mewling for mother's pendulous breasts!
OH GOD. THIS IS JUST FUCKING AWFUL.
IT IS CRUEL. STOP NOW.
IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY EASIER IF WE HAD TOLD HIM EARLIER.
WE NEED HIS NOSE.
Mistress Lisa! Ever-observant Pooch notices the bright ribbons you have decorated with, in honor of his return!


Pooch does not smell the denizens of the kennel!
Where is Mitzi? And Prince Kitty-Poo?
And Goblin, who bedevils poor Pooch so?
POOCH. CHILL JUST A SECOND, OKAY?
WHAT DO YOU SMELL?
Smell?
:snnf:
:snnf:
Leaves. Kitty litters. Many strangers. Coffee. Fried dough. Dust and grease.
Older than that--two strangers. Three. Two smell of plastics and vinyl. Of dust and sweat.
And the other...
Rotten old blood. Death.
Bad bad bad death.
Where is Master Chris and his feet that stink so good?
Why do I not smell the freshness of Mistress Lisa's hair shampoings?
THEY'RE... I'M SORRY POOCH.
No!
Noooooo nooooo nooo!


EMINENCE, INDIANA.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
OVERWRITING THE CASE OF THE QUESTION OF THE ANSWER.
NEW CASE: ONE-ZERO-TEN. THE CASE OF THE DEAD SURVI--
CAT! KNOCK IT THE FUCK OFF. WE'LL BE BACK IN A SECOND, POOCH.
Ileeeen nnnuuhhh...
HI. WE'RE HERE FOR AVA... UMM...
NO WORRIES. WE ONLY GOT ONE RESIDENT: THE PRETTY BLONDE FROM UP AT THE ELSTEN PLACE.
YOU DON'T KNOW HER LAST NAME EITHER, EH?
SHE'S A WEIRD ONE.
BUT I TELL YA WHAT: THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THIS WHOLE TOWN.
WAY MORE MURDERS PER CAPITA THAN GODDAMN DETROIT.
DANA C.
OFFICER HOY
THEY GO THROUGH LOTS A' COPS 'ROUND HERE, TOO. I ALMOST DIDN'T TAKE THIS JOB ON ACCOUNT OF THE THREE SHERIFFS GETTING DIRT-NAPPED BEFORE THEIR TIME, BUT I WAS KEENER ON PUTTING SOME MILES BETWEEN ME AND MY EX-WIFE.
MAGGIE REIL
HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU BE HOLDING AVA AS A SUSPECT?
HOLDING HER? WE AIN'T HOLDING HER.
SHE ASKED TO STAY HERE.
BEEN NO TROUBLE, 'CEPT FOR THAT PICTURE OF SHERIFF REILLY.

MISTER SHERIFF, MAY WE HAVE SOME TIME WITH HER?
TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU NEED.
AIN'T MANY PEOPLE LEFT TO POLICE IN THIS TOWN.
AVA, IT'S CASSIE. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF HERE, OKAY?
WHEN I LOOK AT THIS PHOTO OF MAGGIE, I CAN SEE THE VISIONS CLEARER. SHE GAVE THEM TO ME.*
AND IF I STARE AT HER FACE, THE IMAGES GROW SHARPER. STILL, THEY'RE LIKE A PHOTO TAKEN FROM A MOVING CAR.
*SEE HACK/SLASH VOL. 9, "TORTURE PRONE."
I KNEW HE WAS COMING FOR THEM. I SAW IT...
AND I DIDN'T SAVE THEM.
WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW.
I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE KILLED THEM MYSELF.
AVA, THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
I DON'T DESERVE MY FREEDOM. I DON'T DESERVE TO BE ALIVE. I DESERVE TO STAY IN THIS CELL AND... AND FUCKING ROT.
THEY KILLED THEM IN THEIR BED. THEY TOOK SANDY. THEY KIDNAPPED THE BABY.
SHHHH.
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO HURT US. ALL OF OUR FRIENDS. ALL THE ONES WE LOVE.
THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE IT IS TO BE TOGETHER.

HERE, AVA. IT IS YOUR OLD FRIEND POOCH.
HE WILL COMFORT YOU.
OH, POOCH. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY.
I'M BETTING YOU TWO ARE THINKING EXACTLY WHAT I'M THINKING: SOMEONE SHIPPED SLASHERS DIRECTLY TO ALL YOUR SURVIVING FRIENDS WITH THE INTENT OF GIVING YOU A DISTINCTLY NOT-NICE MESSAGE.
THEY KILL SOME, KIDNAP THE OTHERS.
THEY WANT US TO KNOW THEY MEAN BUSINESS.
THEY WANT US TO COME TO THEM TO GET EVERYONE BACK IN MORE OR LESS ONE PIECE.
WE NEED TO BE PROACTIVE, AND WE NEED A PLAN.
MOST OF ALL, LIKE VLAD TOLD AVA, WE HAVE TO BE TOGETHER.
START CALLING, CAT.
VLAD, DRIVE. I'LL FIND SOMEWHERE FOR US ALL TO MEET IN-BETWEEN.
WE ARE NOT EVEN GOING TO PAY OUR RESPECTS.
I KNOW. SURROUNDED BY DEATH AND WE NEVER MAKE IT TO A FUNERAL.

HEATH, TEXAS.
THE HOME OF RODERICK FETCH.
FOUNDER AND C.E.O., FETCH MEDIA.
RECENTLY DECEASED.
CAN'T HELP BUT THINKING...
...HOW HAPPY MY WIFE'D BE TO KNOW SHE WAS RIGHT ABOUT MONSTERS AND DEMONS.
WHAT MANNER OF MONSTROSITY GOT YOU, MISS?
A S-SMILE. TERRIBLE.
TERRIBLE SMILE.
BROCK HELLFREES
ANJELICA CASTELLINI
NEIL MARSH
JESSIE BROCK
YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
I KNOW SOME FREAKS, BUT PEOPLE IN KINKY COSTUMES AREN'T MY USUAL CROWD.
IT IS CERTAINLY MINE.
I BELIEVE WE ARE THE GUESTS OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
I ENCOUNTERED THEM ONCE, LONG AGO.
LOOK, SOMEONE COMES.
GET HOLD OF HIM! HE'S NOT REASONABLE LIKE GROSS OR THE ANGEL!
NOT REASONABLE? HE'S A FUCKING PSYCHO!
MANIPULATORS! HEATHENS!!
UNHAND ME!
GLK.
SPLCH

HOLD HIM!
BUT DON'T DAMAGE HIM!
COVETER! YOU WILL NEVER POSSESS ME!
NILES RAFFERTY!
WHAT INTERLOPER DARES INTERRUPT MY SERMON?!
CALM YOURSELF, MY PALADIN.
YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR TRUE FATHER.
YOUR ONE GOD.
I KNOW YOU. I HAVE SEEN YOU IN MY MIND.
IT IS YOU WHO STANDS AT THE GATES, RINGED WITH BLACK FLAME, IN MY DREAMS OF HEAVEN.
A HEAVEN WE WILL BRING TO EARTH, FATHER WRATH.

YOU WILL LEAD THE CONVERTED ONTO THE FIELDS OF BATTLE AGAINST THE LAWLESS AND MORALLY BANKRUPT.
YOU WILL KILL THE CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS AND FREE THIS WORLD FROM THEIR HEDONISTIC INFLUENCE.
KRAK
YOU WILL FOLLOW THE DARK FLAMES THAT LEAD YOU AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE.
YOU WILL SERVE THE MURDER MESSIAH.
BUT FIRST, YOU MUST LEARN TO RESPECT ALL OTHERS WHO SERVE ME.
YOU SERVE MY WRATH NOW, NOT YOUR OWN.
THAT FUCKIN' DUDE IS DEFINITELY THE BOSS.
I-- I KNOW HIM. JESU CRISTO. SAMHAIN.
COME. WE MUST CONFIRM THE ITINERARY.

THE PURCHASE AND DELIVERY WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. TWO TRUCKS FROM THE PORT OF CORPUS CHRISTI.
THE HEAD OF THE STEVEDORES IS A SYMPATHIZER. HE HAS BEEN PROMISED A PLACE IN THE WORLD TO COME.
HEY, LITTLE MAN. WANNA HELP ME RECHARGE?
I'M RUNNING A LITTLE LOW ON JUICE.
UHHH...
MISTER CROPSEY, BE GLAD THAT I WANT TO HEAR YOUR REPORT CONCERNING MY PANACEA ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THE GRASP OF THE ANGEL.
DESPITE YOUR OBVIOUS MORAL WEAKNESS.
TH-- THANK YOU.
ALL LOCAL AND NATIONAL BRANCHES HAVE CONTRIBUTED THEIR RESERVES.
WE'LL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH. WE EXPECT EXPOSURE OF NO LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND, PERHAPS MORE.
I ENVY YOU, CHILD.
THOUGH YOU WERE BORN INTO SIN, YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF THIS ROTTING DEN OF PERVERSION AND IDIOCY.
YOU WILL GROW UP IN A BETTER PLACE, SANDRA KRANK.

DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA.
C'MON, DAISY, YOU BABY! STOP FUCKING CRYING!
ALL YOU GON' GET WITH THAT IS A PAPER.
THAT'S GOOD. THAT'S GOOD. THAT'S ALL I NEED. GET ME THROUGH THE NIGHT.
NIGHT IS THE HARDEST.
AIN'T PAID ENOUGH TO GET ME TO LISTEN TO YOUR SOBBIN', MAN. TAKE THE SHIT AND GO.

HIGHWAY 75.
NEAR THE BORDER OF TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA.
...OKAY, WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
THANKS FOR LETTING US USE YOUR HOUSE, MARGARET.
WE'RE THE LAST ONES. EVERYONE ELSE IS ALREADY THERE.
GOOD. THEN SHE HAS NOT BEEN ALONE.
HEY, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET GEORGIA AND YOU THOUGHT HER NAME WAS CHICKAMAUGA?
HEH HEH. YE--
THEY'RE GOING TO RELEASE A TOXIN!
AH! SCREAMING ELF!
Mistress Ava, please be calm.
THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA...HUNH...KILL MILLIONS.
FOURTEEN YEARS. IN A TINY CELL. FOUND VLAD. BROKEN.
THE NO MAN'S LANDS. BLACK LAMP EMPIRE.
RAN FROM THE STAB HAPPIES ON A FAMILIAR MOTORCYCLE.
FOUND POOCH. RAN FROM AKAKIOS--SAMHAIN. SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM. MAGGIE, YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM.
BANG.

WHAT THE FUCK-- EXCUSE MY LANGUAGE-- WAS THAT?!
SHIT. I DON'T KNOW.
SHE'S A MESS.
WE'RE HERE.
GET HER INSIDE AND INTO A BED.
CASSANDRA, ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH. AVA SAID SHE WAS HAVING VISIONS OF THE FUTURE.
FOURTEEN YEARS FROM NOW.
IT SOUNDS LIKE WE LOSE.

SOON.
HERE, YOU CAN STAY IN MY OLD ROOM.
THANK YOU, GEORGIA.
IT'S SUPER KEEEY-UTE.
Vigilant Pooch will stay at your side, ever ready to protect you from evils. Yes, he will.
Will have to sleep on the bed with you, to do the best job.
NOT NECESSARY. I HAVE MY B.M.J. UTILITY KNIFE, WHICH I'LL TUCK UNDER THE PILLOW.
I BET THERE'S A NICE SPOT ON THE FLOOR JUST FOR YOU, POOCHIE.
BOY, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A BIG MYSTERY. I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE I HAVE ALL OF MY TOOLS, IN WORKING ORDER...
LET'S SEE...
B.M.J. TELEPHONE VOICE CHANGER--FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.
B.M.J. LOCK PICK KIT...AH, POOP. IT OPENED...
THERE'S A SLIM JIM OUT OF PLACE.
Whiiiine...
Lonely Pooch has been abandoned too many times.
He cannot lose Mistress Cat too.
HMM. Y'KNOW WHAT? IT'S KIND OF COLD IN HERE.
I'LL PROBABLY NEED YOU ON THE BED TONIGHT.

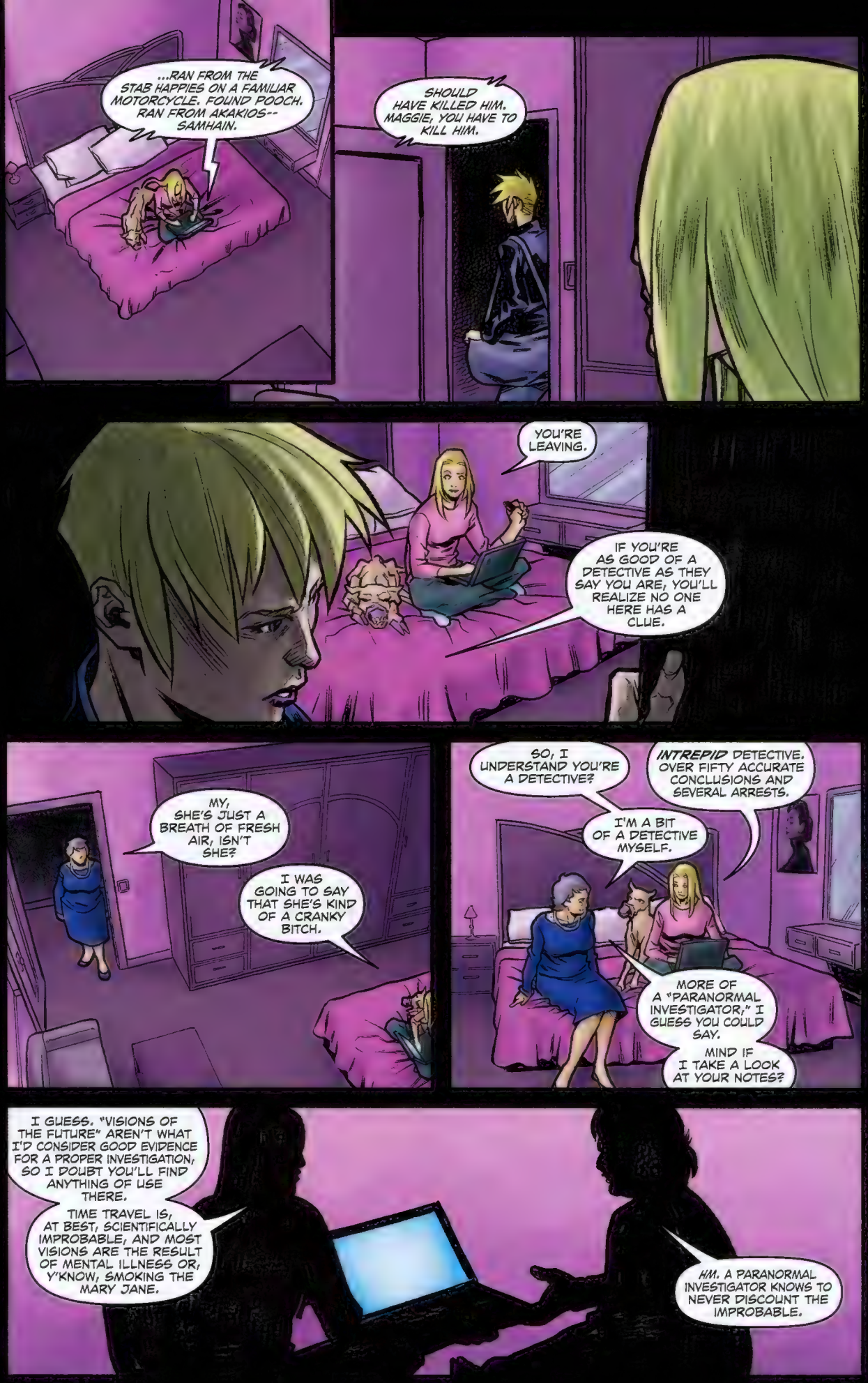
MARGARET "GEORGIA PEACHES" KRUMP
LINDA MARSH
GERTRUDE HALL
DAISY "SISTER NIGHTMARE" BLACK
LOOK, I'M NOT REALLY A SPEECH GIVER, OKAY?
I GOT SO NERVOUS DURING A BOOK REPORT WHEN I WAS IN GRADE SCHOOL THAT I THREW UP ON THE PODIUM. PROBABLY RUINED *TUCK EVERLASTING* FOR EVERY KID IN THAT CLASSROOM.
BUT, IT'S REALLY OBVIOUS TO ME, AND LIKELY TO ALL OF YOU, THAT SOMETHING REALLY FUCKING BIG AND REALLY BAD IS GOING DOWN HERE.
I CALLED AS MANY OF THE OTHER "SURVIVORS" WE KNOW.
SO FAR, NONE OF THEM HAVE HAD THEMSELVES OR THEIR LOVED ONES TARGETED LIKE EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM HAS.
A FEW MONTHS AGO, VLAD AND I WENT UP AGAINST TWO SLASHERS WE THOUGHT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED. IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD COME BACK.
NOW SOMEONE HAS RALLIED FIVE NUTBAGS WE THOUGHT WE'D ALREADY PUT DOWN FOR GOOD. FIVE SICK FUCKS WHO WERE PICKED TO SEND A MESSAGE...
MATTHEW "GRINFACE" RAVENSWOOD
ANGELA "ACID ANGEL" CICERO
NILES "FATHER WRATH" RAFFERTY
LYNN JAGODINSKI
DR. EDMUND GROSS
...AS FOR WHAT THIS ALL MEANS, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TO GO ON.
OUR FRIEND AVA HAS BEEN HAVING VISIONS. WEIRD GLIMPSES OF SOMETHING.
SHE THINKS IT MIGHT BE THE FUTURE. A FUTURE THAT DOESN'T LOOK TOO GODDAMN GOOD.

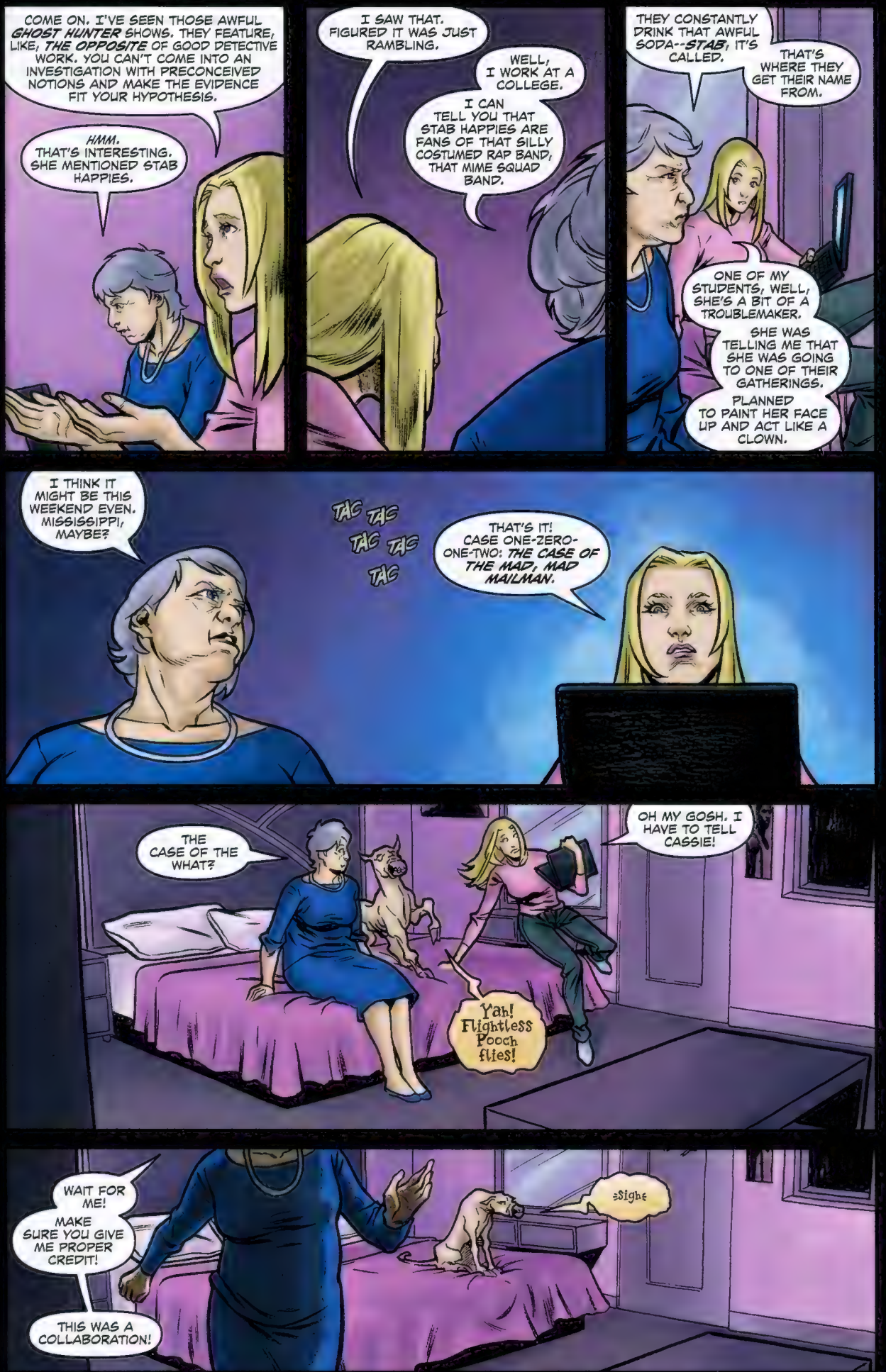
I KNOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOME X-MEN TYPE SHIT, BUT JUST BETWEEN THE PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM, WE'VE SEEN ALIENS, GHOSTS, AND A FUCKING KILLER DOLL, SO AT THIS POINT WE CAN'T REALLY THROW OUT ANYTHING.
WE KNOW THAT THEY MURDERED SOME OF OUR FRIENDS, WHILE KIDNAPPING OTHERS. THEY LEFT ALL OF YOU ALIVE FOR A REASON.
BUT NOT FOR LONG, RIGHT? SOMEONE IS GOING TO COME FOR US.
THAT'S WHY CASSIE AND VLAD BROUGHT US TOGETHER. TO PROTECT US.
OH, THEY'LL PROTECT US ALL RIGHT. THEY KEPT US ALIVE ONCE, BUT WHERE WERE THEY WHEN THE KILLERS CAME BACK FOR SECONDS?
WE TRY, BUT WE CANNOT BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, YES?
EXACTLY. YOU CAN'T. BUT HERE WE ARE COMING TO YOU, WHEN WE SHOULD BE LOOKING AFTER OURSELVES. I JUST LOST THE CLOSEST THING I EVER HAD TO A FATHER. PROBABLY A MOTHER, TOO.
THEY GAVE ME THE ABILITY TO FIGHT FOR MY-FUCKING-SELF!
I CAME HERE WITH THE MISGUIDED HOPE THAT THERE WAS A PLAN, A WAY TO FIGHT BACK. BUT YOU'VE GOT NOTHING.
ALL YOU CAN DO IS REACT WHEN THERE'S ALREADY A PILE OF BODIES.
YOU UNGRATEFUL--
STOP. SHE'S JUST SCARED.
SCARED?
FUCK YOU, YOU BITCH!! I'LL SMASH YOUR SMUG FACE!
NO. YOU WILL NOT.
FUH.
YOU'D ALL BE BETTER OFF BY YOURSELVES.

LATER.
HRRRGM.
BLONDIE STRESSING YOU OUT?
COME ON AND SIT DOWN.
YOU AREN'T EXACTLY LOOSENING UP, BIG GUY.
HURR. SORRY. I AM NOT USED TO BEING TOUCHED.
AND YOU...
OH, RIGHT. I WAS YOUR FIRST.
OL' GERT STILL GIVES YA THE MAN-WOOD, HUH?
HURR.
THIS MAN, WHO WAS TAKEN FROM YOU. HE WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND, YES?
YEAH. HA. BOYFRIEND.
IT IS NOT A SERIOUS THING, YES?
NO, NOT THAT. IT'S JUST...I'VE USED THAT WORD "BOYFRIEND" ON SO MANY GUYS THAT WEREN'T REALLY ANYTHING, YOU KNOW?
I'VE CALLED GUYS "BOYFRIEND" THAT I ONLY SAW WHEN THEY PLAYED THE COUNTY FAIR AND MANAGED TO GET THROUGH A SHOW SOBER ENOUGH TO STILL FUCK.
BUT, WITH BROCK...
WE ATE TOGETHER, Y'KNOW? HE COOKED ME FOOD.
IT WAS ALWAYS OVERDONE, BURNT, BUT I NEVER SAID ANYTHING.
HE TOLD ME ABOUT BEING ON THE ROAD AND BEING LONELY.
AND HOW GLAD HE WAS TO HAVE SOMEONE TO COME BACK TO--
=HUNNH=
=AHUH=
=HUNH=
=UHHH=

CHAINSAWS, MACHETES, SHOVELS...
...AND ONE MEAN AXE.
JESUS, MARGARET. FIRST GERT, THEN YOU?
I TOLD YOU TO TOSS THAT FUCKING THING INTO THE OCEAN.
I KNOW. I MEANT TO. BUT I KEPT THINKING YOU'D NEED IT SOMETIME.
MAYBE COME BACK FOR IT.
IT'S A GODDAMN ALIEN WEAPON.
YOU COULD HAVE ATTRACTED WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF SHIT TO YOURSELF BY HAVING IT AROUND.
YEAH, SURE. BUT WHY BOTHER CHUCKING IT?
AFTER ALL THE STUFF I'VE BEEN THROUGH, I FIGURED IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME ANYWAY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
ONCE YOU GET INVOLVED IN THIS KIND OF STUFF, YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH MARKED FOR DEATH, RIGHT?
I SEALED MY FATE THE MOMENT I WENT TO THAT CONCERT.*
*SEE HACK/SLASH VOL.3, "SHOUT AT THE DEVIL."
YOU GOT ME OUT OF NEF THAT TIME.
SAVED ME FROM THE MIND LEECHES AND THAT DALE WILDMAN CREEP, LATER ON.
THING IS, IF I HAD JUST DIED WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO, MY MOM WOULD STILL BE ALIVE. JESSIE WOULDN'T BE KIDNAPPED.

MARGARET, THAT'S CRAZY TALK.
IS IT? BECAUSE I GOT IT FROM YOU.
YOU WOULDN'T BE WITH ME BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GET ME HURT OR KILLED.
DIDN'T WANT ME PART OF THIS TWISTED WORLD.
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SPREAD YOUR MARK.
TELL ME YOU BELIEVED THAT, THE SAME AS I DO NOW.
BECAUSE IF THAT'S NOT IT, THEN YOU TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT ME.
TELL ME IT'S BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT ME.
THAT YOU NEVER FELT ANYTHING FOR ME AND NEVER WOULD HAVE.
FINE. WE'RE MARKED. EVERY SINGLE ONE OF US. THE FUTURE HAS ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN.
WE'RE NEVER GOING TO ESCAPE THIS HELL ALIVE.
BUT WE DON'T FUCKING HAVE TO GO EASY.


...RAN FROM THE STAB HAPPIES ON A FAMILIAR MOTORCYCLE. FOUND POOCH. RAN FROM AKAKIOS-- SAMHAIN.
SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM. MAGGIE, YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM.
YOU'RE LEAVING.
IF YOU'RE AS GOOD OF A DETECTIVE AS THEY SAY YOU ARE, YOU'LL REALIZE NO ONE HERE HAS A CLUE.
MY, SHE'S JUST A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, ISN'T SHE?
I WAS GOING TO SAY THAT SHE'S KIND OF A CRANKY BITCH.
SO, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A DETECTIVE?
INTREPID DETECTIVE. OVER FIFTY ACCURATE CONCLUSIONS AND SEVERAL ARRESTS.
I'M A BIT OF A DETECTIVE MYSELF.
MORE OF A "PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR," I GUESS YOU COULD SAY.
MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR NOTES?
I GUESS. "VISIONS OF THE FUTURE" AREN'T WHAT I'D CONSIDER GOOD EVIDENCE FOR A PROPER INVESTIGATION, SO I DOUBT YOU'LL FIND ANYTHING OF USE THERE.
TIME TRAVEL IS, AT BEST, SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROBABLE, AND MOST VISIONS ARE THE RESULT OF MENTAL ILLNESS OR, Y'KNOW, SMOKING THE MARY JANE.
HM. A PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR KNOWS TO NEVER DISCOUNT THE IMPROBABLE.


COME ON. I'VE SEEN THOSE AWFUL GHOST HUNTER SHOWS. THEY FEATURE, LIKE, THE OPPOSITE OF GOOD DETECTIVE WORK. YOU CAN'T COME INTO AN INVESTIGATION WITH PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS AND MAKE THE EVIDENCE FIT YOUR HYPOTHESIS.
HMM. THAT'S INTERESTING. SHE MENTIONED STAB HAPPIES.
I SAW THAT. FIGURED IT WAS JUST RAMBLING.
WELL, I WORK AT A COLLEGE.
I CAN TELL YOU THAT STAB HAPPIES ARE FANS OF THAT SILLY COSTUMED RAP BAND, THAT MIME SQUAD BAND.
THEY CONSTANTLY DRINK THAT AWFUL SODA--STAB, IT'S CALLED.
THAT'S WHERE THEY GET THEIR NAME FROM.
ONE OF MY STUDENTS, WELL, SHE'S A BIT OF A TROUBLEMAKER.
SHE WAS TELLING ME THAT SHE WAS GOING TO ONE OF THEIR GATHERINGS.
PLANNED TO PAINT HER FACE UP AND ACT LIKE A CLOWN.
I THINK IT MIGHT BE THIS WEEKEND EVEN. MISSISSIPPI, MAYBE?
TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC
THAT'S IT! CASE ONE-ZERO-ONE-TWO: THE CASE OF THE MAD, MAD MAILMAN.
THE CASE OF THE WHAT?
OH MY GOSH. I HAVE TO TELL CASSIE!
Yah! Flightless Pooch flies!
WAIT FOR ME!
MAKE SURE YOU GIVE ME PROPER CREDIT!
THIS WAS A COLLABORATION!
sSighs

THE MAILMAN! IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MAILMAN!!
CAT. RITALIN AND BREATHE.
THE CASE. MY LAST CASE, BEFORE... WHEN I WAS TWELVE. MISTER WYNORSKI, THE MAILMAN, HE GOT SOME KIND OF BLACK LIQUID ON HIS SKIN.
IT TURNED HIM INTO A MURDERER. LIKE, A SERIOUS MURDERER.
HE CHOPPED UP A WHOLE BUNCH OF SORORITY GIRLS.
I FOLLOWED THE ADDRESS ON THE PACKAGE AND FOUND A WOMAN WORKING FOR THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.
THEN SAMHAIN STABBED ME. I WAS IN A COMA FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.
OKAY. BRING IT HOME.
"AVA. SHE SAID THERE WAS A TOXIN. IN HER VISION. A TOXIN TO KILL MILLIONS.
"AVA ALSO SAID THE STAB HAPPIES WERE CHASING HER. STAB HAPPIES!
"THEY GET THEIR NAME FROM HOW MUCH THEY LOVE *STAB* SODA.

"WHATEVER THAT BLACK STUFF WAS MY MAILMAN FOUND, THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY IS GOING TO USE IT TO TURN AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE INTO SLASHERS.
"THEY'RE GOING TO POISON THE SODA AT THE MIME SQUAD GATHERING.
"THOUSANDS OF CRAZED FANS TURNED INTO SAVAGE MURDERERS.
"OH GOD. THEY EVEN COME WITH THEIR OWN MASKS."
HAPPY GATHERING 2012!
TO BE CONTINUED!

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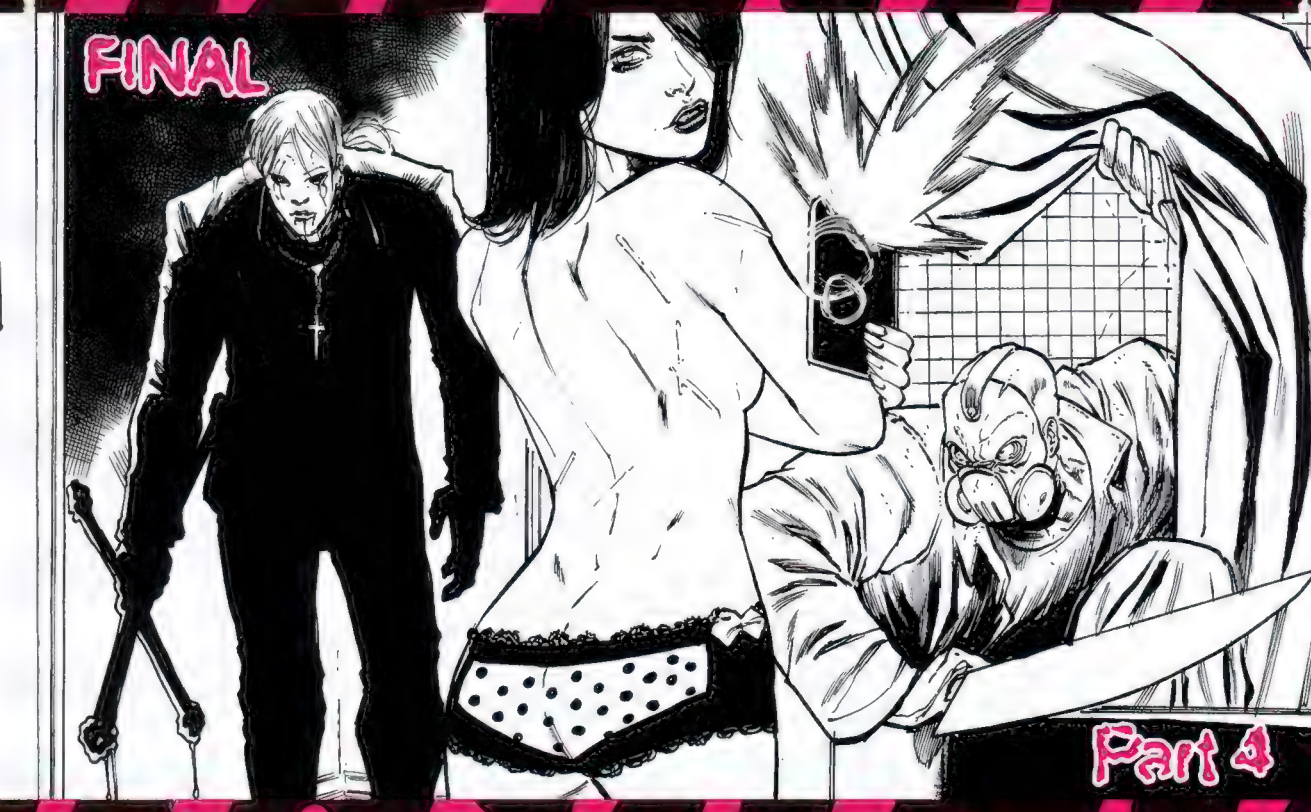
CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE INCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™



WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY DRAWN BY ELENA CASAGRANDE

COLORS BY NATE LOVETT LETTERS BY CRANK!

EDITS BY JAMES LOWDER

COVER A ELIZABETH TORQUE COVER B TIM SEELEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE

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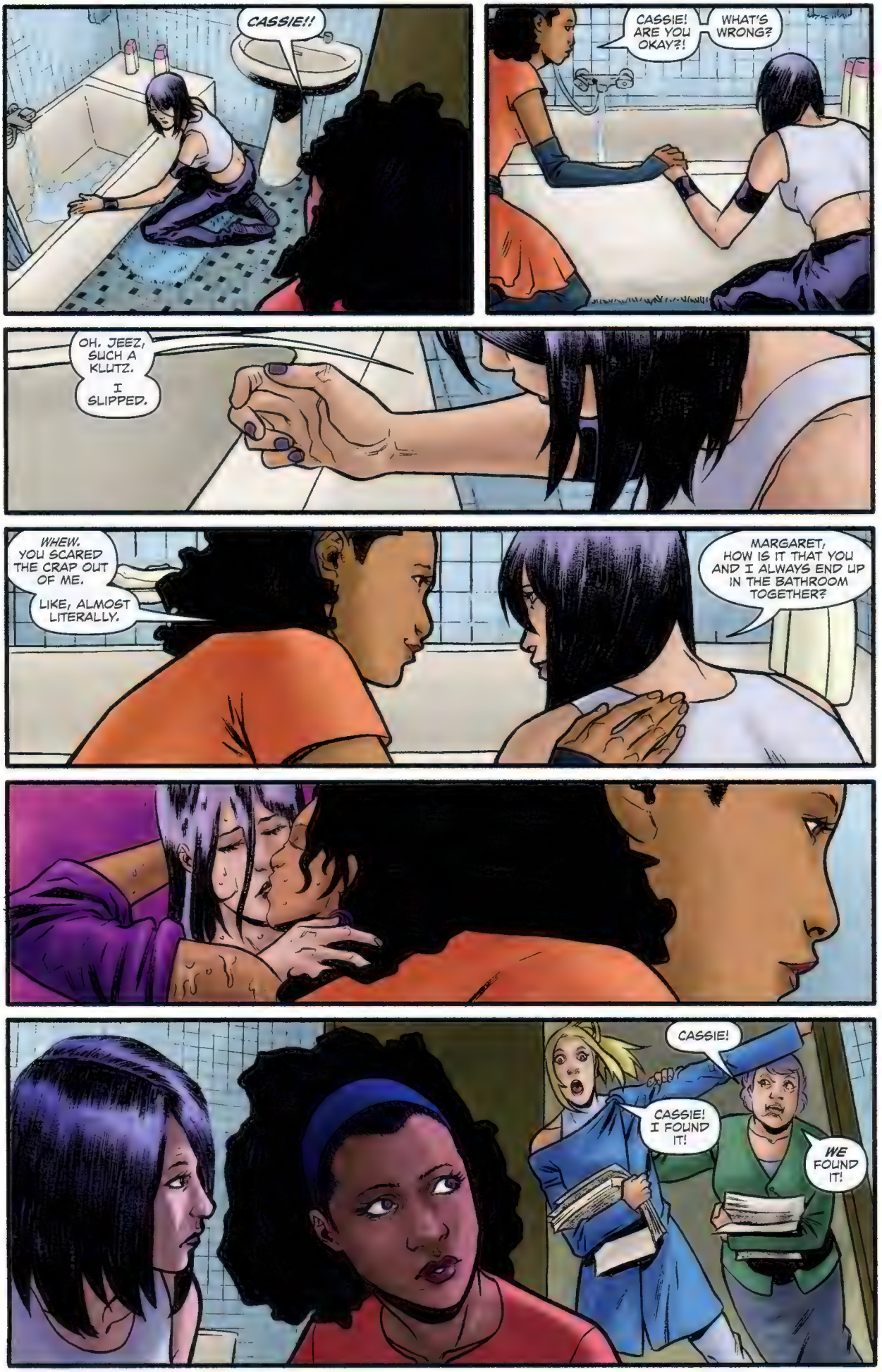
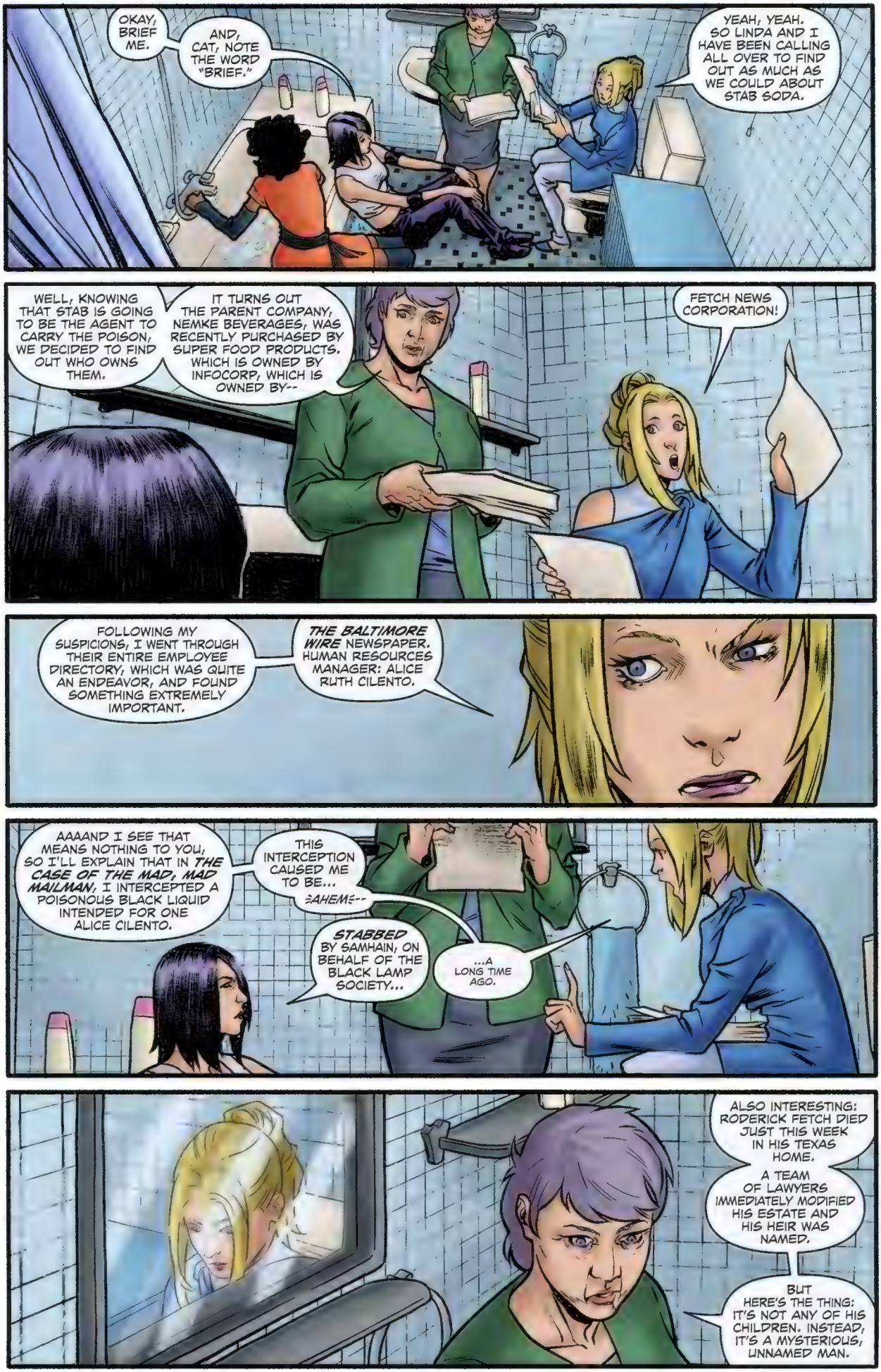
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI.
NEMKE BEVERAGE COMPANY.
11:42 A.M.
NEMKE BEVERAGE CO.
POP POP FIZZ FIZZ.
HOW CAN I HELP YOU TODAY?
OH, WHY, HELL-- HOWDY!
MUH NAME IS LOUISA MAY, AND, WELL, I JUST LOVE YOUR STAB SODA.
ESPECIALLY THAT LOVELY RIOTOUS RHUBARB!
AND, WELL, UNFORTUNATELY MY LOCAL STORE HERE IN HATTIESBURG IS ALL OUT. SO, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME IF YOU'D BE SENDING OUT A TRUCK ANYTIME SOON.
'CUZ, I MUST SAY, WATER JUST AIN'T GONNA CUT IT...I, UH, DO DECLARE!
ALL STORES ARE RESTOCKED ON THE WEDNESDAY OF EACH WEEK FROM THE CLOSEST LOCAL BOTTLER.
DUE TO HIGH DEMAND IN THE HATTIESBURG AREA, SHIPMENTS MAY BE COMING FROM OTHER SOURCES, INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, OUT-OF-STATE BOTTLERS.
YOU CAN HELP CHOOSE OUR NEXT FLAVOR. WILL IT BE EGG CREAM EXTREME OR DIET NEW CAR SMELL?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE THE SURVEY?
OH, NO, SUGAH, THAT'S OKAY. THANKS NOW.
UH...Y'ALL COME BACK NOW, Y'HEAR?
THANKS FOR CALLING NEMKE BEVERAGE COMPANY AND BEING PART OF THE CARBON-NATION.

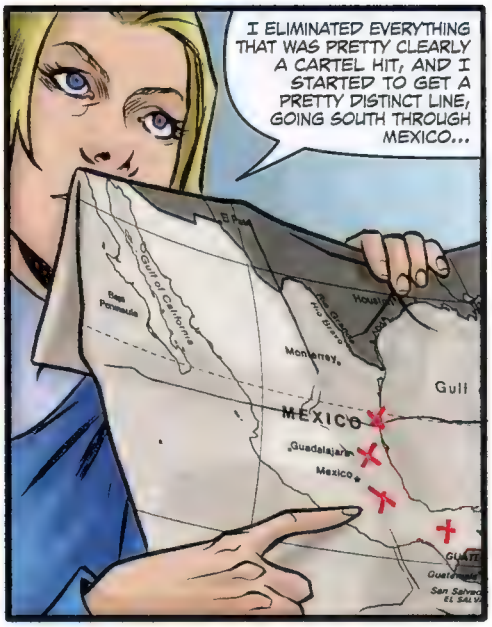
IT'S NOT THE KIND OF PLACE I EXPECTED TO USE TO STAGE A WAR. BUT THAT'S WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE. AMASSING TROOPS. STRATEGIZING. PREPARING FOR CASUALTIES.
CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.
3:11 P.M.
IT'S WEIRD, BEING IN MARGARET'S CHILDHOOD HOME. IT'S SO CHEERY. HOMEY. WITH ALL THE TOUCHES AND FLOURISHES YOU'D EXPECT FROM AN AVERAGE, MIDDLE-AGED, ALL-AMERICAN, NOT-BATSHIT-INSANE MOM.
ACTUALLY, FOR **MORE** CASUALTIES. WE'VE ALREADY LOST FRIENDS: LISA, CHRIS, GEORGIA'S MOM. ALL DEAD. OTHERS HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED. THEY MAY BE DEAD, TOO.
NO ONE ELSE CAN DIE. NOT FOR ME. NOT FOR MY WAR.
SO I NEED TO KNOW...
...HOW MUCH OF THE SWORD I CAN FALL ON.
SLLLCH

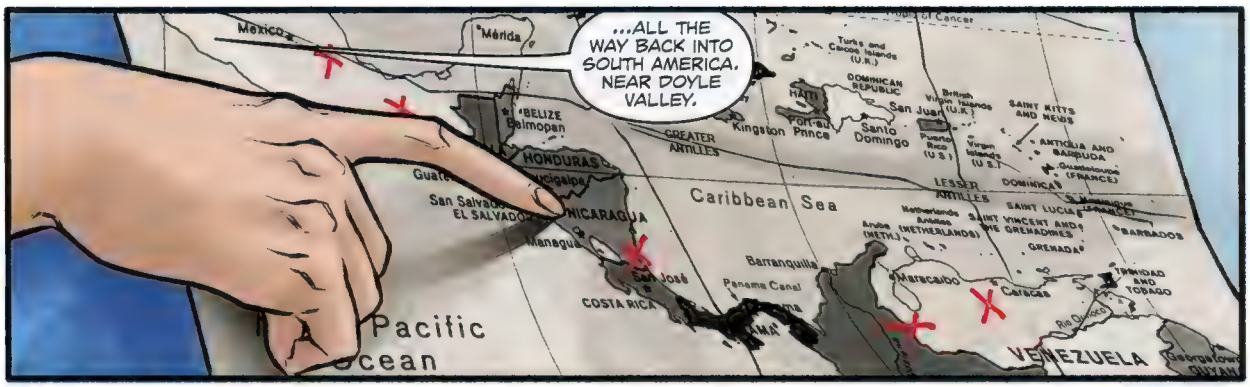
TEN PINTS OF BLOOD IN MY BODY.
SIXTY TO ONE HUNDRED BEATS OF MY HEART EVERY MINUTE.
DEATH IS JUST MATH.
AND THE MATH SAYS I SHOULD BE DONE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES.
BUT I WON'T BE. I HAVE SOME OF SAMHAIN--AKAKIOS--INSIDE ME. HIS PANACEA WILL NOT LET ME DIE.
I HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO CONTROL IT. IF I DON'T, THE PANACEA WILL PULL ME OUT OF THE GRAVE.
IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE TO REMIND MYSELF THAT SLASHERS CAN STILL BE HURT. SLOWED DOWN. KILLED.
IF ANYONE SHOULD KNOW THAT, IT'S ME.
FRUSTRATION. ANGER. HATE. THEY'RE THE KEYS TO HEALING FAST. GETTING RIGHT BACK ON THE TRAIL OF WHOEVER NEEDS KILLING.
KRAK
HNGH!
UH...FUCK. LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD AT ONCE. HIT MY HEAD TOO HARD.
GOOD TO KNOW SLASHERS CAN STILL...PASS--
FWUMP
THE HELL?


CASSIE!!
CASSIE! ARE YOU OKAY?!
WHAT'S WRONG?
OH. JEEZ, SUCH A KLUTZ. I SLIPPED.
WHEW. YOU SCARED THE CRAP OUT OF ME.
LIKE, ALMOST LITERALLY.
MARGARET, HOW IS IT THAT YOU AND I ALWAYS END UP IN THE BATHROOM TOGETHER?
CASSIE!
CASSIE! I FOUND IT!
WE FOUND IT!

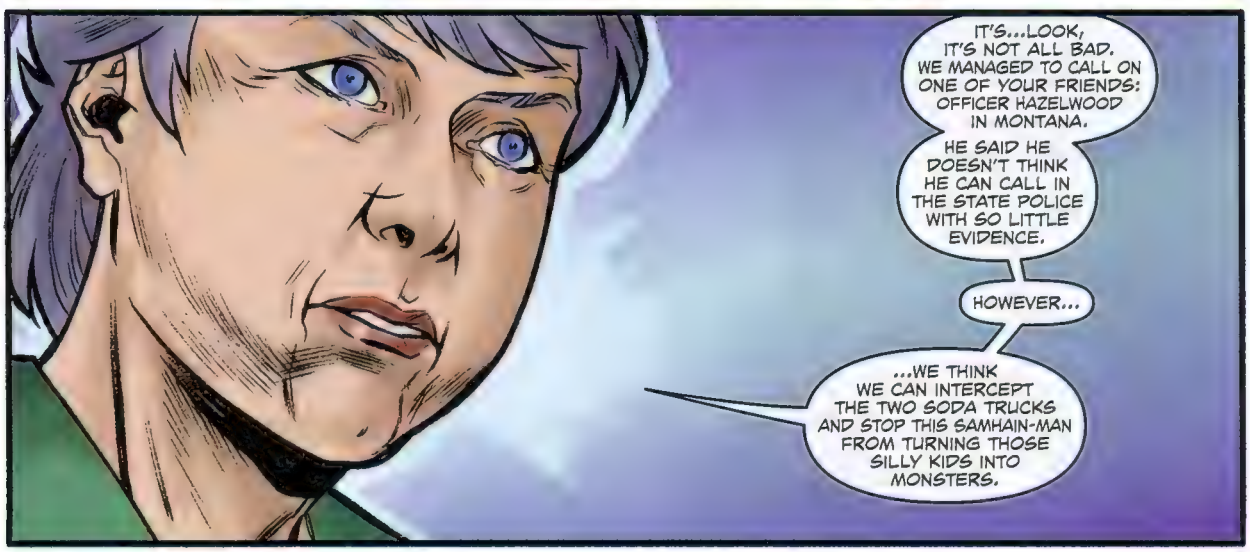

OKAY, BRIEF ME.
AND, CAT, NOTE THE WORD "BRIEF."
YEAH, YEAH. SO LINDA AND I HAVE BEEN CALLING ALL OVER TO FIND OUT AS MUCH AS WE COULD ABOUT STAB SODA.
WELL, KNOWING THAT STAB IS GOING TO BE THE AGENT TO CARRY THE POISON, WE DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHO OWNS THEM.
IT TURNS OUT THE PARENT COMPANY, NEMKE BEVERAGES, WAS RECENTLY PURCHASED BY SUPER FOOD PRODUCTS. WHICH IS OWNED BY INFOCORP, WHICH IS OWNED BY--
FETCH NEWS CORPORATION!
FOLLOWING MY SUSPICIONS, I WENT THROUGH THEIR ENTIRE EMPLOYEE DIRECTORY, WHICH WAS QUITE AN ENDEAVOR, AND FOUND SOMETHING EXTREMELY IMPORTANT.
THE BALTIMORE WIRE NEWSPAPER. HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGER: ALICE RUTH CILENTO.
AAAAND I SEE THAT MEANS NOTHING TO YOU, SO I'LL EXPLAIN THAT IN *THE CASE OF THE MAD, MAD MAILMAN*, I INTERCEPTED A POISONOUS BLACK LIQUID INTENDED FOR ONE ALICE CILENTO.
THIS INTERCEPTION CAUSED ME TO BE...
=AHEM=--
STABBED BY SAMHAIN, ON BEHALF OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY...
...A LONG TIME AGO.
ALSO INTERESTING: RODERICK FETCH DIED JUST THIS WEEK IN HIS TEXAS HOME.
A TEAM OF LAWYERS IMMEDIATELY MODIFIED HIS ESTATE AND HIS HEIR WAS NAMED.
BUT HERE'S THE THING: IT'S NOT ANY OF HIS CHILDREN. INSTEAD, IT'S A MYSTERIOUS, UNNAMED MAN.

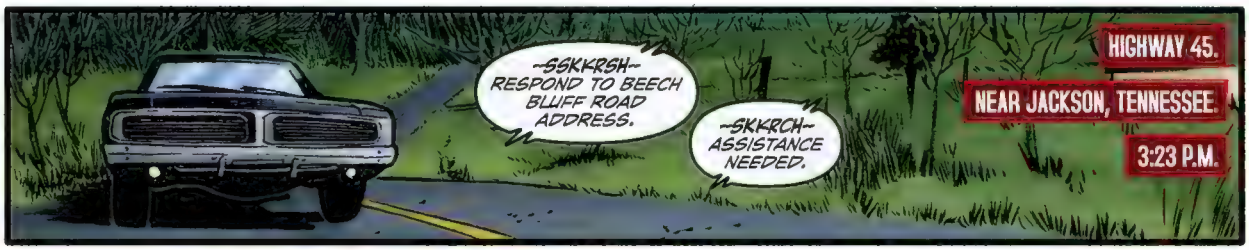
I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING.
WELL, SINCE I SUSPECT MISTER FETCH'S DEATH WASN'T VERY NATURAL, I STARTED LOOKING UP OTHER UNEXPLAINED MURDERS IN THE AREA.


I ELIMINATED EVERYTHING THAT WAS PRETTY CLEARLY A CARTEL HIT, AND I STARTED TO GET A PRETTY DISTINCT LINE, GOING SOUTH THROUGH MEXICO...
MEXICO
Gulf

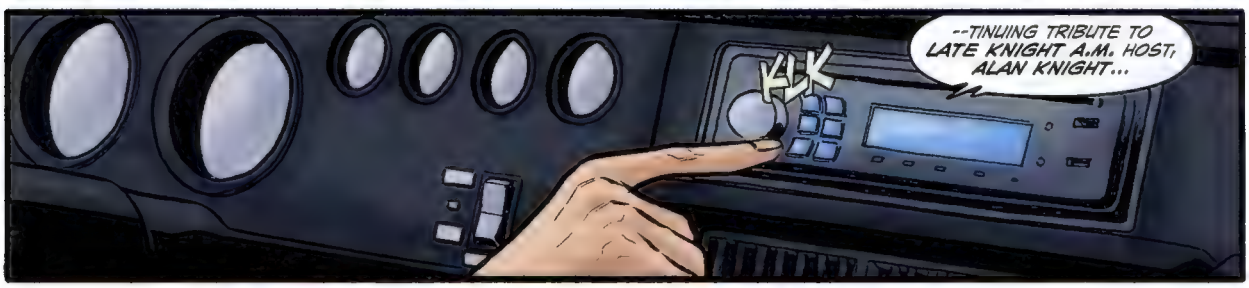

...ALL THE WAY BACK INTO SOUTH AMERICA, NEAR DOYLE VALLEY.
Mexico
Mérida
BELIZE
HONDURAS
NICARAGUA
Caribbean Sea
Pacific Ocean
COSTA RICA
VENEZUELA

FUCK.
IT'S HIM, ISN'T IT?

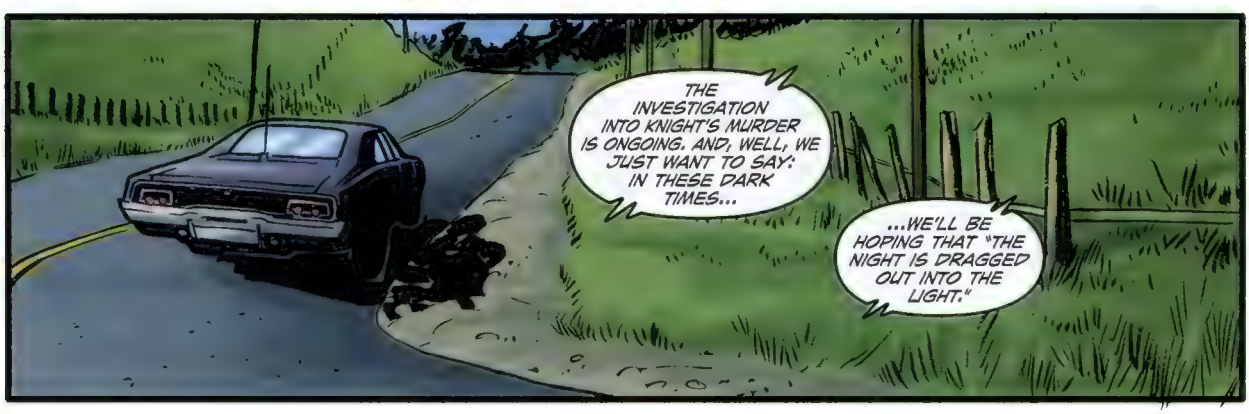

IT'S...LOOK, IT'S NOT ALL BAD. WE MANAGED TO CALL ON ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS: OFFICER HAZELWOOD IN MONTANA.
HE SAID HE DOESN'T THINK HE CAN CALL IN THE STATE POLICE WITH SO LITTLE EVIDENCE.
HOWEVER...
...WE THINK WE CAN INTERCEPT THE TWO SODA TRUCKS AND STOP THIS SAMHAIN-MAN FROM TURNING THOSE SILLY KIDS INTO MONSTERS.


--SSKKRSH--
RESPOND TO BEECH BLUFF ROAD ADDRESS.
--SKKRCH--
ASSISTANCE NEEDED.
HIGHWAY 45.
NEAR JACKSON, TENNESSEE.
3:23 P.M.

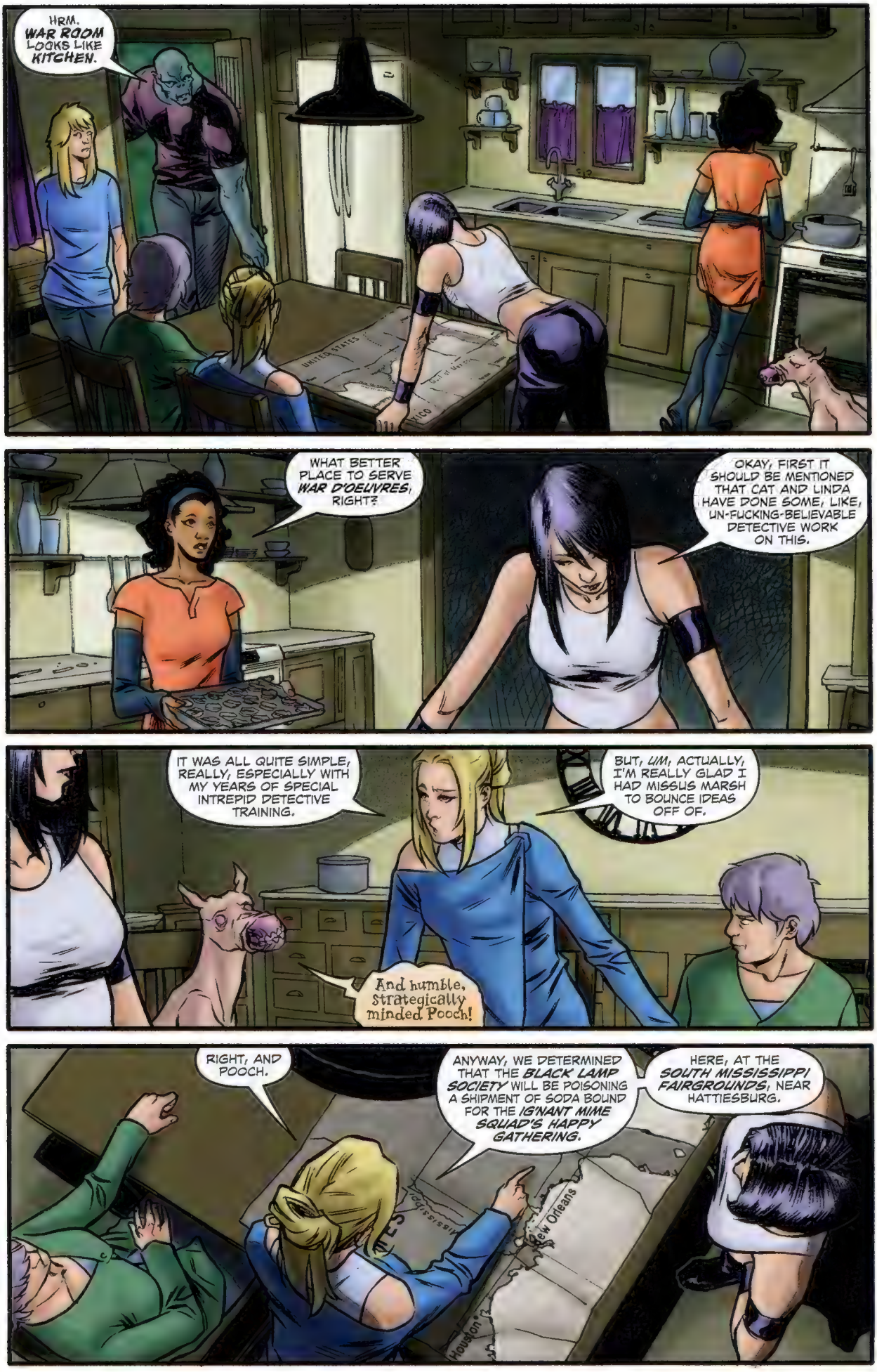
OLD LADY CHRISTIANSEN DROPPED HER WEDDING RING DOWN THE SINK. AGAIN.
=SIGH=


KLK
--TINUING TRIBUTE TO LATE KNIGHT A.M. HOST, ALAN KNIGHT...

...WHO DIED EARLIER THIS WEEK.
WE'LL BE PLAYING CLIPS FROM SOME OF HIS BEST EPISODES.


THE INVESTIGATION INTO KNIGHT'S MURDER IS ONGOING. AND, WELL, WE JUST WANT TO SAY: IN THESE DARK TIMES...
...WE'LL BE HOPING THAT "THE NIGHT IS DRAGGED OUT INTO THE LIGHT."

CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.
4:08 P.M.
HRM. YES. LIKE THAT.
FEELS WEIRD. LIKE, TOO OPEN, Y'KNOW?
I THINK I'D FEEL BETTER WITH A SHOTGUN. MISSILE LAUNCHER, MAYBE.
YOU EVER THINK OF TRADING UP?
NO. THE BUTCHER TRAINED ME IN THE USE OF THE BLADES NOT JUST AS DEFENSE.
THEY WERE TO HELP ME STAY FLEXIBLE.
FLUID, YES?
WHEN A PERSON USES A GUN, THEY THINK ONLY OF WHAT IS AT THE END OF THE BARREL.
THEY POINT FORWARD, FOCUSED ON THEIR FRONT, WATCHING THE BULLET DESTROY WHATEVER IS BEFORE THEM.
THEY ARE ALWAYS FORGETTING TO WATCH THEIR BACK, YES?
VLAD! REPORT TO THE WAR ROOM!


HRM. WAR ROOM LOOKS LIKE KITCHEN.
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
WHAT BETTER PLACE TO SERVE WAR D'OEUVRES, RIGHT?
OKAY, FIRST IT SHOULD BE MENTIONED THAT CAT AND LINDA HAVE DONE SOME, LIKE, UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE DETECTIVE WORK ON THIS.
IT WAS ALL QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY, ESPECIALLY WITH MY YEARS OF SPECIAL INTREPID DETECTIVE TRAINING.
BUT, UM, ACTUALLY, I'M REALLY GLAD I HAD MISSUS MARSH TO BOUNCE IDEAS OFF OF.
And humble, strategically minded Pooch!
RIGHT, AND POOCH.
ANYWAY, WE DETERMINED THAT THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY WILL BE POISONING A SHIPMENT OF SODA BOUND FOR THE IGNANT MIME SQUAD'S HAPPY GATHERING.
HERE, AT THE SOUTH MISSISSIPPI FAIRGROUNDS, NEAR HATTIESBURG.
Mississippi
New Orleans
Houston

WE FIGURED OUT THE SCHEDULE OF GROCERY STORE AND VENDING MACHINE SHIPMENTS FOR THE ENTIRE COUNTY, AND DETERMINED WHICH TRUCKS WOULD BE ON WHAT ROUTE AND WHEN.
AND THEN WE CROSS-REFERENCED THAT WITH INFORMATION WE RECEIVED FROM AN ALLIED POLICE OFFICER CONCERNING WEIGH STATION CHECK-INS.
WE THINK WE'VE IDENTIFIED TWO TRUCKS WITH UPCOMING ROUTES THAT DON'T CORRESPOND TO THE USUAL PATTERN.
NEAT, RIGHT? THE KING OF SPIES WOULD JUST POOP!
THE BLACK LAMP, BEING PRETTY SMART, SENT THE TRUCKS ON TWO DIFFERENT ROUTES. ONE IS COMING FROM THE NORTHWEST, WHILE THE OTHER IS COMING FROM THE SOUTHWEST.
IF WE SPLIT INTO TWO UNITS, WE HAVE THE BEST CHANCE OF INTERCEPTING THEM BOTH.
LOOK, THIS IS ALL REAL INTERESTING, BUT HOW DOES THIS HELP US GET OUR PEOPLE BACK?
THEY TOOK OUR FRIENDS, KILLED SOME OF THEM, TO THROW US OFF THIS TRACK.
IF WE DON'T STOP THEM HERE, WE'RE GOING TO LOSE A LOT MORE THAN JUST OUR LOVED ONES.
WE STOP THIS SHIT. SHOW THEM WE AREN'T FUCKING AROUND.
AND THEN VLAD AND I WILL TAKE OVER.
BECAUSE AFTER WE RUIN THEIR PLANS, WE'RE GOING TO BRING THESE ASSHOLES OUR USUAL MIX OF PAIN AND TERROR.
WE'LL GET OUR FRIENDS BACK. THEN WE'LL SERVE UP SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED, BLOODY, NASTY GODDAMN REVENGE.

--APPRECIATE THE CALL, RONNIE. BUT LET ME REITERATE MY POINT: THERE ISN'T ANY GOOD EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THE EXISTENCE OF ACTIVE MASKED HEROES IN THE FORTIES.
OR ANY TIME SINCE THEN, FOR THAT MATTER.
I KNOW SOME PEOPLE FIND THAT VERY DISAPPOINTING.
WE WANT TO BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE THOSE SO COMPELLED TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD THAT THEY WOULD VENTURE OUT ALONE TO CONFRONT EVIL.
THEREIN LIES THE PROBLEM WITH THE IDEA OF THE SUPERHERO.
THE NOTION OF THE SUPERHERO IS BUILT UPON THE BELIEF THAT ONLY A FEW HAVE A TRUE SENSE OF JUSTICE AND THAT IT'S UP TO THESE UNIQUE INDIVIDUALS TO BEAR THE BURDEN OF RIGHTING OUR SOCIETY.
I WOULD SAY--AND MAYBE THIS IS JUST ME GETTING OLDER--THAT THE IDEA OF THE SUPERHERO IGNORES A VERY IMPORTANT TRUTH.
WE, AS A SOCIETY, SHARE THE BURDEN OF HELPING EACH OTHER.
OUR GREATNESS COMES FROM THE DESIRE FOR JUSTICE WE ALL SHARE.
THE NOTION OF THE LONE MASKED HERO IS FROM A TIME WHEN RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM WAS, PERHAPS, NECESSARY.
BUT AS THE WORLD GROWS SMALLER, THAT NEED, IF IT EVER TRULY EXISTED, IS PASSING.
OUR STRENGTH NOW DOESN'T STEM FROM WHAT WE CAN DO ALONE...
...IT COMES FROM WHAT WE CAN DO TOGETHER.

HIGHWAY 59.
FIFTEEN MILES OUTSIDE OF PICAYUNE, MISSISSIPPI.
"DONDÉ ESTÁ EL BAÑO? REPEAT."
DONDÉ ESTÁ EL BAÑO?
WHERE IS THE BATHROOM?
YOU PLAN ON TURNING THIS OFF ANYTIME SOON?
JUST TRYING TO BETTER MYSELF--HEY, WHAT THE HELL?
IS THAT...A DEER?
SOME KINDA DOG?
Angry Pooch shows you disrespect by raising his center toe!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SLOW DOWN FOR ANYTHING.

IT'S A GODDAMN CHUPACABRA!!
WELL, SHAVE MY ASS AND CALL ME HARRY.
THAT *IS* A CHUPACABRA.
SHIT, WE CAN'T STOP. I MEAN, FOR SURE, RIGHT?
TAKE MY PHONE! WE CAN GET SOME PICTURES!
SELL THAT SHIT TO *HOAX HUNTERS!* LET'S SEE 'EM CALL *THIS* "BUNK."
SHIT!!
RUUUNCH

CHRRSH
AAAHHH!
CRAP! IT'S STILL MOVING!
Did Pooch do well?
YOU'RE GREAT NEAR-ROADKILL!
NOW WE GOTTA GET CASSIE!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO SLOW DOWN, GODDAMNIT!!
PKOW
SHIT!
PTINK

SPLK
AHHHH!!
JESUS CHRIST!
PULL THE FUCK OVER, DIPSHIT!
AH! FUCK YOU!!
PALADIN, HELP US!!
GAAAHDAAMN!
SSKKKRCCCH

COME ON! GO, GO, GADGET CAR!!
GAH! THE WHEELS ARE MOVING TOO FAST!
FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, MY B.M.J. UTILITY KNIFE, PINK, IS USELESS!
PALADIN!!
IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAMES THAT--
CONTINUE?
RESPAWN.
I AM GRINFACE.
AAHHH!!

AHHH!!
KRRSH
YOU.
I REMEMBER.
IT'S MUTUAL. HOW COULD I EVER FORGET MY FIRST?
GRAHH!
SPLATTER HOUSE!
SPLAK

=WHUF!=
KRAK
UNGH.
HAMMER IN THE FACE... FUCKING...
...HURTS.
INSERT QUAR--
RRK!!
SHUNNK
NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, ASSHOLE.

VRRROOOMMMMM
CASSIE!!
HOLY SHIT! DAISY?!
HUNGHK!
SCREEEEEECH

GAME OVER.
KAKRASH

:HUNGHK:
:COFF:
WOW, DAISY. YOU :HUNGH: CAME BACK.
YEAH. YOUR LITTLE PARTY WAS ALL OVER THE SCANNER.
LUCKY FOR YOU, HUH?
LIKE A REGULAR...DAMN... LEPRECHAUN.
WE HAVE TO MOVE! COPS ARE ON THE WAY AND I LEFT A DEAD GUY BACK THERE!
Car ride!!
BAKOOOM
WHOA!
I GUESS YOU DID HAVE A PLAN.
THIS IS NO TIME TO BLOW EACH OTHER.
THAT'S ONLY STEP ONE OF THIS BRILLIANT FUCKING SCHEME.

BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP
URRNGH.
OOH, BETTER GET THAT. COULD BE IMPORTANT.
BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEE...
SHRAK
OH WELL. MAYBE THEY'LL LEAVE A MESSAGE.
I ACTUALLY WANT TO THANK YOU.
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU AND CASSIE, I'D STILL BE SNIPING OFF KIDS IN TIGHTS FOR CREEPY OLD LOSERS WITH BAD CASES OF ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.
INSTEAD, I'M PART OF A GENUINE PLOT *TO RULE THE GODDAMN WORLD!*
TO BE CONTINUED!

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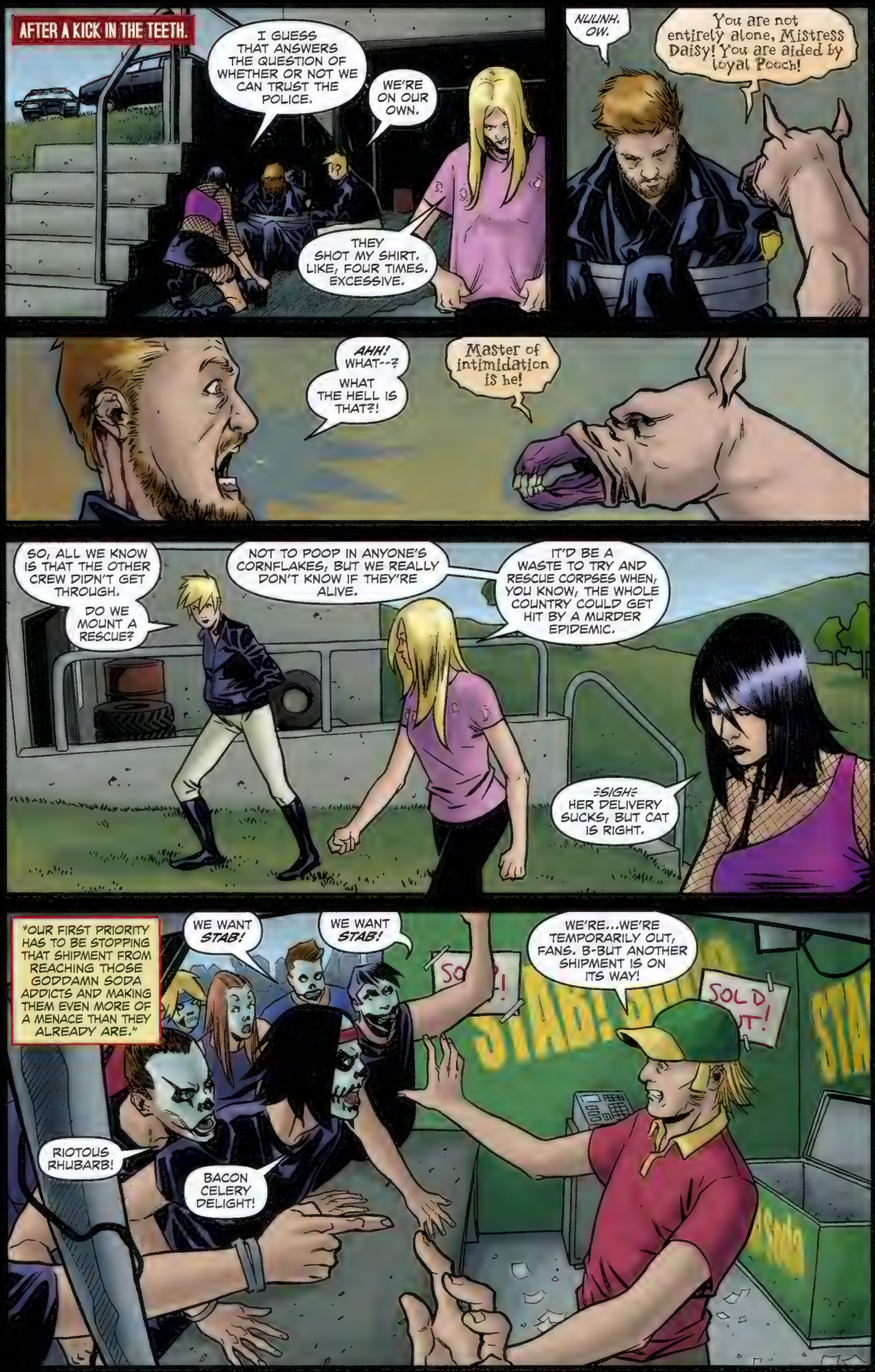
WAAAAAUUUUUU...
WAAAAAUUUUUUU...
HNNGH...
POPLARVILLE WEST HIGH.
POPLARVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.
WAAAAAUUUUUU...
BA... BABY?
VLAD. MONSTROUS PARTNER TO, AND PROTECTOR OF, CASSANDRA HACK.
THERE, THERE, LITTLE SANDY.
BE QUIET FOR AUNTIE BRITT.
LET ME SAY IT FOR YOU, VLAD: "HOW CAN YOU DO THIS WHEN WE WERE ALLIES?"
YOU WERE AN ALLY OF CONVENIENCE. WE WERE NEVER FRIENDS.
CERTAINLY NOT EQUALS.
NOT EVEN CASSIE MISTOOK YOU AND ME FOR THAT.
ME, SHE LET ME TAKE HER VIRGINITY.
YOU, SHE CARED SO LITTLE FOR, YOU ENDED UP HERE.
KRAK
HMM. A SKYBOX IS YOUR PICK FOR THIS BONDING TIME.
YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME TO WATCH A HOCKEY GAME, YES?
A DOG SHOW?

NOTHING QUITE THAT BOORISH.
I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO WITNESS THE PREPARATION FOR THE BLACK LAMP'S FINEST HOUR.
"ALL THE ELEMENTS ARE BEING PUT IN PLACE:
"THE MAZE, COMPOSED OF THE DEAD REMAINS OF THE HARVEST. A SYMBOL OF THE ENTANGLING NATURE OF IMMORALITY.
"THE LAMBS, WHOSE PRECARIOUS HOLD ON CONTINUED LIFE IS INCENTIVE FOR THOSE WHO WILL NAVIGATE THE MAZE.
"THE BLACK LAMP HIGH COUNCIL, WHICH HAS KEPT MY MESSAGE ALIVE DURING THE TIME BETWEEN MY DISAPPEARANCE AND MY REBIRTH.
"AND THE YOUNG ROYALTY, WHO WILL HELP USHER IN MY DOMINION IN THE YEARS TO COME."

YOU SEE, VLAD, IN OUR WAR AGAINST THE *CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS*, IT HAS SOMETIMES BEEN NECESSARY TO APPROPRIATE THEIR LOVE FOR *RITUAL AND SYMBOLISM*.
FROM TIME TO TIME, KILLING THOSE IMMORALLY INFERIOR TO US HAD THE UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCE OF CREATING MARTYRS. HEROES.
SO WE BEGAN OFFERING THE ACCUSED THE CHANCE AT REDEMPTION.
BY KILLING OTHERS, BY ACTING IN THE MANNER OF THE GREAT *PALADINS*, THE IMPURE COULD REDEEM THEIR SOULS.
WHILE A COMMUNITY DANCED AND CAVORTED IN HOPES OF ENSURING THEIR FERTILITY, THEIR HARVEST, ONE OF THEIR OWN WOULD BE REVELING IN HER PERSONAL SURVIVAL.
AND DO SO WEARING THE SKINS OF HER BRETHREN.
BRITTNEY, IF NONE OF THEM SURVIVE, KILL THE BABY FOR THE COUNCIL.
OTHERWISE, THE CHILD IS YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU SEE FIT.
COOL. MAYBE I'LL KEEP HER.
OH, AND VLAD...
...I ONCE GAVE YOU MY WORD THAT I'D PROTECT CASSANDRA WITH MY UNDYING BODY. I'D LIKE TO MODIFY THAT VOW A BIT.
I PROMISE TO KEEP HER ALIVE LONG ENOUGH SO THAT YOU CAN WATCH ME KILL HER.

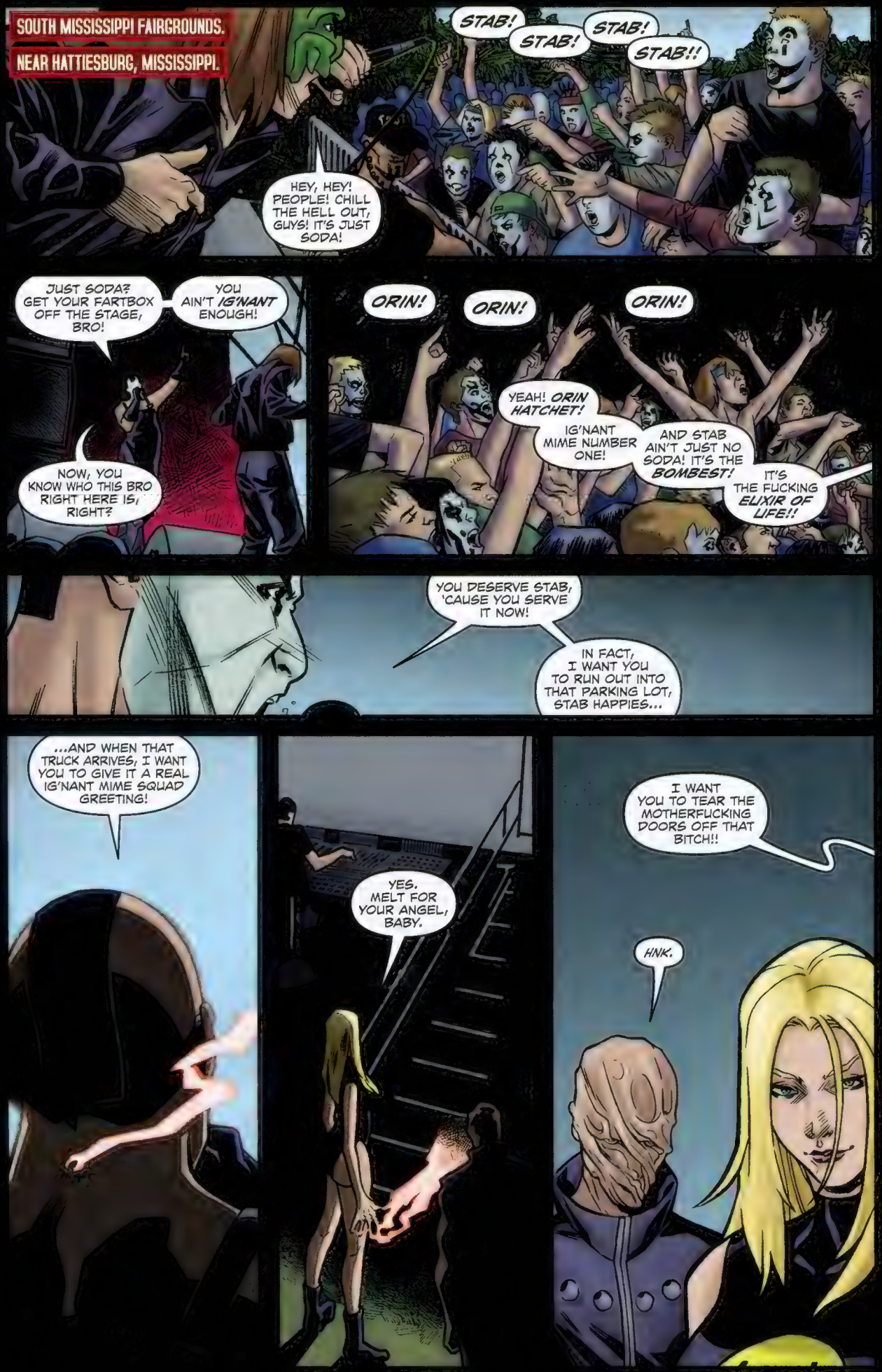
HIGHWAY 59. EXIT 15 REST STOP.
OUTSIDE MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI.
THIS'UN HERE.
2345
HELLO? WE UNDERSTAND Y'ALL CALLED FOR ASSISTANCE.
MISS CURIO? WANNA ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW, PLEASE?
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, YA CAVORTIN' WHORES.
LIGHT 'EM UP LIKE THE BLACK FLAME THAT LIGHTS OUR WAY, NOEL.
UH, JIMMY? AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT SOME LOVE DOLLS IN HERE.
WELL AIN'T THAT A KICK IN THE TEETH?


AFTER A KICK IN THE TEETH.
I GUESS THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT WE CAN TRUST THE POLICE.
WE'RE ON OUR OWN.
THEY SHOT MY SHIRT. LIKE, FOUR TIMES. EXCESSIVE.
NUUNH. OW.
You are not entirely alone, Mistress Daisy! You are aided by loyal Pooch!
AHH! WHAT--?
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
Master of intimidation is he!
SO, ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THE OTHER CREW DIDN'T GET THROUGH.
DO WE MOUNT A RESCUE?
NOT TO POOP IN ANYONE'S CORNFLAKES, BUT WE REALLY DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE ALIVE.
IT'D BE A WASTE TO TRY AND RESCUE CORPSES WHEN, YOU KNOW, THE WHOLE COUNTRY COULD GET HIT BY A MURDER EPIDEMIC.
=SIGH= HER DELIVERY SUCKS, BUT CAT IS RIGHT.
"OUR FIRST PRIORITY HAS TO BE STOPPING THAT SHIPMENT FROM REACHING THOSE GODDAMN SODA ADDICTS AND MAKING THEM EVEN MORE OF A MENACE THAN THEY ALREADY ARE."
WE WANT STAB!
WE WANT STAB!
WE'RE...WE'RE TEMPORARILY OUT, FANS. B-BUT ANOTHER SHIPMENT IS ON ITS WAY!
SOLD IT!
RIOTOUS RHUBARB!
BACON CELERY DELIGHT!

POPLARVILLE WEST HIGH.
THE MAZE.
HELLO?
ANYBODY?
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
FIRST WE WERE IN A TRUCK AND THEN... HERE.
AHHHHHH!!
GAH!!
MISSUS MARSH?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THEY SAID WE HAD TO... KILL EACH OTHER! OR THEY'D KILL THEM! THEY'D KILL NEIL!!
THEY SAID THEY'D KILL MY NEIL. I'M SO SORRY. SO, SO SORRY.
IT'S OKAY, LINDA. YOU JUST DID WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD TO.
BUT WE CAN'T DO WHAT THEY TELL US TO DO. WE HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER-- TO SAVE OUR PEOPLE.
THEN WE KILL THOSE BLACK LAMP DICKS. TOGETHER.
IT'S WHAT CASSIE WOULD DO.

COME ON NOW. YOU...YOU SHOULD REALLY STOP CRYING.
PLEASE?
WAA AAUUUU UUU...
PLEASE?!
YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO COMFORT HER.
BRING HER TO ME.
WAA AAUUUU UUU...
YEAH, LIKE SHE'S GOING TO CALM DOWN WHEN SHE SEES YOUR UGLY BABOON-ASS FACE.
I KNOW YOU HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT CASSANDRA AND ME.
YOU MUST KNOW THAT I HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE DEALING WITH ANGRY, TANTRUM-THROWING "CHILDREN," YES?
WAA AAUUUU UU!
JUST...JUST DO WHATEVER WILL SHUT HER UP.
WAA AAUUUU UU!
WAAAAUU UUUU...
LITTLE SANDY. IT IS YOUR UNCLE VLAD.
IT IS ALL RIGHT, LITTLE CASSANDRA. IT IS GOOD.

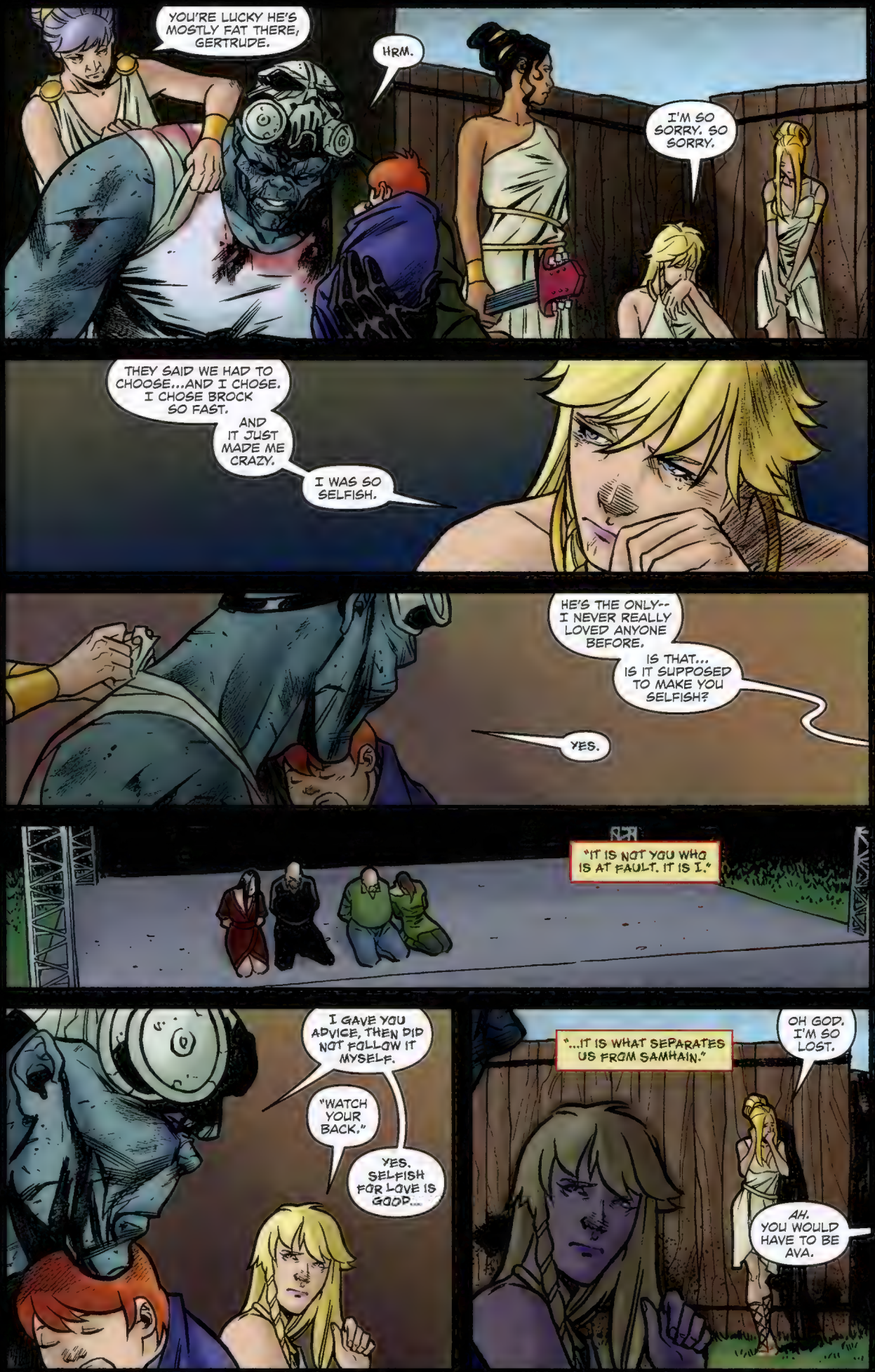
WOW. WHAT DO YOU KNOW? SHE ACTUALLY LIKES YOUR MUTANT FACE.
HRRRMMM.
RRAAGH!!
CHUK
AHHHHH!!
SHRRRIP
AAHH!! YOU SONOFA--
I HAVE YOU, LITTLE CASSANDRA.
AHHH, FUCK!!
YOU WILL BLEED TO DEATH VERY QUICKLY. BUT I HAVE EXPERIENCE TENDING WOUNDS.
FREE ME NOW, AND I WILL STOP THE BLEEDING.
REFUSE AND YOU WILL PASS OUT BEFORE YOU REACH HELP.
UNNNH...OH JESUS...
LOOK, LITTLE SANDY! YOUR UNCLE VLAD HAS A BIG RED SMILE, YES?
UNH... UNH... WAUUU.


SOUTH MISSISSIPPI FAIRGROUNDS.
NEAR HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!!
HEY, HEY! PEOPLE! CHILL THE HELL OUT, GUYS! IT'S JUST SODA!
JUST SODA? GET YOUR FARTBOX OFF THE STAGE, BRO!
YOU AIN'T IG'NANT ENOUGH!
NOW, YOU KNOW WHO THIS BRO RIGHT HERE IS, RIGHT?
ORIN!
ORIN!
ORIN!
YEAH! ORIN HATCHET!
IG'NANT MIME NUMBER ONE!
AND STAB AIN'T JUST NO SODA! IT'S THE BOMBEST!
IT'S THE FUCKING ELIXIR OF LIFE!!
YOU DESERVE STAB, 'CAUSE YOU SERVE IT NOW!
IN FACT, I WANT YOU TO RUN OUT INTO THAT PARKING LOT, STAB HAPPIES...
...AND WHEN THAT TRUCK ARRIVES, I WANT YOU TO GIVE IT A REAL IG'NANT MIME SQUAD GREETING!
YES. MELT FOR YOUR ANGEL, BABY.
I WANT YOU TO TEAR THE MOTHERFUCKING DOORS OFF THAT BITCH!!
HNK.

WAAUUUH?
SANDY?!
IF YOU'VE HURT HER, YOU BASTARDS, I'LL KILL YOU. I SWEAR.
VLAD?!
WAUUUUUU.
OH, VLAD. I WAS AFRAID THEY WERE GOING TO KILL YOU WHEN THEY TOOK YOU AWAY.
NO, DEAR AVA.
"IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A COUNTRY CLUB HALLOWEEN PARTY TO KILL VLAD, YES?"
YOU SHOULD TAKE LITTLE CASSANDRA.
I WILL HAVE HANDS FULL OF ALL THE OTHER WOMEN WHO--
SHUNK
AH.

IT'S YOU OR BROCK, AND NO ONE'S GONNA TAKE BROCK FROM ME.
I'M SORRY, VLAD. I REALLY AM.
URGK!
YOU STUPID BITCH!
GODDAMN IT, GERT! YOU IDIOT!!
VLAD!
NUHN...
MAENADS! BACCHANALIANS!
THE RITUAL CONTINUES! WE'VE RELEASED THE PREPARERS!
YOU AND YOUR DUMB FRIENDS ARE, LIKE, TOTALLY DE--
SKRAK
HURR?
HEY, I HAD THE GUITAR FOR A WHILE. I PICKED UP A FEW CHORDS.
THANKS FOR GETTING IT BACK FROM THOSE DICKWADS.

SHOOM
WHY, DAISY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU.
NOW, COME ON OUT AND DIE LIKE OLD TIMES.
SOUTH MISSISSIPPI FAIRGROUNDS.
I MISREAD THIS SITUATION.
I DIDN'T EXPECT... LYN.
NNH. ME NEITHER. A LOT HARDER TO STOP A SODA DELIVERY WHEN YOU'RE GETTING LASER BLASTS THROWN AT YOU.
BUT I CAN TAKE HER.
ON YOUR OWN? ARE YOU NUTS?
KIND OF. IT'S A LONG STORY.
Mistress Cassie! Mistress Daisy! Many come to fetch their fizzy waters!
ICK. SO MANY MIMES!!
WELL, LOOKEE HERE. ACID ANGEL, I COULD KISS YOU.
I MEAN, IF THAT WASN'T SUCH A TERRIBLE IDEA.
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!


YOU'RE LUCKY HE'S MOSTLY FAT THERE, GERTRUDE.
HRM.
I'M SO SORRY. SO SORRY.
THEY SAID WE HAD TO CHOOSE...AND I CHOSE. I CHOSE BROCK SO FAST.
AND IT JUST MADE ME CRAZY.
I WAS SO SELFISH.
HE'S THE ONLY-- I NEVER REALLY LOVED ANYONE BEFORE.
IS THAT... IS IT SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOU SELFISH?
YES.
"IT IS NOT YOU WHO IS AT FAULT. IT IS I."
I GAVE YOU ADVICE, THEN DID NOT FOLLOW IT MYSELF.
"WATCH YOUR BACK."
YES. SELFISH FOR LOVE IS GOOD...
"...IT IS WHAT SEPARATES US FROM SAMHAIN."
OH GOD. I'M SO LOST.
AH. YOU WOULD HAVE TO BE AVA.

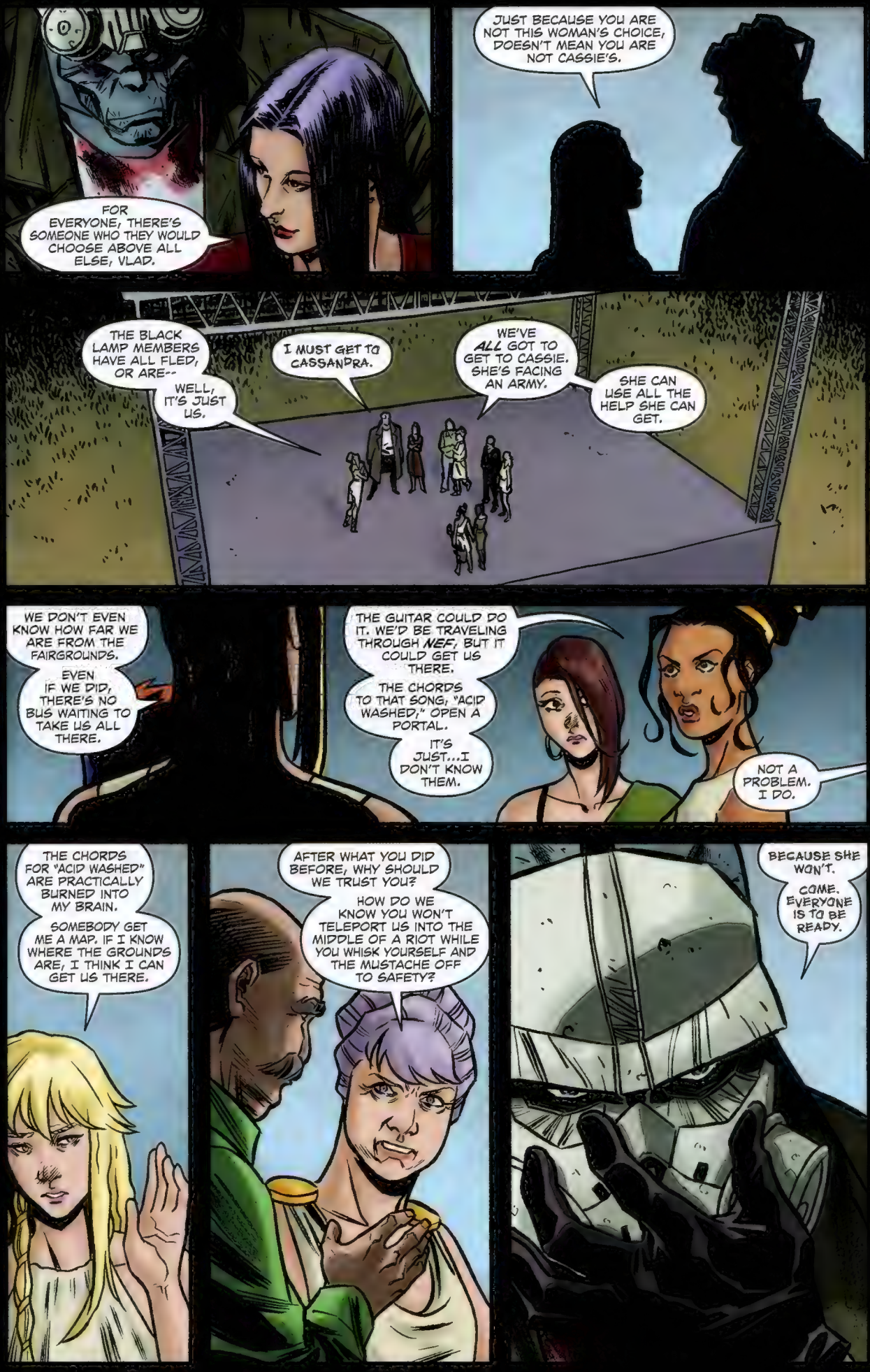
AKAKIOS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU. THE HONORABLE SEX SLAVE. THE DIRTY ANGEL.
THE LIVING, BREATHING PERSONIFICATION OF THE HUMAN MALE'S CONTRARY DESIRES FOR THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE.
HARLOT! WHORE! SINNER!
HM. YOU'RE ALSO ABOUT TO BECOME THE PERSONIFICATION OF A HUMAN HEART...
...TORN BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION.
MARGARET! NOW!
WHA--?
AGHK!
SHRAK

YOUR SHTICK IS OLD, DOC.
BUT NOT AS OLD AS HIS.
FOUL TEMPTRESS!
SHRAKOOM
OH... OH N-NO. NNNGH.
YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS. BUTCHERED THEM IN THEIR SLEEP.
LEFT THEIR DAUGHTER AN ORPHAN.
I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, TOO. YOU LIKE TO TAKE PEOPLE APART, LAYER BY LAYER.
I'LL SETTLE FOR BIG, BLOODY CHUNKS.

FREE STAB! ON THE HOUSE!!
HAPPY, HAPPY GATHERING!
WOOO!
I-M-S!
I-M-S!
I-M-S!
STAB! SO
FUCK IT. I'LL BEAT 'EM ALL SO BADLY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO DRINK THEIR SHITTY BEVERAGE, EVEN THROUGH A STRAW.
LYN IS WAITING OUT THERE TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF.
SHE'LL FRY YOU BEFORE YOU GET ANYWHERE NEAR THAT TRUCK.
LOOK, I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU, SINCE YOU BARELY TRUST ME AS IT IS, BUT SHE CAN'T HURT ME. NOT FOR GOOD.
JESUS! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
I'M NOT LIKE THEM.
YEAH, RIGHT. WHEN DID THEY TURN YOU?!
OR WERE YOU ALWAYS THIS WAY, JUST WAITING TO--?
CAT CURIO SUPER-AWESOME IDEA INTERRUPTION!
I CAN GET TO THE STAGE AND STOP THIS!
IT'S SIMPLE: I TELL THEM ALL THE SODA IS POISONED BY, LIKE, THE POLICE, WHO WANT TO KILL THE PARTY.
THEY DON'T DRINK. WE CONTAIN THE INFECTION!
Observant and vigilant Pooch sees a glowing-handed, squash-faced lady.
Might this be important?

I'VE GOT HER.
DAISY! POOCH! GET CAT TO THAT STAGE!
CASSIE! EYE FOR AN EYE TIME, RIGHT?
MOVE IT, CHICK! THERE'S FREE STAB TO BE HAD!
CAT!!
POOP! I THINK WE LOST SKELE-NUN!
HEY, THE GIRL DETECTIVE!
WHEN AKAKIOS HANDED OUT ASSIGNMENTS, I PICKED YOU.
YOU'RE SO, I DUNNO, CLEAN THAT I JUST WANTED TO DIRTY YOU UP.
BUT NO ONE WAS SURE WHERE YOU WERE.
THANKS FOR MAKING IT SO EASY TO FIND YOU, HON.
PPSSSH
AHHGH!
ALRIGHT, CAT! GO!
AND HERE I WAS RELUCTANT TO WEAR THE UTILITY BELT.
WHAT THE HELL--?!

BEFORE HE EVER LET ME TRAIN IN FIGHTING, ALAN MADE ME STUDY CHEMISTRY.
HE USED TO SAY, "IF THERE'S ONE THING A SUPERHERO NEEDS ABOVE ALL ELSE, IT'S SCIENCE."
I TOOK SAMPLES OF THE ACID INSIDE YOU OFF ALAN'S--OFF MY DEAD FATHER'S FACE.
MULNF...
THE SPRAY IS A NEUTRALIZER. LIKE I SAID: SCIENCE.
NOW LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT HE TAUGHT ME ABOUT FIGHTING.
THE MAZE.
HOLD STILL, JESSIE. THE LITTLE BOLTS ARE THE HARDEST TO PLAY.
FXK
OH BABY. THANK YOU. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.
MY KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR.
SHUT UP AND HUG ME, NEIL.
YOU MUST BE BROCK. I HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU.
AND ALL GERT EVER DOES IS TALK ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE.
IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO MUCH FOR SAVING ME, I'D BE JEALOUS.
GERTIE!


FOR EVERYONE, THERE'S SOMEONE WHO THEY WOULD CHOOSE ABOVE ALL ELSE, VLAD.
JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT THIS WOMAN'S CHOICE, DOESN'T MEAN YOU ARE NOT CASSIE'S.
THE BLACK LAMP MEMBERS HAVE ALL FLED, OR ARE--
WELL, IT'S JUST US.
I MUST GET TO CASSANDRA.
WE'VE ALL GOT TO GET TO CASSIE. SHE'S FACING AN ARMY.
SHE CAN USE ALL THE HELP SHE CAN GET.
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW FAR WE ARE FROM THE FAIRGROUNDS.
EVEN IF WE DID, THERE'S NO BUS WAITING TO TAKE US ALL THERE.
THE GUITAR COULD DO IT. WE'D BE TRAVELING THROUGH NEF, BUT IT COULD GET US THERE.
THE CHORDS TO THAT SONG, "ACID WASHED," OPEN A PORTAL.
IT'S JUST...I DON'T KNOW THEM.
NOT A PROBLEM. I DO.
THE CHORDS FOR "ACID WASHED" ARE PRACTICALLY BURNED INTO MY BRAIN.
SOMEBODY GET ME A MAP. IF I KNOW WHERE THE GROUNDS ARE, I THINK I CAN GET US THERE.
AFTER WHAT YOU DID BEFORE, WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU WON'T TELEPORT US INTO THE MIDDLE OF A RIOT WHILE YOU WHISK YOURSELF AND THE MUSTACHE OFF TO SAFETY?
BECAUSE SHE WON'T.
COME. EVERYONE IS TO BE READY.

"WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT INSANITY WE WILL FACE WHEN WE GET THERE."
PASS ME A GYM SOCK ALE!
HAPPY GATHERING RULES!
DUDE, DON'T BOGART THAT FRUIT STRIPE GUM SPECIAL EDITION.
UNH. SHIT. DRANK TOO MUCH FIZZ, BRO.
THINK I'M GONNA BLOW FROM MY SPITHOLE AND MY FARTBOX.
UNNGH.
GLUG GLUG GLUG
HEY, YOU TWIGGY BITCH, YOU GONNA DRINK THAT?
IF YOU'RE JUST GONNA NURSE IT, PASS THAT SHIT OVER TO THIS THIRSTY MOUTH, YO!
THIRSTY.
THIRSTY.
THIRSTY.
KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL!
AHHH!!

HEY! YOU CAN'T GO BACK THERE!
OHMY GOSHIVEALWAYS WANTEDTOBEON STAGE!
POOP. THE MIC IS DEAD.
POOCH!
Yes, yes! Pooch will find the Prongs of Power that you need!
GHK.
Oh where, oh where are they, the mysterious cords that provide the miracle of electricity?
}snf{
Aah! Dark-eyed--
THWUMP
Yipe!!
POOCH?!
NO!
WHAT'S WRONG, CATHERINE? AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO SEE YOUR BOOGEYMAN?

HOLD STILL. I WANT TO DO THIS RIGHT THIS TIME.
BRZAKAK
AHHHGHK!
ENOUGH!!
AH ƧHNHƧ THE INEVITABLE VLAD.
WHERE DID YOU...GET THAT THING?
I TOOK IT FROM SOMEONE IN HELL. I CAME THROUGH THERE TO REACH YOU.
I WAS A FOOL TO EVER BELIEVE YOU. YOU ARE ALWAYS THE MONSTER!!
BRZAKK
HNNN. YOU ONCE ƧURGGƧ TOLD ME...
...CASSIE PUSHED EVERYONE... AWAY...

...FOR FEAR OF CAUSING THEIR DEATHS.
SHUNK
AAAGHHHK!!
SO, REALLY...
...YOU HAD TO SEE THIS COMING.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

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CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE INCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND THEM!

HACK/SLASH™

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SOUTH MISSISSIPPI FAIRGROUNDS.
NEAR HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
WAA AAUUU UGH...
B--BUT, SMURF BITCH, BABY... I LOVE YOU, GIRL...
WAA AAUUU UGH...
HHNNNH... KILL.
STAB.
STAB.
YOU CAN'T HURT ME. YOU'S MY LITTLE TUBBY TIT PHREAK.
AND IT'S THE ANNIVERSARY OF US MEETIN' YO.
WAA AAUUU UGH...
IT'S WHERE WE MADE OUR LITTLE MIRACLE, DIAPA KILLA.
PLEASE. YOU GOT TO THINK OF LI'L KILLA.
HNHSS... STAB.
K-K-KILL.
SPLAK
WAA AAUUU UGH!!

AH...JEEZ... J-JESUS.
GO.
GO!!
CHINK
AHHH!
WA AAAUUU UGH!
WE'RE TOO LATE, AVA!
NO, WE CAN'T JUST GIVE UP.
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM FROM LEAVING THE GROUNDS!
VLAD RAN OFF!
WHERE'S CAS--?
OH GOD.
WHAT?
HEAR ME!
I AM AKAKIOS. THE MURDER MESSIAH.
YOUR FATHER. YOUR GOD.
HAPPY GATHERING 2012

WHY WON'T YOU DIE?!
YOU'RE FUCKING COOKED!
NGGHHH...
THIS WORLD IS AT ITS END! WE HAVE CALLED THE BACCHANALIANS TO COME TO US. TO ADMIT THEIR SINS. AND THEY HAVE DENIED US!
NAH. I'M STILL COLD IN THE CENTER.
SHOOOM
GLK!
GO! LET THE CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS KNOW THAT SALVATION CAN ONLY COME FROM THE HAND OF AKAKIOS!
THOSE WHO DENY THIS TRUTH WILL BE HARVESTED LIKE THE ANIMALS THEY ARE!
MOTHERFUUUUU--
VLAD!
MAY THE LIGHT OF THE BLACK FLAME ILLUMINATE YOUR WAY!
YOU FUCKING MADE IT, YOU WONDERFUL BADASS!
NOW LET'S DO THIS SHIT UP CASSIE AND VLAD STYLE.
VLAD?

VLAD!
NO NO... YOU HAVE TO STAND UP SO WE CAN--
VLAD?
VLAD?!

CASSIE! VLAD!
MOVE!!
MOOOOOOVE!!
KAFOOOOM
H--HE DIDN'T--
VLAD...
OH GOD. VLAD.
NO... NO!
CASSIE. I'M--
BABY--OH NO, NO.
I'M SO SORRY.

I'M SO, SO SORRY, BABY.
CASS--?
OH, GOD. CASS.
SUNH HUNH HUNHE ALL--MY--FAULT... SHUNHE

SEE HOW THE BLACK FLAME SCOURS THE EARTH, DEVOURING THE OLD AND SOWING THE SEEDS OF REBIRTH?!
SO, TOO, WILL YOU, THE NEW PALADINS, CLAIM THIS WORLD FOR--
SQUEEE--
THE BLACK LAMP.
HMMM.
THE PATHETIC WOMAN-CHILD RETURNS.
WELL, IT APPEARS I LEFT MY KNIFE IN YOUR FRIEND VLAD.
NO MATTER.
I FIND I PREFER MY NEW METHOD OF ELIMINATING ANNOYANCES MORE SATISFYING THAN THE BLADE.
AHHH!
OH NO. DON'T BITE ME, MISTER BOGEYMAN...

...I'M EVER SO DEFENSELESS.
SPLUCK
AAAGGHHHHH!
WELL, EXCEPT FOR THAT LITTLE SYRINGE THERE.
RRRAAAGHHHH!!
IT'S FILLED WITH A LITTLE CONCOCTION OF MY OWN BREWING.
YOU MIGHT RECALL THAT I'M SOMETHING OF A CHEMIST.
I FIGURED OUT AN ANTIDOTE TO BUCK KEMP'S MIND CONTROL JUICE DOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA ALL BY MYSELF.
BLLURGHKK...
I MANAGED TO GET A SAMPLE OF YOUR BLOOD THERE, TOO. AND, WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT EVIL BLACK LIQUID FOR A LONG TIME.
SINCE YOU PUT ME IN A COMA ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, REALLY.
ALL THAT THINKING EVENTUALLY LED TO A PRETTY BIG AH-HAH MOMENT, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. I FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE AN ANTIDOTE TO YOUR PANACEA.
IF YOU WEREN'T CHOKING ON YOUR OWN BLOOD, YOU'D ASK: "CAT CURIO, DO YOU MEAN YOU CREATED A CURE FOR SLASHERS?!"
WELL, YES, MISTER AKAKIOS. I THINK I DID.
SURE, IT'S NOT QUITE READY FOR PHARMACY SHELVES, WHAT WITH THE HORRIBLE SIDE EFFECTS AND ALL.
BUT REGULAR TREATMENTS SHOULD REMOVE MOST, IF NOT ALL OF THE HATEFUL URGES TO KILL TEENS AND HAPPY PEOPLE.
IT ALSO COUNTERACTS A FEW OTHER NOTABLE ASPECTS OF THE DISEASE--LIKE THE ABILITY TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND.

CHILD OF DIONYSUS. KILL.
KILL. STAB. STAB! STAB!!
AAAGHKK!
AIIIIGGHH!
KILL. STAB.
STA--
PWAK
SHLK
SPLOK

I SHOULD BE OUT THERE, HELPING THE GIRLS.
DON'T BE SILLY, NEIL. YOU'RE NO MORE A FIGHTER THAN I AM.
I LOVE YOU, HONEY, BUT, WELL, YOU'RE OLD.
AND A COWARD.
HM. THANKS, LINDA.
SANDY DOING OKAY THERE, JESSIE?
Y-YES. I THINK SO.
LOOK AT THAT. GUESS LITTLE MIZ STORM-OFF STORMED BACK.
DRESSED LIKE A...ZEBRA MAYBE?
I THINK SHE'S HURT...
"...AND SHE'LL BE EVEN MORE HURT REAL DAMN SOON."
SPLICK

GET IN!
YOU BEAT A GIRL WITH ACID FOR BLOOD TO A PULP, DIDN'T YOU?
FISTS =HNH= FASTER THAN A TRIGGER FINGER.
HOW'S EVERYONE FARING?
DON'T KNOW. THERE WAS FIRE AND SO MANY OF THOSE... THINGS.
I WAS JUST RUNNING BLIND.
SHIT. I'M OLD TOO, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE GERT OUT THERE.
I'LL GO WITH YOU.
THE HELL YOU WILL. DAISY NEEDS YOU HERE. I'LL GO
YOU STAY WITH YOUR HUSBAND, MISSUS MARSH.
BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.
DEMONS OF METAL FESTIVAL. 1986. FRANKFURT. HUNDRED SEVENTEEN THOUSAND SCREAMING METALHEADS.
IF I CAN SURVIVE THAT, I CAN SURVIVE THIS.
SPEAK

GUH... DAMN YOU.
GLLLGHK.
YOU'RE MAD, AREN'T YOU?
I MEAN, BEYOND THE SPEWING YOUR INTESTINES AND ALL.
IT REALLY BOTHERS YOU THAT ME, CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE, MANAGED TO BEST YOU, AKAKIOS, MASTER ALCHEMIST.
THE REALITY IS: YOU'RE OUTCLASSED. SURE, YOU ANCIENT GREEKS HAD DOMES AND DEMOCRACY AND PITAS.
BUT THIS IS THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.
WE'VE GOT THE INTERNET AND SUPERCOLLIDERS AND THE B.M.J. CATALOG WITH ITS ADVANCED HOME CHEMISTRY SET ON SALE FOR JUST $349.99, PLUS FOUR HUNDRED BOX TOP POINTS.
YOU, MISTER AKAKIOS--SAMHAIN, BOGEYMAN--WITH ALL YOUR IDEAS ABOUT PURIFYING THE SPECIES BY PRUNING THE IMMORAL, ARE A DINOSAUR.
SO, PLEASE... DIE OUT.
Y-YOU ARE NOT A BORN KILLER.
=HNGH=
NOT AN APEX P-PREDATOR.
HUUGHK!
YOU HAVE NO PLACE IN MY WORLD.

THERE ARE SO MANY!
IN LIBBY'S MESSAGE THERE WERE MORE. THEY FILLED THE SKY, BLOTTED OUT THE SUN.
REAL COMFORTING, HONEY.
COPS AND FIREFIGHTERS.
WE HAVE TO GET THEM THE HELL OUT OF HERE. THEY'LL BE MASSACRED.
OR WE HAVE TO GET ALL THE STAB HAPPIES OUT OF HERE.
THEY'RE RUNNING ALL OVER THE GROUNDS. HOW THE HELL WILL WE GET THEM ALL IN ONE PLACE TO USE THE GUITAR?
THIS THING'S SOME KIND OF CRAZY MAGIC WAND. BUT IT'S STILL A GUITAR, RIGHT?
THESE KIDS WANTED TO HEAR IG'NANT MIME SQUAD.
LET'S GIVE 'EM SOME.
HUNH...GHUH. WELL STRUCK, CASSANDRA.
NOT ENOUGH SUNNGG= TO STOP ME FROM ESCAPING...BUT A PALPABLE BEATING.
IS THAT RETRIBUTION FOR WHAT I DID TO VLAD?
YOU SHOULDN'T BE UPSET. HE WAS HOLDING YOU BACK, YOU KNOW.
KEEPING YOU FROM BEING WHAT YOU WERE MEANT TO BE.
AS PART OF OUR SACRED RITUALS, WE ALLOW BACCHANALIANS TO COMPETE FOR A CHANCE TO JOIN US. FOR ONE TO PROVE WORTHY.
I ALLOWED THEM SUHGNN= TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.
IT'S LIKE CHRISTMAS TO THEM, AND THEY DO SO LOVE THEIR HOLIDAYS.
BUT I KNEW THE WORTHY ONE WAS ALWAYS SHUNGH= YOU.

SHRAAA
WHY, MISTER HELLFREES. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU KNEW ANY I.M.S.
I TRY TO KEEP UP, YOU KNOW? CONVINCE MYSELF I'M STILL RELEVANT.
GIMME SOME STEVE VAI ANY DAY. I CAN ONLY HANDLE A COUPLE MINUTES OF THIS RAP METAL SHIT.
IT'S ENOUGH. THAT'S GOT TO BE MOST OF THEM.
HERE. YOU'RE THE HEADLINER.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS CHORD WILL TAKE US.
COULDN'T CARE LESS, AS LONG AS IT'S YOU AND ME.
GEORGIA. AVA. YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO RUN FAST AND FAR. ROCK 'N' ROLL IS ABOUT TO SAVE THE WORLD.
GERT...
RUN!
THRUM
THRUM
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE ONE, CASSIE. THIS IS YOUR DESTINY.
YOU FOUND ME. YOU FREED ME. YOU BROUGHT ME BACK.
"WE COMPLETED EACH OTHER."

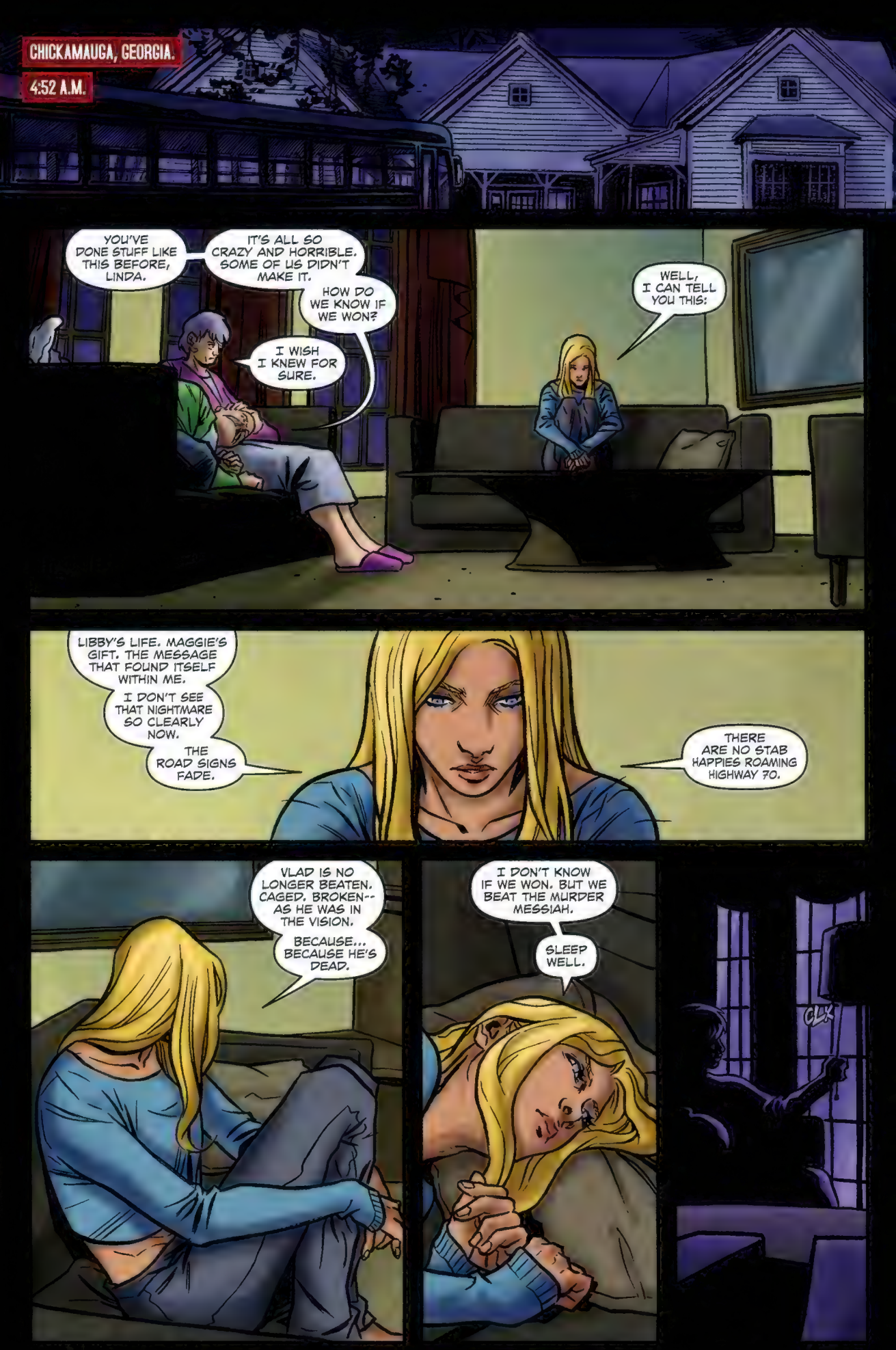
THROOOM
SHUNGHE YOU CHOSE ME CASSIE.
YOU CHOSE TO HAVE ME...INSIDE YOU.
THROOOM
NO! MY PALADINS...
I CAN FEEL... I CAN FEEL YOUR DEATHS. NEW AND FINAL.
CASSIE! STOP THIS NOW.
IT'S JUST YOU!
THE BLACK LAMP NEEDS YOU NOW!
YOU'RE THE LAST ONE!
THE FINAL--

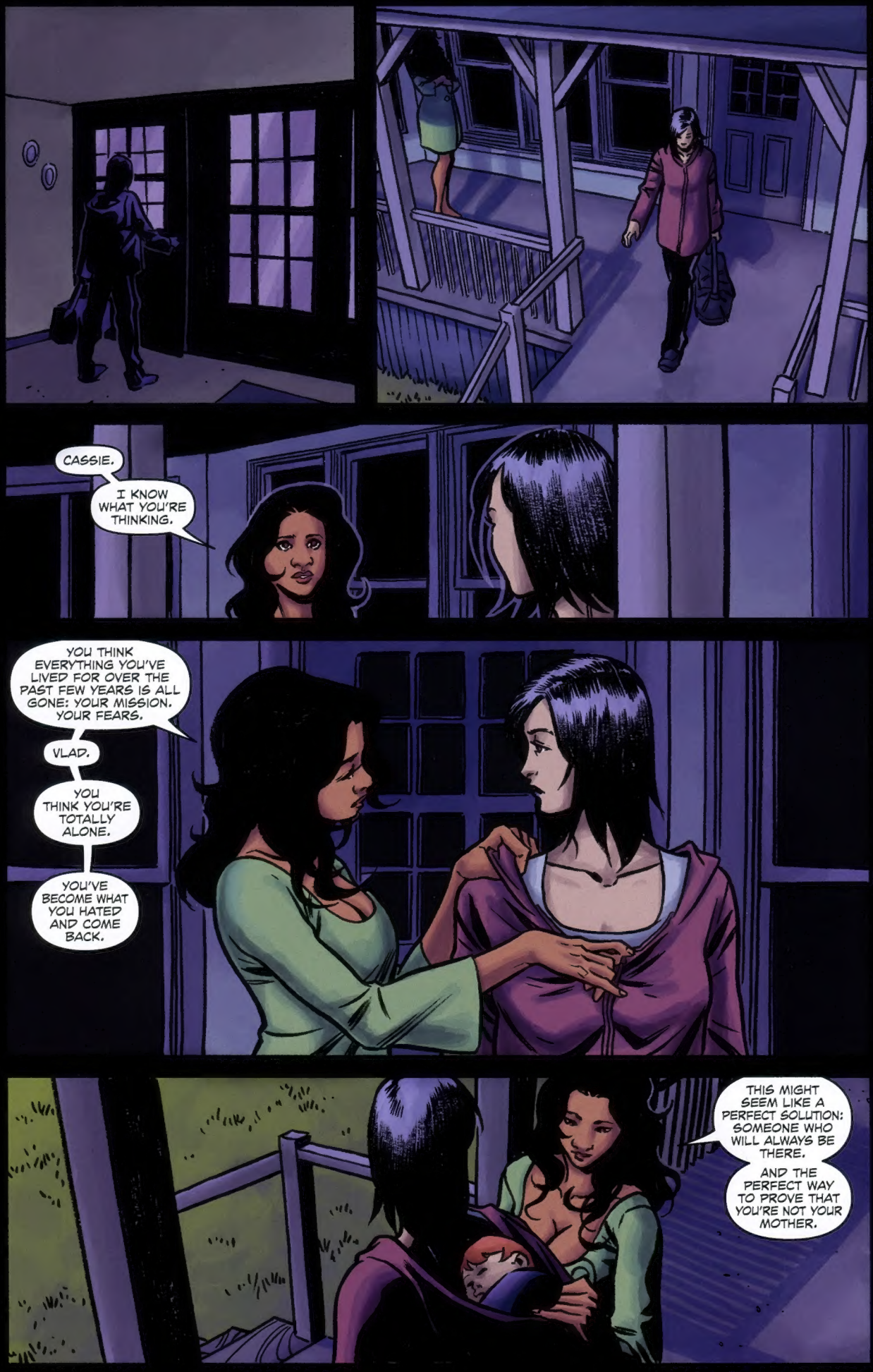
GRRRUUUHH!!
KKRAK
GNNH.
HURRRRRRRRR.
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
WHU-- WHAT?
YOU FEEL ALIVE.
HNNNH!
SHARE IT WITH ME.

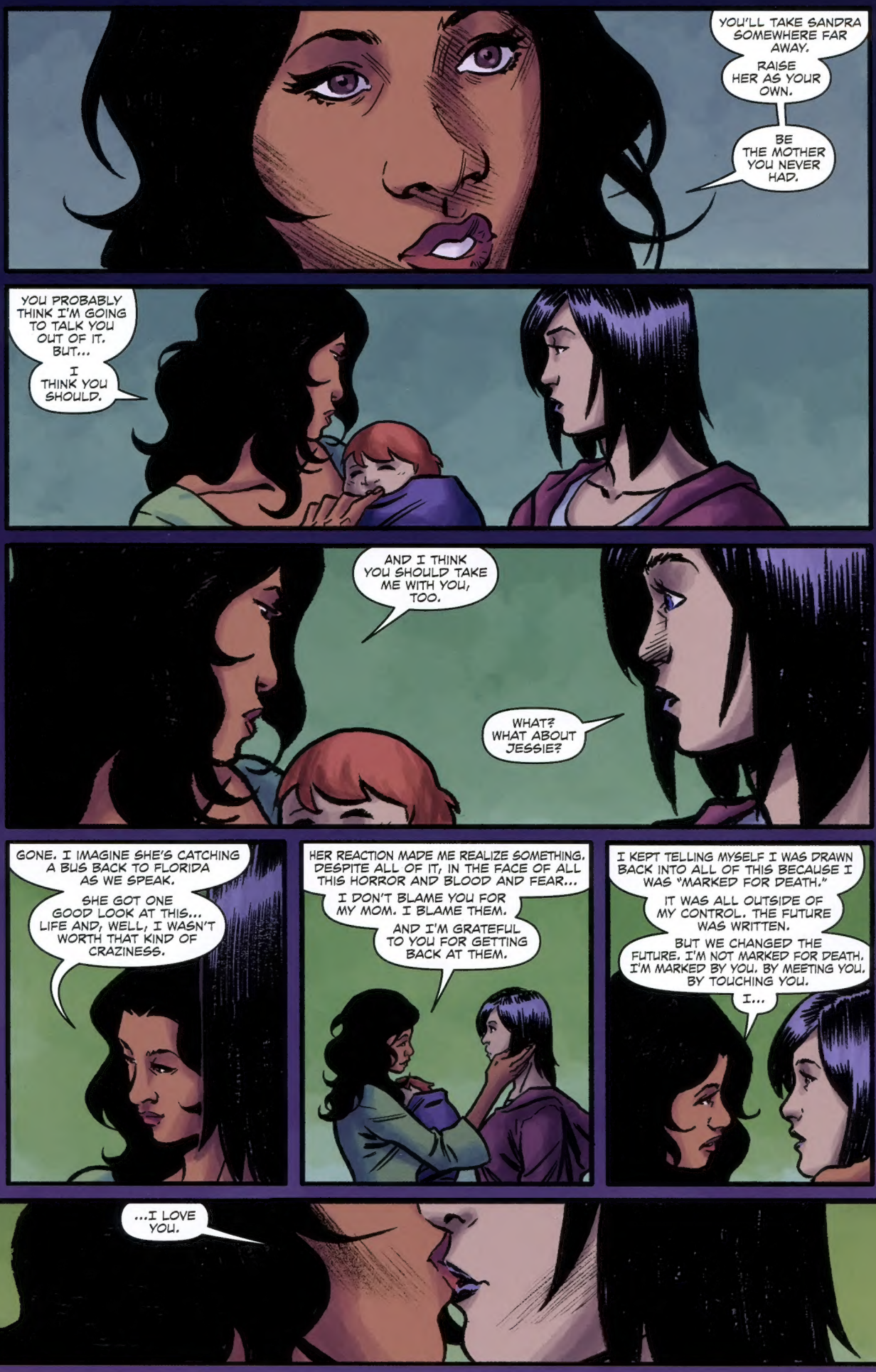
SHUK
SHUK
SHUNK
SHUK
SHUNK
SHUK
=HNH=
=HNH=
=HNH=
=HNH=
SO, I DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT, UM, WELL, THAT.
AND I GUESS YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT IN THE MOOD, SO I'LL JUST CONGRATULATE MYSELF.
"YOU CURED SAMHAIN? FOR REAL THIS TIME? TIP TOP WORK, CAT CURIO!"
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU CAN'T CURE CRAZY IN A DELUDED JERKFACE.
THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF THAT PART.
RAAAAHHH!!

I COULD SWEAR I'M SEEING SOME BLACK FLAMES IN HERE.
AM I GOING NUTS?
I'M JUST GONNA BLAME IT ON WHATEVER THESE KIDS WERE SMOKING STILL BEING IN THE AIR.
I'VE GOT A BUNCH OF KIDS SAYING THEIR FRIENDS ATTACKED THEM.
LOTS OF BABBLING ABOUT "BAD SODA."
AND SOMETHING ABOUT "ROMAN CHICKS."
SHHHHH.
I HAVE HOTWIRED A BUS OR TWO IN MY DAY.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD TAKE OUR LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
DEAL. FIVE MINUTES AND WE ROLL.
I'VE GOT DEAD KIDS, POISONOUS SODA, AND A CRATER WHERE THERE USED TO BE A FAIRGROUND.
ANY GODDAMN THOUGHTS, LIEUTENANT?
NO, SIR. NOT A CLUE.

THERE YOU GO. GET IT ALL OUT.
BUT AVOID MY SHOES, IF YOU WOULD.
HNNNGHK!
Oh, how delinquent Pooch does hang his head with guilt for making Mistress Cassie so ill with his sneaking and his needle to her hind end.
CASSIE WILL THANK US WHEN SHE'S DONE SPEWING.
Reluctant Pooch, so meek and faithless.
I MADE THAT SHOT SPECIAL FOR CASSIE. IT WAS OBVIOUS SHE'D EVENTUALLY GO BAD AND TRY TO KILL US ALL.
BUT, LUCKY FOR HER, I HAD AKAKIOS AS A GUINEA PIG FOR FIGURING THE PROPER DOSAGE.


CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.
4:52 A.M.
YOU'VE DONE STUFF LIKE THIS BEFORE, LINDA.
IT'S ALL SO CRAZY AND HORRIBLE. SOME OF US DIDN'T MAKE IT.
HOW DO WE KNOW IF WE WON?
I WISH I KNEW FOR SURE.
WELL, I CAN TELL YOU THIS:
LIBBY'S LIFE. MAGGIE'S GIFT. THE MESSAGE THAT FOUND ITSELF WITHIN ME.
I DON'T SEE THAT NIGHTMARE SO CLEARLY NOW.
THE ROAD SIGNS FADE.
THERE ARE NO STAB HAPPIES ROAMING HIGHWAY 70.
VLAD IS NO LONGER BEATEN. CAGED. BROKEN-- AS HE WAS IN THE VISION.
BECAUSE... BECAUSE HE'S DEAD.
I DON'T KNOW IF WE WON. BUT WE BEAT THE MURDER MESSIAH.
SLEEP WELL.
CLK


CASSIE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
YOU THINK EVERYTHING YOU'VE LIVED FOR OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS IS ALL GONE: YOUR MISSION. YOUR FEARS.
VLAD.
YOU THINK YOU'RE TOTALLY ALONE.
YOU'VE BECOME WHAT YOU HATED AND COME BACK.
THIS MIGHT SEEM LIKE A PERFECT SOLUTION: SOMEONE WHO WILL ALWAYS BE THERE.
AND THE PERFECT WAY TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE NOT YOUR MOTHER.


YOU'LL TAKE SANDRA SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY.
RAISE HER AS YOUR OWN.
BE THE MOTHER YOU NEVER HAD.
YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M GOING TO TALK YOU OUT OF IT. BUT...
I THINK YOU SHOULD.
AND I THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE ME WITH YOU, TOO.
WHAT? WHAT ABOUT JESSIE?
GONE. I IMAGINE SHE'S CATCHING A BUS BACK TO FLORIDA AS WE SPEAK.
SHE GOT ONE GOOD LOOK AT THIS... LIFE AND, WELL, I WASN'T WORTH THAT KIND OF CRAZINESS.
HER REACTION MADE ME REALIZE SOMETHING. DESPITE ALL OF IT, IN THE FACE OF ALL THIS HORROR AND BLOOD AND FEAR...
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR MY MOM. I BLAME THEM.
AND I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR GETTING BACK AT THEM.
I KEPT TELLING MYSELF I WAS DRAWN BACK INTO ALL OF THIS BECAUSE I WAS "MARKED FOR DEATH."
IT WAS ALL OUTSIDE OF MY CONTROL. THE FUTURE WAS WRITTEN.
BUT WE CHANGED THE FUTURE. I'M NOT MARKED FOR DEATH. I'M MARKED BY YOU. BY MEETING YOU. BY TOUCHING YOU.
I...
...I LOVE YOU.

NO.
WHAT?!
DON'T YOU FUCKING TELL ME THAT YOU DON'T BELIEVE SOMEONE COULD CARE ABOUT YOU.
NO...I--I BELIEVE.
VLAD. HE--GOD... HE LOVED ME. FOLLOWED ME.
DIED FOR ME.
I THOUGHT IT WAS ME. THAT I WAS INCOMPLETE.
HALF FORMED BECAUSE OF ALL THE HATE AND ANGER.
UNABLE TO FEEL ANYTHING... GOOD...FOR ANYONE.
BUT RIGHT NOW, ALL I FEEL IS REGRET.
THAT I NEVER...
HE KNEW, CASS.
YOU AND ME. SOMEWHERE OFF THE GRID. RAISING SANDY. BEST FRIENDS.
LOVERS.
LISA'S FAMILY MIGHT WANT SANDY BACK.
AND THE BLACK LAMP... THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE.
SISTER NIGHTMARE AND SISTER SACRILEGE ARE ALREADY ON THE LAMP'S ASS.
YOU CAN'T TALK ME OUT OF THIS.

ICAGO
THE END.